

A P A T E N T

Under his MAJESTY'S ROYAL SIGNET.

G. II.

R.



GEORGE *the* Second, *by the*
Grace of God, King of Great-
Britain, France, and Ireland,
Defender of the Faith, &c.

To all to whom these Presents shall come,
GREETING.

W HEREAS Our Trusty and
Well-beloved, WILLIAM AYRE,
Esq; hath humbly represented unto Us, that
he hath been at very great Expence and La-
bour, in Writing and Compiling a Work en-
titled, *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of*
Alexander Pope, Esq; in Two Volumes, Oc-
tavo,

tavo; and hath humbly besought Us, to grant him Our Royal Privilege, for the sole Printing, Publishing, and Vending, the said Work, for the Term of Fourteen Years: We, being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, which tend to the Advancement of Knowledge, are graciously pleas'd to condescend to his Request; and do therefore by these Presents, so far as' may be agreeable to the Statute, in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto the said WILLIAM AYRE, *Esq*; his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, Our Royal Licence for the sole Printing, Publishing, and Vending the aforesaid Work, for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof: Strictly forbidding all Our Subjects, within Our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint the same, either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, without the Consent or Approbation of the said WILLIAM AYRE, *Esq*; as they will answer the contrary at their Peril.

The Master, Wardens, and Company of *Stationers*, are to take Notice, that due Obedience may be render'd to Our Pleasure, herein declared.

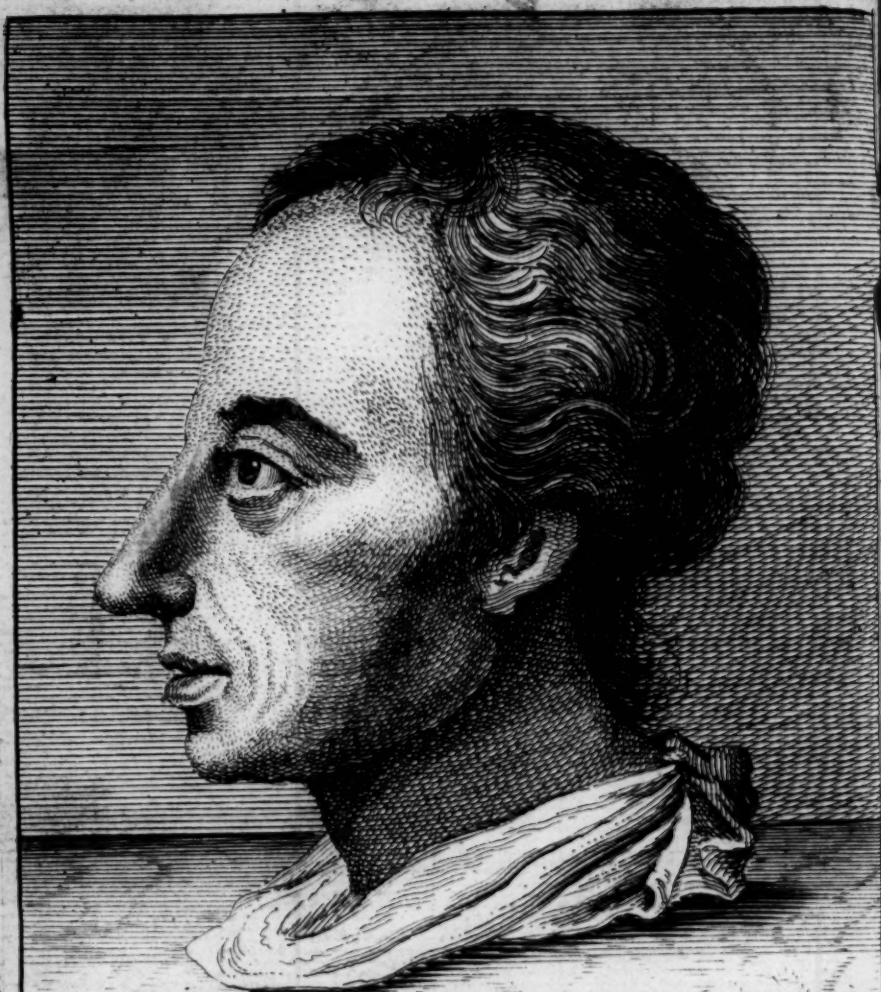
Given at Our Court at *St. James's*, the Eighteenth Day of *December*, 1744, and in the *Eighteenth* Year of Our Reign.

By his MAJELTY's Command,

HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

It is not possible to say that the
 people of the world are not
 interested in the progress of
 science and the advancement of
 knowledge. It is not possible to
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 knowledge.





Parr Sculp

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

Faithfully Collected from
Authentic AUTHORS, Original MANU-
SCRIPTS, and the TESTIMONIES of
many PERSONS of Credit and Honour :

WITH

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Adorned with the

HEADS of divers ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS,
treated of in these MEMOIRS, curiously
engrav'd by the best Hands.

In TWO VOLUMES.

By WILLIAM AYRE, *Esq;*

L O N D O N :

Printed by his MAJESTY'S AUTHORITY,
For the AUTHOR, and Sold by the Book-
sellers of *London and Westminster.*

M DCC XLV.

MEMBERS

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SECRET

BY WILLIAM L. ...

LONDON:



TO THE
Right Honourable the LORDS
BOLINGBROKE,
BURLINGTON,
MARCHMONT,
AND
BATHURST;

This WORK is humbly inscrib'd, by

Your Lordships,

most obedient and

most humble Servant,

WILLIAM AYRE.

T H H

PREFACE.



THE first object of this work is to present a full and complete history of the progress of the human mind, from its earliest origin to the present time. It is a history of the human mind, as it has been developed by the influence of the various sciences, arts, and letters, and as it has been affected by the various revolutions of the human race. It is a history of the human mind, as it has been developed by the influence of the various sciences, arts, and letters, and as it has been affected by the various revolutions of the human race. It is a history of the human mind, as it has been developed by the influence of the various sciences, arts, and letters, and as it has been affected by the various revolutions of the human race.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE Lives of private Men, though they afford not Examples which may fill the Mind with Ideas of Greatness and Power, like those of Princes and Generals, yet are they such as are more open to common Imitation; there are few within whose Compass those Actions are, that is, there are, comparatively speaking, few Princes or Generals, but the Actions of a private Man are as Counsel to all; if good eligible, if bad detestable, and to be avoided: For this Reason most wise Men have delighted in faithful Biography. But here lies the Difficulty, so few are true to their Subject, for Partiality either of Love or Hate, has caused many so to magnify or multiply the good or bad Actions of those whose Lives they write, that it is scarce possible to know how to diminish, or what to divide by, to find the first Figure

or Number they had to work upon; so that when (not without some Intreaty) I was induc'd to take upon me to write Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. POPE, of whose Poetry, Criticism, and Satire, I had always been a profess'd Admirer, I resolv'd not to suffer my Admiration to carry me greater Lengths than the coolest Reasoning could justify, it being not my Business to write Panegyrick, but to illustrate Mr. POPE's Works, and shew what manner of Man he was, as well as how great a Poet: To this End, I have made use of all possible Means, my Friends, as well as myself, having spared no Pains to procure what Helps were attainable, some few I had in my own Hands which were never made publick, and the World stands obliged to those of all Stations, who have been so kind to hand to me for this Use, what they thought would contribute to give Light into his Life; but most of all we are assisted by his own Letters and Works, by which Means, several Things before in Dispute, are now clear'd up, and others long forgotten, reveal'd to Memory, the Time and Place of Actions doubtful, fully fixt, and many Things once warmly contended for by certain

tain censorious and ill-natured People given up.

By the Quotations it will appear, that a large Number of Authors have been perused and consulted in this Case, and that nothing is affirmed without some Evidence; for how vain would it be to impose Fictions upon the Publick under the Pretence of a real Character?

Besides this, I thought it highly proper, writing of Mr. Pope's Patrons and Friends, not barely to mention their Names, but to give so much of their Character as might show of what Class (not only as to Quality, but Taste and Understanding) they were in: This I have done in the Duke of Buckingham, pretty much at large, as well as the Bishop of Rochester; I have taken Notice of Dean Swift, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Rowe, Mr. Cibber, Mr. Walfh, Sir William Trumbull, Sir Richard Blackmore, Mr. Oldmixon, Mr. Eusden, Dr. Garth, Mr. Welsted, Mr. Gay, Mr. Bloome, Mr. Digby, Mr. Theobald, Mr. Moore Smith, and have not forgot a great Number more, some Friends, and some Enemies, to Mr. Pope, keeping as near as I could to their true Story of Life, and carefully avoiding

voiding such Circumstances as have been reported upon slight, or no Authority.

As to the Criticism upon Pastoral, it will not be entirely disagreeable to the Ear of those who love Poetry; if the Comparisons be just, be assured that the Quotations are fair. The Translations from the Italian of Tasso and Guarini are my own, those from the Aminta published some Years since, being the fourth Translation of that Pastoral into English.

I hope it will be plain that I have spoken of Mr. Pope every where with the greatest Impartiality, and that I have not neglected to insert in these Memoirs, any Thing by which his Fame might be enlarged and continued down to late Posterity, if this Labour should live so long; for herein, I must confess, I have not consulted my own Interest, but took it in Hand (how unequal soever to the Task) lest some other of more Art, might, mingling Falshoods with Truth, give to future Times a false and imperfect Idea of our great Poet, Critick, and Satirist.

There are several Things which I have omitted, though worthy of Notice, as not being certain whether they are not spurious, and some Pieces, though I am certain they were

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were wrote by him, as he has not thought fit to honour them with his Name, I enter not into their Merits, but, as he desires, impute them not to him: There are, likewise, a few Verses which he wrote upon a merry Mistake made by a Physician, at the House of a noble and most estimable Earl; but, as I have not Liberty to publish them, they shall be suppress'd.

Except these, I have not received the least Hint from Persons of Honour and Credit, (to whom I return most grateful Thanks) of which I have not made some Use, and desire to be excused by those from whom I have had Papers without Names or Vouchers, for the Facts contained, at the same Time expressing a Displeasure against some, which I know to be dishonourably false, and if I were able to learn where to return them, I would do it with the Reproach and Contempt they and their Authors deserve.

It was by particular Desire that I enlarged so much on the Essay on Man, and the Universal Prayer---In regard to the Ethicks, I have offered them to the Reader's Consideration, and taken Care to be guided in general by a Comment well approved of by Mr. Pope.

The

The Quotations I have made use of, appeared to me the easiest to determine the Sense of the Argument, or else are such Passages as are the most beautiful Poetry, where all is beautiful. It would be difficult to pick out any Lines in all the four Essays on Man, which do not greatly excel the same Number of Lines wrote by any other English Poet, supposing them to be Rhimes; for he alone has the Manner of keeping up the greatest Harmony in his Verses, without spinning his Thoughts to Threads, it being scarcely possible to render the same Thoughts again in so few Words, even in Prose.

The Universal Prayer, except a doubtful Word or two, is one continued Confession of Benevolence and Humility, and might become the Mouth of a dying Saint: It shews, that speculative Divinity pleased him less than practical; that his Words were not artfully contrived to teach his Heart what it ought to be, but arose from it, and do more Honour to his Memory than all his other Works, great and sublime as they are, put together.



MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;



ALEXANDER POPE was born in *London*, in the Year 1688, on the Eighth Day of *June*.

HIS Parents were *Alexander Pope*, a distant Relation of the Lord *Downe*, and *Edithe*, Daughter of *William Turner, Esq;* of *York*.

THEIR Monument is in *Twickenham Church*, in the County of *Middlesex*: On which is the following Inscription:

VOL. I.

B

D. O. M.

2 *Memoirs of the Life and Writings*

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBO, PIO,

QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV, OB. MDCCXVII.

ET EDITHÆ CONJUGI INCULPABILI

PIENTISSIMÆ, QUÆ VIXIT ANNOS

XCIII, OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBUS BENEMERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT,

ET SIBI.

Englisbed thus :

To God the Great Creator, and best of Beings,

To *Alexander Pope*, a Gentleman of Honesty,

Probity and Piety, who liv'd

LXXV Years, died M.DCC.XVII.

And to *Editba*, his excellent and truly pious Wife,

who liv'd XCIII Years, died M.DCC.XXXIII.

To His Well-deserving Parents, the Son
erected this, and to himself.

And in his Epistle to Dr. *Arbuthnot* (designing it
for publick View) he says,

Of gentle Blood (Part shed in Honour's Cause,

While yet in *Britain*, Honour had Applause)

Each Parent sprang—"What Fortune, pray?—

Their own,

And better got than *Bestia's* from the Throne.

Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,

Nor marrying Discord in a Noble Wife;

Stranger to civil and religious Rage,

The good Man walk'd innoxious thro' his Age:

No

No Courts he saw, no Suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye:
Unlearn'd, he knew no Schoolman's subtle Art,
No Language, but the Language of the Heart:
By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
Healthy by Temp'rance, and by Exercise;
His Life, tho' long, to Sicknefs past unknown,
His Death was instant, and without a Groan.

It would certainly have been an Honour to any University in *Europe*, to have had the Cultivation of so excellent a Genius as that of Mr. *Pope*; but he having a very weakly Constitution, and Parents of uncommon Tendernefs, they would not by any Means consent to his going far from home; so that he received his Education in a private Manner, under Management of Tutors who were esteemed learned Men, chiefly Mr. *Deane*, who was depriv'd of his Fellowship of *University-College* in *Oxford*, soon after the Revolution; he having declared himself a Papist in the Reign of King *James*, of which Religion Mr. *Pope's* Family was, and had been many Centuries.

It was under this Gentleman he first began to relish the *English* and *Latin* Poets: It was not only an early Love and Understanding he shewed of them, but himself to be of their Number.

The first Poem of his which ever was made publick, is an Ode, wrote in the Year 1700, which well expresses the Bent of the Youth's Inclination; for he always affected Privacy and Retirement. At the writing of this Ode, he wanted a few Days of twelve Years of Age.

Happy the Man, whose Wish and Care,

A few paternal Acres bound,

Content to breathe his native Air,

In his own Ground.

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Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
Whose Flocks supply him with Attire,
Whose Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
In Winter, Fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, Days, and Years, slide soft away,
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
Quiet by Day.

Sound Sleep by Night; Study and Ease,
Together mixt; sweet Recreation,
And Innocence, which most does please,
With Meditation.

Thus, let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented let me die,
Steal from the World, and not a Stone
Tell where I lie.

So far from being fond of childish Sports, that he would not engage in any that were noisy; and the Weakness and Badness of his Constitution, would not permit him to use much Exercise; so that, except a little Drawing, he was almost continually studying or conversing, and by the Time he was sixteen Years old, had a very good Acquaintance among People of Fashion, who were esteemed to have, and had great Judgment of Men and Manners; and whose Conversation greatly help'd to enlarge his Mind, keep it in Action, and raise a noble Desire of resembling, in Time, or excelling, those great Examples.

His Father, a Man of an exceeding good moral Character, who lov'd Silence and Solitude, resolving to withdraw from the Town, (being thereto the
more

more strongly induc'd by the ill Health of his Son) bought an Estate at *Bingsfield*, near *Oakingham*, and near the Seat of Sir *William* (*) *Trumbull*, who had been Secretary to King *William*, and resign'd.

From this Gentleman's Acquaintance we may date Mr. *Pope*'s first Entrance into the polite World, though whilst he was under Tuition, and almost two Years before he wrote his Pastorals, he translated the first Book of the *Thebaid* of *Statius*, of which the following is an Extract.

Oedipus, King of *Thebes*, having by Mistake slain his Father *Lajus*, and married *Jocasta* his Mother, put out his own Eyes, and resign'd the Kingdom to his Sons. Being neglected by them, he makes a Prayer to the Fury *Tisiphone*, to sow Debate betwixt the Brothers.

Ye Gods, that o'er the gloomy Regions reign,
Where guilty Spirits feel eternal Pain;
Thou, sable *Styx*! whose livid Streams are roll'd
Thro' dreary Coasts, which I, tho' blind, behold:
B 3 *Tisiphone*,

(*) Sir *William Trumbull* was born at *Easthamsted* in *Berkshire*: He was Fellow of *All Souls College* in *Oxford*, follow'd the Study of the Civil-Law, and was sent by King *Charles* the Second Judge-Advocate to *Tangier*, thence Envoy to *Florence*, *Turin*, &c. and in his Way back Envoy Extraordinary to *France*; from thence sent by King *James* the Second Ambassador to the *Ottoman Port*. Afterwards he was made Lord of the Treasury, then Secretary of State with the Duke of *Shrewsbury*, which Office he resign'd in 1697. He retir'd to *Easthamsted* in *Windsoer Forest*, and died in the Place of his Nativity in December 1716, aged 77 Years. Our Author celebrated that Retirement in his Poem on the Forest, and address'd to him his first Pastoral at 16 Years of Age.

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Tisiphone, that oft' hast heard my Pray'r;
 Assist, if *Oedipus* deserve thy Care!
 If you receiv'd me from *Jocasta's* Womb,
 And nurs'd the Hope of Mischiefs yet to come:
 If leaving *Polybus*, I took my Way
 To *Cyrrha's* Temple on that fatal Day,
 When by the Son the trembling Father dy'd,
 Where the three Roads the *Phocian* Fields divide:
 If I the *Sphynx's* Riddles durst explain,
 Taught by thyself to win the promis'd Reign:
 If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
 With monstrous Mixture stain'd my Mother's Bed;
 For Hell and thee begot an impious Brood,
 And with full Lust those horrid Joys renew'd:
 Then self-condemn'd to Shades of endless Night,
 Forc'd from these Orbs the bleeding Balls of Sight.
 Oh hear, and aid the Vengeance I require,
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!
 My Sons their old unhappy Sire despise,
 Spoil'd of his Kingdom, and depriv'd of Eyes;
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
 While these exalt their Sceptres o'er my Urn;
 These Sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious Pride,
 Insult my Darkness, and my Groans deride.
 Art thou a Father, unregarding *Jove*!
 And sleeps thy Thunder in the Realms above?
 Thou Fury, then, some lasting Curse entail,
 Which o'er their Childrens Children shall prevail:
 Place on their Heads that Crown distain'd with Gore,
 Which these dire Hands from my slain Father tore;
 Go, and a Parent's heavy Curses bear;
 Break all the Bonds of Nature, and prepare
 Their kindred Souls to mutual Hate and War.
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
 Blind as I am, some glorious Villainy!

Soon

Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their Hands,
Their ready Guilt preventing thy Commands:
Could'st thou some great, proportion'd Mischief frame,
They'd prove the Father from whose Loins they came.

This was look'd on as a Promise and Earnest of what follow'd soon after, and as long as the Poet liv'd.

From hence we must look on him altogether finishing his Studies at Home, and among Men; conversant with Sir *William Trumbull*, (who had given him Leave to call him Patron) with Dr. *Garth*, Mr. *Wycherly*, Mr. *Walsh*, Mr. *Gay*, the Lords *Hallifax* and *Lansdown*; and soon to Sir *Richard Steele*, Mr. *Addison*, and Mr. *Congreve*.

After having been handed to most of the best Poets and Criticks, to be over-look'd, his Pastorals appear'd in publick: They were very much admir'd, set in Competition with the best Writings of that Kind in our Language, and Mr. *Philips*, the ingenious Author of the *Distress'd Mother*, thought no way superior in his Attempt in that beautiful and difficult Part of Poetry. On this there grew a mutual Dislike in both Mr. *Philips* and Mr. *Pope*, which was never either made up or forgot. The Performances are very different, but Sir *Richard Steele* has pretended to compare them. The Poems are both Pastoral, though he seems to deny Mr. *Pope's* that Name: Mr. *Pope's*, indeed, is elevated Pastoral, and (as he promises in his Discourse on Pastoral Poetry) favours most of the Golden Age: Mr. *Philips* has imitated *Spencer* more in some Places, and in others seems to raise his Style higher than Mr. *Pope*. The *Guardians* speak thus.

- I. I Designed to have troubled the Reader with no farther Discourses of *Pastorals*, but being in-

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formed that I am taxed of Partiality, in not mentioning an Author whose Eclogues are published in the same Volume with Mr. *Philips's*; I shall employ this Paper in Observations upon him, written in the *free Spirit of Criticism*, and without Apprehension of offending that Gentleman, whose Character it is that he takes the greatest Care of his Works before they are published, and has the least Concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the first Rule of Pastoral, that its Ideas should be taken from the Manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral form'd upon the Representation of Innocence; 'tis therefore plain that any Deviations from that Design degrade a Poem from being true Pastoral. In this View it will appear that *Virgil* can only have two of his Eclogues allow'd to be such: His first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the Ravages of Armies, and Oppressions of the Innocent; *Corydon's* criminal Passion for *Alexis* throws out the second; the Calumny and Railing in the third are not proper to that State of Concord; the eighth represents unlawful Ways of procuring Love by Inchantments, and introduces a Shepherd whom an inviting Precipice tempts to Self-Murder. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by (*) *Heinsius*, *Salmasius*, *Rapin*, and the Criticks in general. They likewise observe, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of *Theocritus* are to be admitted as Pastorals; and even out of that Number the greater Part will be excluded for one or other of the Reasons abovemention'd. So that when I remark'd in a former Paper, that *Virgil's* Eclogues taken all together are rather select Poems than Pastorals; I might have said the same Thing with

(*) See *Rapin de Carm. Past. par. 5.*

with no less Truth of *Theocritus*. The Reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the Criticks, viz. They never meant them all for Pastorals.

Now it is plain *Philips* hath done this, and in that Particular excelled both *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

3. As Simplicity is the distinguishing Characteristic of Pastoral, *Virgil* hath been thought guilty of too courtly a Style; his Language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among Peasants. I have frequently wondered, that since he was so conversant in the Writings of *Ennius*, he had not imitated the Rusticity of the *Doric*, as well by the Help of the old obsolete *Roman* Language, as *Philips* hath by the antiquated *English*: For Example, might he not have said *Quoi* instead of *Cui*; *quicijum* for *cujum*; *volt* for *vult*, &c. as well as our Modern hath Welladay for Alas, whilome for of old, make mock for deride, and witlefs Younglings for innocent Lambs, &c. by which Means he had attained as much of the Air of *Theocritus*, as *Philips* hath of *Spencer*?

4. Mr. *Pope* hath fallen into the same Error with *Virgil*. His Clowns do not converse in all the Simplicity proper to the Country: His Names are borrow'd from *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, which are improper to the Scene of his Pastorals. He introduces *Daphnis*, *Alexis*, and *Thyrsis* on *British* Plains, as *Virgil* hath done before him on the *Mantuan*: Whereas *Philips*, who hath the strictest Regard to Propriety, makes choice of Names peculiar to the Country, and more agreeable to a Reader of Delicacy; such as *Hobbinol*, *Lobbin*, *Cuddy*, and *Collin Clout*.

5. So easy as Pastoral Writings may seem, (in the Simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great Reading, both of the Antients and Moderns, to be a Master of it. *Philips* hath given us manifest Proofs
of

of his Knowledge of Books: It must be confessed his Competitor hath imitated some single Thoughts of the Antients well enough, if we consider he had not the Happiness of an University Education, but he hath dispersed them, here and there, without that Order and Method which Mr. *Philips* observes, whose whole third Pastoral is an Instance how well he hath studied the fifth of *Virgil*, and how judiciously reduced *Virgil's* Thoughts to the Standard of Pastoral; as his Contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale shows with what Exactness he hath imitated every Line in *Strada*.

6. When I remarked it as a principal Fault, to introduce Fruits and Flowers of a Foreign Growth, in Descriptions where the Scene lies in our own Country, I did not design that Observation should extend also to Animals, or the sensitive Life; for *Philips* hath with great Judgment described Wolves in *England* in his first Pastoral. Nor would I have a Poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. *Pope* hath done) to one particular Season of the Year, one certain Time of the Day, and one unbroken Scene in each Eclogue: 'Tis plain *Spencer* neglected this Pedantry, who in his Pastoral of *November* mentions the mournful Song of the Nightingale:

Sad *Philomel* her Song in Tears doth steep.

And Mr. *Philips*, by a poetical Creation, hath raised up finer Beds of Flowers than the most industrious Gardener; his Roses, Endives, Lillies, King-cups, and Daffadils blow all in the same Season.

7. But the better to discover the Merits of our two contemporary Pastoral Writers, I shall endeavour to draw a Parallel of them, by setting several of their particular Thoughts in the same Light, whereby it
will

will be obvious how much *Philips* hath the Advantage. With what Simplicity he introduces two Shepherds singing alternately?

Hobb. Come *Rosalind*, O come, for without thee
What Pleasure can the Country have for me:
Come *Rosalind*, O come; my brinded Kine,
My snowy Sheep, my Farm, and all, is thine.

Lanq. Come *Rosalind*, O come; here shady Bowers
Here are cool Fountains, and here springing
Flow'rs.
Come *Rosalind*; here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long Time away.

Our other Pastoral Writer, in expressing the same
Thought, deviates into downright Poetry.

Strepb. In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love,
At Morn the Plains, at Noon the shady Grove,
But *Delia* always; forc'd from *Delia's* Sight,
Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight.

Daph. *Sylvia's* like Autumn ripe, yet mild as *May*,
More bright than Noon, yet fresh as early Day;
Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But blest with her 'tis Spring throughout the Year.

In the first of these Authors, two Shepherds thus innocently describe the Behaviour of their Mistresses.

Hobb. As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I pass'd by,
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long Eye:
Then swift beneath the chrystal Wave she try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain to hide.

Lanq.

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Lanq. As I to cool me bath'd one sultry Day,
Fond *Lydia* lurking in the Sedges lay.
The Wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

The other Modern (who it must be confess'd hath
a *Knack of Versifying*) hath it as follows:

Strepb. Me gentle *Delia* beckons from the Plain,
Then, hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain;
But feigns a Laugh, to see me search around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly *Sylvia* trips along the Green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind Glance at her Pursuer flies,
How much at Variance are her Feet and Eyes!

There is nothing the Writers of this Kind of Poetry are fonder of, than Descriptions of Pastoral Presents. *Philips* says thus of a Sheep-hook.

Of season'd Elm; where Studs of Brass appear,
To speak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year.
The Hook of polish'd Steel, the Handle turn'd,
And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.

The other of a Bowl emboss'd with Figures.

— where wanton Ivy twines,
And swelling Clusters bend the curling Vines;
Four Figures rising from the Work appear,
The various Seasons of the rolling Year;
And What is that which binds the radiant Sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous Order lie.

The

The Simplicity of the Swain in this Place, who forgets the Name of the Zodiack, is no ill Imitation of *Virgil*; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would *Philips* have dress'd this Thought in his *Doric*?

And what that Height, which girds the Welkin sheen,
Where twelve gay Signs in meet Array are seen.

If the Reader would indulge his Curiosity any farther in the Comparison of Particulars, he may read the first Pastoral of *Philips* with the second of his Contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter; where several Places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some Parts, in which these two Writers may be compar'd, it is a Justice I owe to Mr. *Philips*, to discover those in which *no Man can compare with him*. First, That beautiful *Rusticity*, of which I shall produce two Instances, out of a Hundred not yet quoted.

O woful Day! O Day of Woe, quoth he,
And woful I who live the Day to see!

The Simplicity of Diction, the melancholy flowing of the Numbers, the Solemnity of the Sound, and the easy Turn of the Words, in this Dirge, (to make use of our Author's Expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his Pastorals, a Shepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following Lines.

Ah me the while! ah me! the luckless Day,
Ah luckless Lad! the rather might I say;

Ah

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Ah silly I! more silly than my Sheep,
Which on the flow'ry Plains I once did keep.
How he still charms the Ear with these artful Repetitions of the Epithets; and how significant is the last Verse! I defy the most common Reader to repeat them, without feeling some Motions of Compassion.

In the next Place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observ'd he excells: For Example:

A *rolling Stone* is ever bare of *Moss*;
And to their Cost, *green Years old Proverbs* cross.
—He that *late lies down*, as *late will rise*,
And Sluggard-like, till Noon-day snoring lies.
Against *Ill-Luck* all cunning *Fore-sight* fails;
Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.
—Nor fear, from *upright Sentence*, *wrong*.

Lastly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of *Spencer*, and our only true *Arcadian*. I should think it proper for the several Writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several Counties. *Spencer* seems to have been of this Opinion: for he hath laid the Scene of one of his Pastorals in *Wales*, where with all the Simplicity natural to that Part of our Island, our Shepherd bids the other *good Morrow* in an un-usal and elegant Manner:

Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
Or *Diggon* hur is, or I mis-say.

Diggon answers:

Hur was hur, while it was Day-light;
But now hur is a most wretched Wight, &c.
But

But the most beautiful Example of this Kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable Piece, which I chanc'd to find among some old Manuscripts, entitled, *A Pastoral Ballad*: which I think for its Nature and Simplicity, may (notwithstanding the Modesty of the Title) be allow'd a perfect Pastoral: It may be observ'd as a farther Beauty of this Pastoral, the Words *Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or Satyr*, are not once mention'd through the whole. I shall make no Apology for inserting some few Lines of this excellent Piece. *Cicily* breaks thus into the Subject, as she is going a Milking:

Cicily. Rager go vetch tha † Kee, or else tha Zun
Will quite be go, be vore c'have half a don.

Roger. Thou should not ax me tweece, but I've a be
To dreave our Bull to bull tha Parson's Kee.

It is to be observ'd, that this whole Dialogue is form'd upon the Passion of Jealousy; and his mentioning the Parson's Kine naturally revives the Jealousy of the Shepherdess *Cicily*, which she expresses as follows:

Cicily. Ah *Rager, Rager*, chez was zore avraid
When in yond Vild you kifs'd tha Parson's Maid:
Is this the Love that once to me you zed, [bread?

When from the Wake thou brought'st me Ginger-
Roger. *Cicily* thou charg'st me vasse,—I'll zwear to
Tha Parson's Maid is still a Maid for me. [thee,

In which Answer of his are express'd at once that Spirit of Religion, and that Innocence of the Golden Age, so necessary to be observed by all Writers of Pastoral.

At

That is the *Kine* or *Cows*.

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At the Conclusion of this Piece, the Author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most simply in the World.

So *Rager* parted vor to fetch the Kee,
And vor her Bucket in went *Cicily*.

I am loath to show my Fondness for Antiquity, so far as to prefer this antient *British* Author to our present *English* Writers of Pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious Remark, that *Philips* hath hit into the same Road with this old West-Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it it any Injustice to Mr. *Pope* that I forbore to mention him as a Pastoral Writer; since upon the whole, he is of the same Class with *Moschus* and *Bion*, whom we have excluded that Rank; and whose Eclogues, as well as some of *Virgil's*, it may be said, that (according to the Description we have given of this Sort of Poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better.

It was no small Matter to be brought into the Lifts at sixteen Years of Age with Mr. *Philips* who was then (not without very good Reason) much-applauded by the Town, and by Mr. *Steel* who had a great Partiality and personal Friendship for Mr. *Philips*.

Mr. *Pope's* Pastorals are Four:

Spring, address'd to Sir *William Trumbull*.

Summer, to Dr. *Garth*.

Autumn, to Mr. *Wicherly*.

Winter, in Memory of Mrs. *Tempest*.

The three Great Writers of Pastoral Dialogue, which they both seem to follow in some Measure,
tho'

(tho' through different Paths) are *Theocritus*, *Virgil* and *Spencer*.

Mr. *Pope* says, *Theocritus* excells all others in Nature and Simplicity. The Subjects of his *Idyllia* are purely pastoral, but he is not so exact in his Persons, having introduced Reapers and Fishermen as well as Shepherds. He is apt to be long in his Descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first Pastoral is a remarkable Instance. In the Manners he seems a little defective, for his Swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to Rusticity; for Instance, in his fourth and fifth *Idyllia*. But 'tis enough that all others learn their Excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret Charm in it which no other could ever attain.

Virgil who copies *Theocritus*, refines upon his Original; and in all Points where Judgment has the principal Part, is much superior to his Master. Tho' some of his Subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful Variety in them which the *Greek* was a Stranger to. He exceeds him in Regularity and Brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but Simplicity and Propriety of Style; the first of which perhaps was the Fault of his Age, and the last of his Language.

Among the Moderns, their Success has been greatest who have most endeavour'd to make these Ancients their Pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous *Tasso*, and our *Spencer*. *Tasso* in his *Aminta* has as far excell'd all the Pastoral Writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the Epic Poets of his Country. But as this Piece seems to have been the Original of a new Sort of Poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in *Italy*, it cannot so well be consider'd as a Copy of the Ancients. *Spencer's Ca-*

lendar, in Mr. *Dryden's* Opinion, is the most complete Work of this Kind which any Nation has produc'd ever since the Time of *Virgil*. Not but he may be thought imperfect in some few Points. His Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the Ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats Matters of Religion in a Pastoral Style as *Mantuan* had done before him. He has employ'd the *Lyric* Measure, which is contrary to the Practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the Reason his Expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetraſtic has oblig'd him to extend his Sense to the Length of four Lines, which would have been more closely confin'd in the Couplet.

In the Manners, Thoughts, and Characters, he comes near *Theocritus* himself; tho' notwithstanding all the Care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the *Doric* had its Beauty and Propriety in the Time of *Theocritus*; it was used in Part of *Greece*, and frequent in the Mouths of many of the greatest Persons; whereas the old *English* and Country Phrases of *Spencer* were either obsolete, or spoken only by People of the basest Condition. As there is a Difference betwixt Simplicity and Rusticity, so the Expression of simple Thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The Addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues is very beautiful; since by this, besides that general Moral of Innocence and Simplicity, which is common to other Authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares humane Life to the several Seasons, and, at once exposes to his Readers a View of the great and little Worlds, in their various Changes and Aspects. Yet the scrupulous Division of his Pastorals into Months

Months, has oblig'd him either to repeat the same Description, in other Words for three Months together ; or when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it : whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth for Example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The Reason is evident, because the Year has not that Variety in it to furnish every Month with a particular Description, as it may every Season. Thus far Mr. *Pope's* Preface to his Pastorals.

Upon the whole, Mr. *Walsh* pronounces on our Shepherd's Boy (as he called himself) the following Sentence, in a Letter to Mr. *Wycherley*.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. WYCHERLEY,

April 20, 1705.

I Return you the Papers you favoured me with, and had sent them to you Yesterday Morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you last Night myself. I have read them over several Times with great Satisfaction. The Preface is very judicious and very learned ; and the Verses very tender and easy. The Author seems to have a particular Genius for that Kind of Poetry, and a Judgment that much exceeds the Years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the Ancients, but what he has mixt of his own with theirs, is no Way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is no Flattery at all to say, that *Virgil* had written nothing so good at his Age. I shall take it as a Favour if you will bring me acquainted with him ; and if he will give himself the Trouble any Morning to call at my House, I shall be very glad to read the Verses with him,

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him, and give him my Opinion of the Particulars more largely than I can well do in this Letter.

I am, Sir,

Your most faithful,

and most humble Servant,

W. WALSH.

And now, that after speaking of Pastoral Dialogue, and hearing of *Tasso* and *Guarini*, the two most famous Writers of Dramatick Pastoral, the Reader may have some Idea of their Manner of Writing too, I have translated a few Lines from each. *Tasso* introduces *Daphne* speaking to *Thyrsis*; confessing, that notwithstanding the strange Coyness of *Silvia* towards *Amintas*, she began to think her fond of being admir'd, and striving to make herself beautiful to be belov'd; and gives this Reason:

Low on the flow'ry Bank was *Silvia* bent,
As if to kiss the gentle Wave she meant,
Or flatter her own Form reflected there,
So young, so fine of Feature, and so fair.
She counsell'd with the Water how to place
Her flowing Hair, to give the greatest Grace;
And o'er her Hair her Veil, then from her Breast,
With many various Flow'rs a Garland drest:
Sometimes the Lilly o'er her Breast she throws,
Sometimes her Cheeks she matches with the Rose,
Then smiles with Victory, and joys to see
The Rose and Lilly not so fair as she.
Her Looks betray'd her Thoughts, and seem'd to say,
' Ye vanquish'd Beauties, live my Slaves To-day:
' Not that I wear you to adorn my Face,
' But to insult and publish your Disgrace.

' Much



JOSEPH ADDISON ESQ.^r

- ‘ Much paler (to thy Shame) thou Lilly grow,
- ‘ And blush thou Rose to be exceeded so :
- ‘ For heighten’d thus, the gazing Crowd shall see
- ‘ Your Bloom and Colour faint, when seen with me.’

These Lines are misrepresented, and the whole Pastoral condemn’d on that Account in the Guardian; which Number (if I mistake not) was wrote by Mr. *Addison*. That Paper takes the Liberty to say, that *Tasso* introduces a young Shepherdess speaking to herself, and that it betrays too much Art and Fineness of Thought for her to say, “ I do not wear these Flowers to adorn me, but only to make them ashamed.” Had she spoke them, it would certainly have been absurd; but *Daphne* is an old Shepherdess, in whose Mouth they are put, and *Thyrsis* tells her in the same Scene, that she is able to teach a thousand Girls as much: So that *Tasso*’s Fame stands fair still, and the Guardian was either ignorant of the Language *Tasso* wrote in, or else he maliciously strove to set the unlearned (I mean as to the *Italian*) against that Prince of the *Italian* Poets.

Guarini in his *Pastor Fido*, who wrote after *Tasso*, has made use of Scenes Comick and Tragick, as well as Pastoral, and is full of Plot and Contrivance; which (though deviating from the Simplicity required, properly speaking, in Pastoral) has pleased more Readers. The following is the Story of *Amintas* and *Lucrina*, and is the Foundation of the Plot of the Drama:

It is Part of the second Scene of the first Act.

MIRTILLO, ERGASTO.

Ergasto. As yet the Priesthood and the Temple’s
Care,

C 3

Was

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Was handed down, without Regard to Age,
Amintas then was Priest ; a noble Shepherd,
 Who lov'd *Lucrina* ; she, a beauteous Nymph,
 Was wond'rous fair, but wond'rous false and vain.
 With artful Looks, with feign'd perfidious Smiles,
 She long abus'd his pure, his generous Love,
 And nourish'd in his Breast too false an Hope.
 O Wretch *Amintas* ! When without a Rival.
 But when e're long (now judge of Woman's Faith)
 A Shepherd bold, uncouth, of meaner Rank,
 Who scarce found Words to speak his own Desires,
 Had partly told his Tale, and glanc'd the rest,
 She met his Eyes, mingling Love's Fire from her's.
 So quick her Heart forsook her former Vows,
 And flew so swift from Truth to her new Love.
Amintas was not jealous of the Wrong ;
 Wretched *Amintas* ! Who from thence was scorn'd,
 From whom she fled, and stopp'd her faithless Ear ;
 And perjur'd as she was, abhorr'd his Sight.
 Did the abandon'd Shepherd sigh and weep ;
 Did he lament, and fill the Plain with Groans ?
 If thou hast felt successless Love, judge thou.

Mirtillo. Ah me ! What high Distress with this
 great Load

All other Grief compar'd, seems light and small.

Ergasto. His Heart thus lost, his loud Complaints
 unheard,

And his Sighs scatter'd by the wanton Wind,
 He sought the Goddess ; has (said he) my Heart
 Been pure to thee, O *Cinthia* ! Power Divine !
 If ever I had lighted up thy Flames
 With Hands of Innocence, revenge my Wrongs !
 Punish the fair Deceiver who betray'd me,
 Hear me great Goddess ! Hear me great *Diana* !
 The Supplications of her fav'rite Priest,
 The Plaints the Wailings of his Lovesick Soul

Rais'd

Rais'd heavenly Pity, mix'd with heavenly Wrath
 Revenge was what he ask'd, and what she grants :
 She took her Bow, dire Instrument of Rage
 And through *Arcadia's* miserable Plains
 Shot poison'd Darts, and Arrows fraught with Death :
 Arrows that wounded every Sex and Age
 That without Mercy or Distinction flew
 All Remedies are vain, and who would fly
 Runs nearer to his Death, and meets the Blow :
 Call the Physician, he but lives to see
 His Art all baffled, and himself the Proof
 Falls dead, before the Sick he came to heal.
 In Heaven their only Hope of Succour lay,
 And from the Oracle, to know Heaven's Will.
 From whence this Answer full, distinct, and clear,
 But above Measure horrible and grievous.
 That powerful *Cinthia* pour'd her Anger forth
 Which thus, and only thus, could be appeas'd.
 Th' offending Nymph, contemning Gods and Vows,
Lucrina, or for her some willing Victim
 Must by *Amintas's* Hand (he she offended)
 Bleed, a full Sacrifice for all in one.
 She let fall unavailing Tears, she sought
 Help from her Lover, but no Help was there.
 With solemn Steps she instantly was led
 A weeping Victim to the sacred Altar :
 Where at the Feet of the betray'd *Amintas*
 Which oft had trac'd her Footsteps as she flew,
 Her trembling Knees she bow'd ; and from his Hand
 Shrunk fearful back attending cruel Death.
 Dauntless *Amintas* grasp'd the sacred Steel
 Revenge and Wrath seem'd kindling in his Looks
 Lightning up Flames ; then turning to the Nymph
 Said, with a Sigh the Messenger of Death :
 Behold *Lucrina*, what a Love thou'st follow'd
 And what hast left ; behold it from this Blow,

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These Words pronounc'd, back on himself he turn'd
 The fatal Knife, and plung'd it in his Breast.
 In one the Lover, Priest and Victim fell.
 Bleeding and dying in *Lucrina's* Arms.
 At such a dreadful Spectacle so strange,
 The miserable Damsel stood suspended,
 As yet uncertain if the Pain she felt
 Was Stabs of Steel or those of sharper Grief.
 Soon as her Sense and Voice return'd, she cried
 Mixing her Words with Sighs and Showers of Tears :
 Faithful and firm *Amintas*, now too late
 Hast thou convinc'd me of thy Truth and Love,
 Thou, who hast dying given me Life, and Death :
 Was it a Crime to leave thee ? that I'll mend,
 And with thy Soul eternally join mine.
 This said, the Steel as yet lukewarm and red
 From his late lov'd his wounded Breast she drew
 And buried it in her own Heart ; she fell
 And in *Aminta's* Arms whose dying Eyes
 Had seen her give the Blow sunk gently down.

More concerning attempting Pastoral Comedy in
English.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE.

June 24. 1706.

I Receiv'd the Favour of your Letter, and shall be
 very glad of the Continuance of a Correspondence
 by which I am like to be so great a Gainer. I hope,
 when I have the Happiness of seeing you again in
London, not only to read over the Verses I have now
 of your's, but more that you have written since ;
 for I make no doubt but any one who writes so
 well, must write more. Not that I think the most
 voluminous Poets always the best, I believe the
 contrary is rather true. I mention'd somewhat to
 you in *London* of a *Pastoral Comedy*, which I shou'd
 be

be glad to hear you had thought upon since. I find *Menage*, in his Observations, upon *Tasso's Aminta*, reckons up fourscore Pastoral Plays in *Italian*: And in looking over my old *Italian Books*, I find a great many Pastorals, and Piscatory Plays, which I suppose *Menage* reckons together. I find also by *Menage*, that *Tasso* is not the first that writ in that Kind, he mentioning another before him, which he himself had never seen, nor indeed have I. But as the *Aminta*, *Pastor Fido*, and *Filli di Sciro* of *Bonarelli*, are the three best, so I think there is no Dispute but *Aminta* is the best of the three: Not but that the Discourses in *Pastor Fido* are more entertaining and copious, in several Peoples Opinion, tho' not so fit for Pastoral; and the Fable of *Bonarelli* more surprising. I do not remember many in other Languages, that have written in this Kind with Success. *Racan's Bergeries* are much inferior to his Lyric Poems; and the *Spaniards* are all too full of Conceits. *Rapin* will have the Design of Pastoral Plays to be taken from the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*. I am sure there is nothing of this Kind in *English* worth mentioning, and therefore you have that Field open to yourself. You see I write to you without any Sort of Constraint or Method, as Things come into my Head, and therefore pray use the same Freedom with me, who am, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. WALSH.

July 2. 1706.

I Cannot omit the first Opportunity of making you my Acknowledgments for reviewing those Papers of mine. You have no less Right to correct me, than the same Hand that rais'd a Tree has to prune it. I am convinc'd, as well as you, that one may correct

correct too much ; for in Poetry, as in Painting, a Man may lay Colours one upon another, till they stiffen and deaden the Piece. Besides, to bestow heightning on every Part is monstrous : Some Parts ought to be lower than the rest ; and nothing looks more ridiculous, than a Work, where the Thoughts, however different in their own Nature, seem all on a level : 'Tis like a Meadow newly mown, where *Weeds, Grass, and Flowers* are all laid even, and appear undistinguish'd. I believe too, that sometimes our first Thoughts are the best, as the first squeezing of the Grapes makes the finest and richest Wine.

I have not attempted any Thing of Pastoral Comedy, because I think the Taste of our Age will not relish a Poem of that Sort. People seek for what they call *Wit*, on all Subjects, and in all Places ; not considering that Nature loves Truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing ; *Conceit* is to Nature what *Paint* is to Beauty ; it is not only needless, but impairs what it wou'd improve. There is a certain Majesty in Simplicity, which is far above all the Quaintness of Wit : Insomuch, that the Critics have excluded it from the loftiest Poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the Epic no less than the Pastoral. I shou'd certainly displease all those who are charm'd with *Guarini* and *Bonarelli*, and imitate *Tasso* not only in the Simplicity of his Thoughts, but in that of the *Fable* too. If surprising Discoveries shou'd have Place in the Story of a Pastoral Comedy, I believe it wou'd be more agreeable to Probability, to make them the Effects of *Chance* than of *Design* ; Intrigues not being very consistent with that Innocence which ought to constitute a Shepherd's Character. There is nothing in all the *Aminta* (as I remember) but happens by meer
Acci-

Accident ; unless it be the meeting of *Aminta* with *Sylvia* at the *Fountain*, which is the Contrivance of *Daphne*, and even that is the most simple in the World : The contrary is observable in *Pastor Fido*, where *Corisca* is so perfect a Mistress of Intrigue, that the Plot could not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclin'd to think the Pastoral Comedy has another Disadvantage, as to the *Manners* ; Its General Design is to make us in love with the Innocence of a rural Life, so that to introduce Shepherds of a vicious Character, must in some measure debase it ; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous Characters will not shine so much, for Want of being opposed to their Contraries.—These Thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reason to doubt them : But I hope your Judgment will set me right.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE.

July 20. 1706.

I Had sooner return'd you Thanks for the Favour of your Letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an Account at the same time of my Journey to *Windfor* ; but I am now forced to put that quite off, being engaged to go to my Corporation of *Richmond* in *Yorkshire*. I think you are perfectly in the right in your Notions of Pastoral ; but I am of Opinion, that the Redundancy of Wit you mention, tho' 'tis what pleases the common People, is not what ever pleases the best Judges. *Pastor Fido* indeed has had more Admirers than *Aminta* ; but I will venture to say, there is a great deal of Difference between the Admirers of one and the other. *Corisca*, which is a Character generally admir'd by the ordinary

ordinary Judges, is intolerable in a Pastoral ; and *Bonarelli's* Fancy, of making his Shepherds in love with two Men equally, is not to be defended, whatever Pains he has taken to do it.

Now to return to Mr. *Pope*.

It was about this Time he began to correspond by Letters to such of his learned and poetical Friends as were at a Distance from him ; and one of the first of these was Mr. *Wycherley*, who was above fifty Years older than Mr. *Pope*, had wrote several applauded Comedies, and is mention'd by a very great Critick and Wit, to be one of the two who in that Age had ever hit upon the true Comedy. This Gentleman is very ill used by *Giles Jacob*, in his *Lives and Characters of the English Poets* ; where, without mentioning one of the very fine Things he has wrote, he contents himself with saying :

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, *Esq*;

THIS ingenious Gentleman publish'd a Volume of Poems in Folio ; but he thereby rather lessened his Fame, than increas'd it ; tho' he tells you in the Postscript to his Preface, that they were written at a Time, when 'twas not so much his Head's Occasion to write, as his Pocket's ; when he design'd his Works should have made him live, and not he to have made them live ; and that he wrote not to give Pains to his Mind, but to ease it from Pains ; to play the Fool with ridiculous Thoughts, rather than run mad with anxious ones. He has a Satirical Preface to his Criticks, who were such before they were his Readers : He begins ; " To you, I say, you
 " Anti-Wits, I direct my Discourse ; who, like
 " Gamesters *ante manum*, venture your little
 " Stocks of Wit or Credit in *Parnassus*, but to de-
 " prive

“prive others of theirs, tho’ you have no other Sort
“of Wit, but what you first borrow, or purloin,
“from the bold Pushers for Fame, the Scribblers,
“your adventrous Benefactors; whom you, like
“Rooks at Play, (when you have got all you can
“by them) attack and push with their own Coin
“and Stores of Sense; so, like the other Rooks,
“live on the Destruction of your best Friends and
“Maintainers; and upon gutting a Book, as the
“Midnight Judicature do upon gutting a House.”
His Preface is long and full of Wit and pointed Sa-
tire against the Criticks; and he has a Dedication to
the greatest Friend of the Muses, *Vanity*: which ends
with a Satire on himself, and his large Work.

And outward Greatness does confess,
Most often inward Emptiness,
And great Books, as great Heads (we know)
Contain less as they make more Show.

To his Bookseller, who desir’d his Picture before his
Book, he has these Lines:

To show this Book my Writing, Act, and Deed,
You’d have me to it put my Mark or Head.

Of Love he writes thus:

If Love’s a Blessing (as it is) you say,
We for it ought not then to pay, but pray;
Since Blessings, as they go for more divine,
Shou’d more be gain’d by Pray’r, or Praise, than
Coin.

This Description of Love I take to be very good:
Know,

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Know, Love is not by Precept taught,
Nor what it is, can Reason prove,
Above Expression, above Thought,
Instinct, by which our Senses move;
Which, by Denying, is confes'd,
And oft express'd by Dumbness best.

He has these Lines on a Lady's Posteriors, which he discover'd on her falling over a Stile :

My Heart held out against your Face and Eyes,
But cou'd no more, against your Breech and Thighs, }
Which they both took and wounded by Surprise ; }
Who did (as 'twere) 'till then in Ambush lie
For my poor Life, at least my Liberty ;
So secret Enemies more Mischief do,
The less still they their Pow'r to do it, show.
By that Assassinate my Life's betray'd——

Mr. *Wycherley*, in his Poems, is very fatirical on Courtiers, especially in his Praise of Ignorance, dedicated to the Court ; and his Heroick Epistle, to the Honour of Pimps and Pimping, dedicated to the Court, and written at a Time when such were most considerable there. And speaking of Wit recommending a Person, he has these Verses :

To Court, to gain Mens, Womens Favour, go,
Be sure, no more Wit than they have to show ;
Since each Sex fears Men most, of the most Wit,
Will such into their Secrets least admit,
For Fear of their discovering their Shame, }
Avoid their Courtship, but to 'scape their Blame, }
And still their Pleasure lose, to keep their Fame. }

This Gentleman, at the End of his humorous Preface

face and Contents, has a very particular Errata; and in general, Errata the whole Book.

In his latter Days wanting Money, (tho' possessing a small Estate) he was desirous of publishing some Madrigals, which he had compos'd many Years before, with some other Pieces, all which he sent Mr. Pope, desiring him to correct, purge them, and select the best, resolving to risque them in the Press: See his Letters upon that Head, as well as Mr. Pope's Replies.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

AS to the damn'd Verses I entrusted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your Purgatory, to save them from other Peoples damning them; since the Criticks, who are generally the first damn'd in this Life, like the Damn'd below, never leave to bring those above them under their own Circumstances. I beg you to peruse my Papers, and select what you think best, or most tolerable, and look over them again; for I resolve suddenly to print some of them, as a harden'd old Gamester will (in spite of all former ill Usage by Fortune) push on an ill Hand, in Expectation of recovering himself; especially, since I have such a Croupier, or Second, to stand by me as Mr. Pope.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

April 1, 1710.

IHAVE had your's of the 30th of the last Month, which is kinder than I desire it should be, since it tells me you could be better pleas'd to be sick again in Town, in my Company, than to be well in the Country without it; and that you are more impatient

tient to be depriv'd of Happiness than of Health : Yet, my dear Friend, set Raillery or Compliment aside, I can bear your Absence (which procures your Health and Ease) better than I can your Company when you are in Pain ; for I cannot see you so, without being so too. Your Love to the Country I do not doubt, nor do you (I hope) my Love to it or you, since there I can enjoy your Company, without seeing you in Pain to give me Satisfaction and Pleasure ; there I can have you without Rivals or Disturbers ; without the C——s too civil, or the T——s too rude ; without the Noise of the Loud, and the Censure of the Silent ; and would rather have you abuse me there with the Truth, than at this Distance with your Compliment : Since now your Business of a Friend and Kindness to a Friend, is by finding Fault with his Faults, and mending them by your obliging Severity. I hope (in point of your good Nature) you will have no cruel Charity for those Papers of mine, you were so willing to be troubled with ; which I take most infinitely kind of you, and shall acknowledge with Gratitude, as long as I live. No Friend can do more for his Friend than preserving his Reputation (nay not by preserving his Life, since by preserving his Life he can only make him live about threescore or fourscore Years ; but by preserving his Reputation, he can make him live as long as the World lasts ; so save him from damning, when he is gone to the Devil : Therefore I pray condemn in private, as the Thieves do their Accomplices in *Newgate*, to save them from Condemnation by the Publick. Be most kindly unmerciful to my poetical Faults, and do with my Papers, as you Country-Gentlemen do with your Trees, slash, cut, and lop off the Excrescencies and dead Parts of my wither'd Bays, that the little Remainder

mainder may live the longer, and encrease the Value of them, by diminishing the Number. I have troubled you with my Papers, rather to give you Pain than Pleasure, notwithstanding your Compliment, which says, you take the Trouble kindly: Such is the Generosity to your Friends, that you take it kindly to be desired by them to do them a Kindness; and you think it done to you, when they give you an Opportunity to do it to them. Wherefore you may be sure to be troubled with my Letters out of Interest, if not Kindness; since mine to you will procure your's to me, so that I write to you more for my own Sake than your's; less to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you see Interest in my Kindness, which is like the Friendship of the World, rather to make a Friend than to be a Friend; but I am your's as a true Plain-dealer.

Mr. WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

April 27, 1710.

YOU give me an Account in your Letter of the Trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my Papers you took down with you, with the old printed Volume, and with one another of that Bundle you have in your Hands; amongst which, you say, you find numerous (*) Repetitions of the same Thoughts and Subjects: all which I must confess my want of Memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing them; since of all Figures, that of Tautology is the last

(*) The Truth of this may be seen in the whole printed Volume of his *Miscellanies*, in *Folio* 1704, in almost every Page.

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last I would use, or least forgive myself for; but seeing is believing; wherefore I will take some Pains to examine and compare those Papers in your Hands with one another, as well as with the former printed Copies or Books of my damn'd Miscellanies; all which (as bad a Memory as I have) with a little more Pains and Care, I think I can remedy; therefore I would not have you give yourself more Trouble about them, which may prevent the Pleasure you have, and may give the World, in writing upon new Subjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain yourself and others. Now as to your Remarks upon the whole Volume of my Papers; all that I desire of you, is to mark in the Margin (without defacing the Copy at all) either any Repetition of the Words, Matter, or Sense, or any Thoughts or Words too much repeated; which if you will be so kind as to do for me, you will supply my Want of Memory with your good one, and my Deficiencies of Sense, with the Infallibility of your's; which if you do, you will most infinitely oblige me, who almost repent the Trouble I have given you, since so much. Now as to what you call Freedom with me, (which you desire me to forgive) you may be assured I would not forgive you unless you did use it; for I am so far from thinking your Plainness a Fault, or an Offence to me, that I think it a Charity and an Obligation; which I shall always acknowledge, with all Sort of Gratitude to you for it, who am therefore

(*Dear Mr. POPE*)

Your most oblig'd humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

All the News I have to send you, is, that poor Mr. *Betterton* is going to make his Exit from the Stage

Stage of this World, the Gout being gotten up into his Head, and (as the Physicians say) will certainly carry him off suddenly.

Mr. POPE's Answer to the foregoing.

May 2, 1710.

I AM sorry you persist to take ill my not accepting your Invitation, and to find (if I mistake not) your Exception not unmixt with some Suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your Request, not to cross over, or deface the Copy of your Papers for the future, and only to mark in the Margin the Repetitions: But as this can serve no further than to get rid of those Repetitions, and no way rectify the *Method*, nor connect the *Matter*, nor improve the *Poetry* in *Expression* or *Numbers*, without further blotting, adding, and altering; so it really is my Opinion, and Desire, that you should take your Papers out of my Hands into your own; and that no Alterations may be made but when both of us are present; when you may be satisfied with every Blot, as well as every Addition, and nothing be put upon the Papers but what you shall give your own Sanction and Assent to, at the same Time.

Do not be so unjust, as to imagine from hence, that I would decline any Part of this Task: On the contrary, you know, I have been at the Pains of transcribing some Pieces, at once to comply with your Desire of not defacing the Copy, and yet to lose no Time in proceeding upon the Correction. I will go on the same way if you please; tho' truly it is (as I have often told you) my sincere Opinion, that the greater Part would make a much better Figure as *Single Maxims* and *Reflections* in Prose, after the

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Manner of your Favourite *Rocheſoucault*, than in Verſe:* And this when nothing more is done but marking the Repetitions in the Margin, will be an eaſy Task for yourſelf to proceed upon, notwithstanding the bad Memory you complain of.

*I am unfeignedly, dear Sir,
Your's, &c.*

In Compliance with his Requeſt, Mr. *Pope*, as you have ſeen, began to look them over, and as there was great Room for Amendment, to blot and interline, and ſometimes almoſt new make Parts of the Performances. He was much complimented by Mr. *Wycherley* till the above Letters of Diſſatisfaction came to his Hand, and one more, for Mr. *Pope* ſtill continu'd to write. This laſt was of a very extraordinary Nature, letting him know in few and hollow Words, that he was going out of Town without ſaying where, and did not expect to hear from him till he came back. This extorted from Mr. *Pope* a Proteſtation that nothing ſhould induce him ever to write to him again. In a Letter to Mr. *Cromwell* he expreſſes himſelf thus:

I Hope it will be no Offence to give my moſt hearty Service to Mr. *Wycherley*, tho' I perceive by his laſt to me, I am not to trouble him with my Letters,

* Mr. *Wycherley* lived five Years after, to December 1715, but little Progreſs was made in this Deſign, thro' his Old Age, and the Increate of his Infirmities. However, ſome of the Verſes which had been touched by Mr. *P.* with 308 of theſe Maxims in Proſe were found among his Papers, which having the Miſfortune to fall into the Hands of a Mercenary, were publiſhed in 1728, in Octavo, under the Title of *The Poſthumous Works of Willaim Wycherley, Eſq;*

Letters, since he there told me he was going instantly out of Town, and till his Return was my Servant, &c. I guess by Your's he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all Truth and Honour, that is, assure him I have ever born all the Respect and Kindness imaginable to him. I do not know to this Hour what it is that has estrang'd him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more safely my Friend, since no Invitation of his shall ever more make me free with him. I could not have thought any Man had been so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own Experience of a Friend. Indeed to believe no body, may be a Maxim of Safety, but not so much of Honesty. There is but one Way I know of conversing safely with all Men, that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be conceal'd, and I can truly boast this Comfort in my Affairs with Mr. *Wycherley*. But I pardon his Jealousy, which is become his Nature, and shall never be his Enemy, whatsoever he says of me. *Your, &c.*

Notwithstanding all this, he kept a constant Respect, and a Sort of Reverence to him, whenever spoke of he lamented the Misunderstanding between them, which wholly rose from the Jealousy, Weakness and Petulancy of Mr. *Wycherley*, and curs'd the Person (a Thing not customary with him) whose wicked Insinuations had been the Cause of it. Upon the Death of that humorous and truly witty and natural Poet, he wrote his Friend Mr. *Blount* a Letter, which plainly shews his Opinion of his great Abilities, his Love of him as a good Man, and his Love of him as one he was resolv'd always to be a Friend to, though Age, Vexation, and the very

ill Usage of his next Heir had made him froward and almost too peevish to be humour'd by the best Natures, yet so very suspicious as to be open to all Whispers and Calumnies. Mr. Pope's Letter is dated 21 Jan. 1715-6.

To EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

Dear Sir,

I Know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some Circumstances of the last Act of that eminent Comic Poet, and our Friend, *Wycherley*. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his Acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his Life was despair'd of. Accordingly a few Days before his Death he underwent the Ceremony: and join'd together those two Sacraments, which wise Men say should be the last we receive; for if you observe, Matrimony is plac'd after Extreme Unction in our Catechism, as a Kind of Hint of the Order of Time in which they are to be taken. The old Man then lay down, satisfied in the Conscience of having, by this one Act, paid his just Debts, oblig'd a Woman who (he was told) had Merit, and shewn an heroic Resentment of the ill Usage of his next Heir. Some Hundred Pounds which he had with the Lady, discharg'd those Debts; a Jointure of Four Hundred a Year made her a Recompence; and the Nephew he left to comfort himself, as well as he could, with the miserable Remains of a mortgaged Estate. I saw our Friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his Sicknes than he used to be in his Health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much

much ashamed of marrying. The Evening before he expired, he call'd his young Wife to the Bed-side, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one Request, the last he should make. Upon her Assurances of consenting to it, he told her, *My Dear, it is only this; that you will never marry an old Man again.* I cannot help remarking, that Sickness which often destroys both Wit and Wisdom, yet seldom has Power to remove that Talent which we call *Humour*. Mr. *Wycherley* shew'd his even in this last Compliment, tho' I think his Request a little hard; for why should he bar her from doubling her Jointure on the same easy Terms.

So trivial as these Circumstances are, I should not be displeas'd myself to know such Trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent Person. The wisest and wittiest of Men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober Moments. At least our Friend ended much in the Character he had liv'd in, and *Horace's* Rule for a Play may as well be applied to him as a Playwright:

— *servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab inceptu processerit, & sibi constet.

I am, &c.

From Time to Time our Poet shew'd himself more to the World, and brought to the Light a Sacred Poem call'd the *Messiah*, in Imitation of (tho' much exceeding) *Virgil's Polio*, concluding thus:

No more the rising Sun shall gild the Morn,
Nor Ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her Silver Horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior Rays,
One Tide of Glory, one unclouded Blaze

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O'erflow thy Courts: The Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal Day be thine !
 The Seas shall waste, the Skies in Smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to Dust, and Mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd his Word, his saving Pow'r remains ;
 Thy Realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns !

Windfor Forest, a Poem address'd to my Lord
Lansdown, in which is the beautiful Metamorphosis
 of a Nymph into the River *Loddon*.

Here, as old Bards have sung, *Diana* stray'd,
 Bath'd in the Springs, or sought the cooling Shade :
 Here arm'd with Silver Bows, in early Dawn,
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the Dewy Lawn.
 Above the rest a rural Nymph was fam'd,
 Thy Offspring, *Thames* ! the fair *Lodana* nam'd ;
 (*Lodona's* Fate, in long Oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last)
 Scarce could the Goddess from her Nymph be
 But by the Crescent and the golden Zone. [known,
 She scorn'd the Praise of Beauty, and the Care,
 A Belt her Waste, a Fillet binds her Hair,
 A painted Quiver on her Shoulder sounds
 And with her Dart the flying Deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd, as eager of the Chace, the Maid
 Beyond the Forest's verdant Limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and furious with Desire
 Pursu'd her Flight ; her Flight increas'd his Fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,
 When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid Sky ;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves, [Doves ;
 When thro' the Clouds he drives the trembling
 As from the God with fearful Speed she flew,
 As did the God with equal Speed pursue.

Now

Now fainting, sinking, pale, the Nymph appears ;
 Now close behind his sounding Steps she hears ;
 And now his Shadow reach'd her as she run,
 (His Shadow lengthen'd by the setting Sun)
 And now his shorter Breath with sultry Air
 Pants on her Neck, and fans her parting Hair.
 In vain on Father *Thames* she calls for Aid,
 Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd Maid. [vain ;
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in
 " Ah *Cynthia* ! ah—tho' banish'd from thy Train,
 " Let me, O let me, to the Shades repair,
 " My Native Shades—there weep, and murmur
 She said, and melting as in Tears she lay, [there.
 In a soft silver Stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver Stream her Virgin Coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
 Still bears the * Name the hapless Virgin bore,
 And bathes the Forest where she rang'd before :
 In her chaste Current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with Celestial Tears augments the Waves.
 Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies
 The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,
 The watry Landskip of the pendant Woods,
 And absent Trees that tremble in the Floods :
 In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are seen,
 And floating Forests paint the Waves with green.
 Thro' the fair Scene rowl slow the lingring Streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the *Thames*.

The *Rape of the Lock*, a Poem in Five Can-
 to's, has a great deal of Fancy and fine Hu-
 mour : It was wrote to expose the little unguarded
 Follies of the Fair Sex ; the Passages are fabulous,
 and the Machines rais'd on the Foundation of the
Rosicrucian

* *The River Loddon.*

Rosicrucian Doctrine of Spirits, according to which the Four Elements are suppos'd to be inhabited, the Air by Sylphs, the Earth by Gnomes, the Water by Nymphs, and the Fire by Salamanders. It is dedicated to Mrs. *Arabella Fermor*.

Madam,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some Value for this Piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me Witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good Sense and good Humour enough, to laugh not only at their Sex's little unguarded Follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the Air of a Secret, it soon found its Way into the World. An imperfect Copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, You had the Good-nature, for my Sake, to consent to the Publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to before I had executed half my Design, for the *Machinery* was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The *Machinery*, Madam, is a Term invented by the Criticks, to signify that Part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one Respect like many modern Ladies; let an Action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost Importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd Foundation, the *Rosicrucian* Doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard Words before a Lady; but it is so much the Concern of a Poet to have his Works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult Terms.

The



M^{rs} ARABELLA FERMER

Parr Sculp

The *Rosicrucians* are a People I must bring you acquainted with. The best Account I know of them is in a *French* Book call'd, *Le Comte de Gabalis*; which both in its Title and Size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by Mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes*, or *Dæmons* of Earth, delight in Mischiefs; but the *Sylphs*, whose Habitation is Air, are the best condition'd Creatures imaginable. For they say, any Mortals may enjoy the most intimate Familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a Condition very easy to all true *Adepts*, an inviolate Preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the Passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the Beginning, or the Transformation at the End; [except the Loss of your Hair, which I always name with Reverence.] The human Persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the Character of *Belinda*, as it is now manag'd, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the World half so uncensured as you have done. But let its Fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this Occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest Esteem,

Madam, Your most obedient humble Servant,
A. POPE.

The Game at Ombre is describ'd with so much Wit, Humour and Delicacy I venture to affirm, it can but give Pleasure even to those who may have read it many times over.

Belinda

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Belinda now, whom Thirst of Fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous Knights,
At *Ombre* singly to decide their Doom;
And swells her Breast with Conquests yet to come.
Strait the three Bands prepare in Arms to join,
Each Band the Number of the Sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her Hand, th' Aerial Guard
Descend, and sit on each important Card:
First *Ariel* perch'd upon a *Matadore*,
Then each, according to the Rank they bore;
For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient Race,
Are, as when Women, wondrous fond of Place.

Behold, four *Kings* in Majesty rever'd,
With hoary Whiskers and a forked Beard:
And four fair *Queens* whose Hands sustain a Flow'r,
Th' expressive Emblem of their softer Pow'r;
Four *Knave*s in Garbs succinct, a trusty Band,
Caps on their Heads, and Halberds in their Hand;
And particolour'd Troops, a shining Train,
Draw forth to combat on the Velvet Plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care;
Let Spades be Trumps, she said, and Trumps they were.
Now move to War her sable *Matadores*,
In Show like Leaders of the swarthy *Moors*.
Spadilio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive Troops, and swept the Board.
As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,
And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field.
Him *Basto* follow'd, but his Fate more hard
Gain'd but one Trump and one *Plebeian* Card.
With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years,
The hoary Majesty of *Spades* appears;
Puts forth one manly Leg, to Sight reveal'd;
The rest his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd.
The Rebel *Knave*, that dares his Prince engage,
Proves the just Victim of his Royal Rage.

Ev'n

Ev'n mighty *Pam* that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of *Lu*,
Sad Chance of War! now destitute of Aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the Victor *Spade*!

Thus far both Armies to *Belinda* yield;
Now to the *Baron* Fate inclines the Field.
His warlike *Amazon* her Host invades,
Th'Imperial Consort of the Crown of *Spades*.
The *Club*'s black Tyrant first her Victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty Mien, and barb'rous Pride:
What boots the Regal Circle on his Head,
His Giant Limbs in State unweildy spread?
That long behind he trails his pompous Robe,
And of all Monarchs only grasps the Globe?

The *Baron* now his *Diamonds* pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his Face,
And his refulgent *Queen*, with Pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken Troops an easy Conquest find.
Clubs, *Diamonds*, *Hearts*, in wild Disorder seen,
With Throngs promiscuous strow the level Green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed Army runs,
Of *Asia*'s Troops, and *Afric*'s fable Sons,
With like Confusion different Nations fly,
In various Habits, and of various Dye;
The pierc'd Battalions dis-united fall,
In Heaps on Heaps; one Fate o'erwhelms them all.

The *Knave* of *Diamonds* now exerts his Arts,
And wins (oh shameful Chance!) the *Queen* of *Hearts*.
At this, the Blood the Virgin's Cheeks forfook,
A livid Paleness spreads o'er all her Look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching Ill,
Just in the Jaws of Ruin, and *Codille*.
And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)
On one nice *Trick* depends the gen'ral Fate,
An *Ace* of *Hearts* steps forth: the King unseen
Lurk'd in her Hand, and mourn'd his captive *Queen*.
He

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He springs to Vengeance with an eager Pace,
And falls like Thunder on the prostrate *Acc.*
The Nymph exulting fills with Shouts the Sky,
The Walls, the Woods, the long Canals reply.

The two Lines, where *Belinda* bewails the Loss of her Hair:

Oh! had'st thou, Cruel, been content to seize
Hairs less in Sight, or any Hairs but these.

It is said, that to some very nice Ears of the Fair Sex they have given Offence, by Reason of the *Double-Entendre* they admit of; but as there is a Possibility to take them in a Sense, wholly innocent and chaste, it is hoped they will construe them so.

Let them suppose that *Belinda* says, she would rather have lost all the Hair that lay conceal'd under her Head-dress, than that small single Lock, which hung in Sight, and was ornamental. A Gentleman has appear'd to their Defence, understanding them in their most ludicrous Sense:

Who censure most, more precious Hairs would
To have the Rape recorded by his *Muse*. [lose,

Upon the whole, this Poem has more Humour and good-natur'd Mirth in it, than any other of our Author's; and is his only Attempt in this Way.

At the Time of the writing of this Poem he was about twenty-four Years old: It was first printed without the Author's Name; but after the Addition of the Machinery, (which was wanting before) Mr. *Pope* publish'd it, and prefix'd the Dedication.

So cautious he was of making his Fame secure, not to trust his Name to so small a Work, 'till he was sure of Applause; which fully proves the Prudence of his Conduct, and that he resolv'd, either
to

to have proper Fame, or die in Oblivion; and this was often his Practice afterwards.

Some Pieces staid in their State of Probation seven Years, and he was late to confess to what many would not have lost the Pleasure of immediately owning, on any Consideration whatever. But he, tho' not so eager and greedy, was yet desirous of, and laying continual Claim to the Reputation of the best Poet living; and he was that.

There always is a Drawback upon Fame; Mr. *Pope* drew upon him the Envy of many of his contemporary Poets; and in particular, that of Mr. (*) *Dennis*, who, though a very good Critick and

(*) Mr. *Dennis* was born in the Year 1657, and Son of an eminent Citizen of *London*. He had his first Education at *Harrow on the Hill*, under the pious and learned Mr. *William Horn*; having with him as School-Fellows, the late Lord *Francis Seymour*, afterwards Duke of *Somerset*, the present Duke of *Somerset* his Brother, and several others, who have since made no inconsiderable Figure in the World. He remov'd from *Harrow* to *Caius-College* in *Cambridge*, where he took the Degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts; and afterwards, desiring rather to improve his Mind than his Fortune, he saw *France* and *Italy*. In his Youth he was very familiarly conversant with several Gentlemen about Town remarkable for their Wit and Gallantry; and the Affection he always had for Poetry, and which began in his very Infancy, brought him acquainted with some of the most celebrated Dramatick Writers of the Age, viz. Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherley*, Mr. *Congreve*, and Mr. *Southern*. Mr. *Dennis* is excellent at *Pindarick* Writings, perfectly regular in all his Performances, and a Person of sound Learning: And that he is Master of a great Deal of Penetration and Judgment, his Criticisms, particularly on Sir *Richard Blackmore's Prince Arthur*, sufficiently demon-

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and Poet, was mistaken in regard to Mr. *Pope*; and being grown old, in Ill-nature very unfairly, ungenerously, and weakly, attacks Mr. *Pope*. In a Pamphlet called, *Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in several Letters to a Friend*: In his Preface he says, he was provok'd to it by the Folly, the Pride,

demonstrate. He has obliged the World with the following Plays:

I. *A Plot and no Plot*; a Comedy, acted at the Theatre Royal, 1697. Dedicated to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Sunderland*. This Play, I am informed, Mr. *Dennis* intended as a Satire upon the Credulity of the *Jacobite* Party at that Time; and, as a certain Author has observed, is exactly regular, and discovers itself to be written by a Master of the Art of the Stage, as well as by a Man of Wit.

II. *Rinaldo and Armida*; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, 1699. Dedicated to the Duke of *Ormond*.

III. *Iphigenia*; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, 1700.

IV. *Liberty Asserted*; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, by her Majesty's Servants, 1704. This Play is dedicated to *Anthony Henley, Esq*; and was acted with very great Applause.

V. *Appius and Virginia*; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre Royal; Dedicated to *Sidney Earl of Godolphin*.

VI. *The Comical Gallant*; with the *Humours of Sir John Falstaff*; a Comedy. Being an Alteration of *Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor*.

VII. *Gibraltar, or the Spanish Adventure*; acted at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

This Gentleman, in his Comedy, hath shewn a great Deal of Justness and Delicacy of Reflection; a Pleasantness of Humour, a Novelty and Distinction of Characters, and admirable Conduct and Design, and a useful Moral. When he first began to write Tragedy, he saw, with Concern, that Love had got the entire Possession

Pride, and the Petulancy of that little Gentleman, *A. P—E*; which puerile Manner of calling him *Ape*, (by adding a Capital *E* to the initial Letters of his Name, hinting at his Form, for he was small, lean, and crooked,) has something in it too low for Contempt;

sion of the Tragick Stage, contrary to the Nature and Design of Tragedy, the Practice of *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and our Countryman *Shakespear*. As his Intentions were more to get Reputation than Money, and to gain the Approbation of the Judicious and Knowing (which he look'd upon as a certain Earnest of future Fame) rather than of a Crowd of ignorant Spectators and Readers; he resolved to deviate a little from the reigning Practice of the Stage, and not to make his Heroes whining Slaves in their Amours; which not only debases the Majesty of Tragedy, but confounds most of its principal Characters, by making that Passion the predominant Quality in all; and which must for ever make the present and succeeding Writers unable to attain to the Excellency of the Ancients: But he did not think it adviseable at once to shew his principal Characters wholly exempt from it, apprehending that so great and sudden an Alteration might prove disagreeable; he rather chose to steer a middle Course, and to make Love appear violent, but at the same Time to give Way to the Force of Reason, or to the Influence of some other more noble Passion; as in *Rinaldo*, it gives Place to Glory; in *Iphigenia*, to Friendship; and in *Liberty Asserted*, to the publick Good. He thought by these Means an Audience might be entertain'd and prepar'd for greater Alterations, whereby the Dignity of Tragedy might be supported, and its principal Characters justly distinguish'd. He has writ several other Pieces both in Verse and Prose, besides his other Works; the chief of which, with four of his Plays, are publish'd in Two Volumes Octavo.

If I did not allow this Gentleman to be a Poet, and the greatest Critick of this Age, I should be wanting in Justice

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Contempt ; and he repeats it fix Times in the same Manner, in the same Preface, as being fond of it ; tho' an ingenious School-Boy, of twelve Years old, would have blush'd at it. In his second Letter he says :

S I R,

Justice to his Character. In his *Grounds of Criticism* he observes, that the antient Poets deriv'd that Advantage which they have over the Moderns, to the constituting their Subjects after a religious Manner ; and he proves from the Precepts of *Longinus*, (tho' that Author did not make the Discovery) that the greatest Sublimity is to be deriv'd from religious Ideas. He is of Opinion, that one of the principal Reasons that has made the modern Poetry so contemptible, is, that by divesting itself of Religion, it is fallen from its Dignity, and its original Nature and Excellence ; and from the greatest Production of the Mind of Man, is dwindled to an extravagant and vain Amusement. These Reflections are very much for the Reputation of the Author ; and in another Place, speaking of Subjects for Poetry, There are some Persons (says he) mov'd by Love, and are not touch'd by Ambition ; others are animated by Ambition, and only laugh at Love : Some are pleas'd with a brave Revenge, others with a generous Contempt of Injuries ; but the eternal Power and infinite Knowledge of God, the Wonders of the Creation, and the beautiful Brightness of Virtue, make a powerful Impression on all. Mr. *Dennis* is very fond of *Milton*, a certain Demonstration of his sound Judgment, and in his Blank Verse he has come nearest that sublime Poet of any of his Contemporaries. His Poems are the following.

I. *Upon our Victory at Sea, and burning the French Fleet at La Hogue in 1692.* This Poem is writ in Rhyme.

II. *A Pindarick Ode on the King : Written in the Year 1691 ; occasion'd by the Victory of Aghrim.*

III. *To Mr. Dryden, upon his Translation of the Third Book*

S I R,

May 3, 1714.

I HOPE mine of the first of this Month came to your Hands, which contained some Reflections upon the Dedication and Title-Page of the *Rape of the Lock*; which latter creates an Expectation of Pleasantry in us, when there is not so much as one Jest in the Book.

Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur ineptè?

How much more judiciously does *Boileau* appear in the Title-Page of his *Lutrin*? In a sottish Emulation of which, this and several late fantastick Poems

E 2

appear

Book of Virgil's Georgicks. This is an excellent Pindarick.

IV. *Part of the Te Deum paraphras'd*, in Pindarick Verse.

V. *The Court of Death*; a Pindarick Poem, dedicated to the Memory of her most sacred Majesty Queen Mary. This is a very good Piece.

VI. *The Passion of Byblis*; made English from the ninth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

VII. *The Monument*: a Poem sacred to the immortal Memory of King William the Third. Dedicated to William Duke of Devonshire.

VIII. *A Poem on the Battle of Blenheim*, dedicated to Queen Anne. This is the chief of Mr. Dennis's Performances, and is indeed an admirable Poem.

XI. *On the Battle of Ramellies*. A Poem in five Books, dedicated to Charles Lord Halifax.

X. *On the Accession of King George to the British Throne*.

Mr. Dennis, in all his Writings, is a zealous Defender of Liberty; and, in his Military Poems, there appears great Spirit, and Thoughts very beautiful. He has written, besides his Poetry, *An Essay on Publick Spirit*, and several other learned Tracts in Prose; and a *Collection of Letters* very much admir'd.

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appear both to you and me to have been writ. *Boileau* calls his *Lutrin* an Heroick Poem, and he is so far from raising an Expectation of Laughter, either in the Title, or in the Beginning of the Poem, that he tells *Monfieur de Lamoignon*, to whom he addresses it, that 'tis a grave Subject, and must be read with a grave Countenance.

Garde toy de rire en ce grave sujet.

Lutrin, Chant. I.

Butler modestly calls his Poem, by the Name of his Hero, *Hudibras*; and without endeavouring to prepossess his Reader, leaves the Poem itself to work its natural Effect upon him.

But now, Sir, since I have said that the *Rape of the Lock* seems to be writ in Imitation of *Lutrin*, (I mean so far in Imitation, that the Author had a Mind to get Reputation by writing a great many Verses upon an inconsiderable Subject, as *Boileau* appears to have done before him;) I believe it will not be disagreeable to you, if I shew the Difference between the *Lutrin* and this fantastick Poem.

The *Rape of the Lock* is a very empty Trifle, without any Solidity or sensible Meaning; whereas the *Lutrin* is only a Trifle in Appearance, but under that Appearance carries a very grave and very important Instruction: For if that Poem were only what it appears to be, *Boileau* would run counter to the fam'd Rule which he has prescrib'd to others.

Now since 'tis impossible that so judicious an Author as *Boileau* should run counter to his own, and to the Instructions of his Master *Horace*, the *Lutrin* at the Bottom cannot be an empty Trifle. 'Tis indeed a noble and important satirical Poem, upon the Luxury, the Pride, the Divisions, and Animosities of the *Papish* Clergy. 'Tis true indeed the admirable

ble Address of the Poet has made it in Appearance a Trifle; for otherwise it would not have been suffer'd in a bigotted *Popish* Country. But yet *Boileau* in some Places seems to have given broad Hints at what was his real Meaning; as in the following Passage:

*La Deesse en entrant, qui voit la nappe mise,
Admire un si bel ordre, & reconnoit l'église.*

Lutrin, Chant. I.

And this other Passage is still more bold.

*Pour soutenir tes droits, que le ciel autorise,
Abîme tout plutôt, c'est l'esprit de l'église.*

Lutrin, Chant. I.

As the *Rape of the Lock* is an empty Trifle, it can have no Fable nor any Moral; whereas the *Lutrin* has both Fable and Moral. 'Tis true, indeed, the Allegory under which that Moral is conceal'd, is not so perspicuous as *Boileau* would have made it, if it had not been for the Apprehension of provoking the Clergy. But on the other Side, 'tis not so obscure, but that a penetrating Reader may see through it. The Moral is, "That when Christians, and especially the Clergy, run into great Heats about religious Trifles, their Animosity proceeds from the Want of that Religion which is the Pretence of their Quarrel." The Fable is this; "Two Persons being deserted by true Piety, are embroiled about a religious Trifle, to the Perplexity and Confusion of them and theirs: Upon the Return of Piety, they agree to set aside the Trifle about which they differed, and are reconciled, to the Quiet and Satisfaction both of themselves and their Partizans."

If you will be pleas'd to compare the Beginning of the Sixth Canto with the rest of the Poem, you

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will easily see that this Account which I have given of the *Lutrin* is not without Foundation. But you know very well, Sir, that there is not the least Shadow of a Moral or Fable in the *Rape*.

As nothing could be more ridiculous than the writing a full, an exact, and a regular Criticism upon so empty a Business as this trifling Poem; I will say but a Word or two concerning the Incidents, and so have done with what relates immediately to the Design. The Intention of the Author in writing this Poem, as we find in the Title-Page, is to raise the Mirth of the Reader; and we find by the Effects which *Hudibras* and the *Lutrin* produce in us, that *Butler* and *Boileau* wrote with the same Intention. Now you know very well, Sir, that in a Poem which is built upon an Action, Mirth is chiefly to be rais'd by the Incidents. For Laughter in Comedy is chiefly to be excited by Surprise, when Things spring from one another against our Expectation. Now whereas there are several ridiculous Incidents in the *Lutrin*, as, The Owl in the Pulpit frightening the nocturnal Champions; the Prelate's giving his Benediction to his Adversary, by Way of Revenge and Insult; The Battle in the Bookseller's Shop, &c. And whereas there are a thousand such in *Hudibras*, there is not so much as one, nor the Shadow of one in the *Rape of the Lock*: Unless the Author's Friends will object here, That his perpetual Gravity, after the Promise of his Title, makes the whole Poem one continued Jest.

I am Your's, &c.

Being resolv'd before-hand to be pleas'd with nothing, in his fourth Letter he falls foul of the *Machinery*.

The Practice of the greatest modern Heroick-Poets is conformable to that of the antient.

1. They

1. They take their *Machines* from the Religion of their Country ; witness *Milton, Cowley, Tassô*.
2. They make them Allegorical.
3. They oppose them to one another.
4. They shew a just Subordination among them, and a just Proportion between their Functions.

The Author of the *Rape* has run counter to this Practice both of the Antients and Moderns. He has not taken his *Machines* from the Religion of his Country, nor from any Religion, nor from Morality. His *Machines* contradict the Doctrines of the Christian Religion, contradict all sound Morality ; there is no allegorical nor sensible Meaning in them ; and for these Reasons they give no Instruction, make no Impression at all upon the Mind of a sensible Reader. Instead of making the Action wonderful and delightful, they render it extravagant, absurd, and incredible. They do not in the least influence that Action ; they neither prevent the Danger of *Belinda*, nor promote it, nor retard it, unless, perhaps, it may be said, for one Moment, which is ridiculous. And if here it be objected, that the Author design'd only to *entertain* and *amuse* ; To that I answer, That for that very Reason he ought to have taken the utmost Care to make this Poem *probable*, according to the important Precept of *Horace*,

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.

And that we may be satisfy'd that this Rule is founded in *Reason* and *Nature*, we find by constant Experience, that any thing that shocks *Probability* is most insufferable in Comedy.

There is no Opposition of the *Machines* to one another in this *Rape of the Lock*. *Umbriel* the *Gnome* is not introduc'd till the Action is over, and till *Ariel* and the Spirits under him, have quitted *Belinda*.

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There is no just *Subordination* among these *Machines*, nor any just *Proportion* between their *Functions*. *Ariel* summons them together, and talks to them as if he were their Emperor.

Ye *Sylphs* and *Sylphids*, to your Chief give ear,
Fays, *Fairies*, *Genii*, *Elves*, and *Dæmons*, hear;
 Ye know the Spheres and various Tasks assign'd,
 By Laws eternal to th' aerial Kind.
 Some in the Fields of purest *Æther* play,
 And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day.
 Some guide the Course of wandering Orbs on high,
 Or roll the Planets thro' the boundless Sky—
 Or brew fierce Tempests on the watry Main,
 Or o'er the Glebe distill the kindly Rain.
 Others on Earth o'er human Race preside,
 Watch all their Ways, and all their Actions guide:
 Of these the Chief the Care of Nations own,
 And guard with Arms Divine the *British* Throne.

Now, Sir, give me leave to ask you one Question:
 Did you ever hear before that the Planets were roll'd
 by the aerial Kind? We have heard indeed of Angels
 and Intelligences who have perform'd these Functions:
 But they are vast glorious Beings, of *Celestial*
 Kind, and *Machines* of another System. Pray which
 of the aerial Kind have these *sublime* Employments?
 For nothing can be more ridiculous, or more contemptible,
 than the Employments of those whom he harangues.

To save the Powder from too rude a Gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd Essences exhale.

There is a Difference almost infinite between
 these vile Functions and the former sublime ones,
 and

and therefore they can never belong to Beings of the same Species. Which of the aerial Kinds are the Movers of Orbs on high, or the Guardians of Empires below; when he who calls himself their Chief, is only the Keeper of a vile *Island Cur*, and has not so much as the Intendance of the Lady's *Favourite Lock*, which is the Subject of the Poem? But that is entrusted to an inferior Spirit, contrary to all manner of Judgment and Decorum.

The *Machines* that appear in this Poem are infinitely less considerable than the *human Persons*, which is without Precedent. Nothing can be so contemptible as the *Persons*, or so foolish as the *Understandings* of these *Hobgoblins*. *Ariel's* Speech for the first thirty Lines, is one continu'd Impertinence: For, if what he says is true, he tells them nothing but what they knew as well as himself before. And when he comes at length to the *Point*, he is full as impertinent as he was in his *Ramble* before; for after he has talk'd to them of *black Omens* and *dire Disasters* that threaten his Heroine, these Bugbears dwindle to the breaking a Piece of *China*, the staining a *Petticoat*, the losing a *Necklace*, a *Fan*, or a Bottle of *Sal Volatile*. But we shall consider this Passage further when we come to examine the *Sentiments*; and then we shall see, that *Sawney* takes the Change here, and 'tis *He*, a little *Lump of Flesh*, that talks; instead of a little *Spirit*.

That which makes this Speech more ridiculous, is the Place where it is spoken, and that is upon the Sails and Cordage of *Belinda's* Barge; which is certainly taken from the two Kings of *Brentford* descending in Clouds, and singing in the Style of our modern Spirits.

I King. O stay, for you need not as yet go astray,
The Tide, like a Friend, has brought Ships in our
And on their high Ropes we will play. [Way,

But now, Sir, for the *Persons* of these Sylphs and Sylphids, you see what Ideas the Threats of *Ariel*, give us of them, when he threatens them, that for their Neglect they shall

Be stopt in Viols, or transfix'd with Pins,
Or plung'd in Lakes of bitter Washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole Ages in a Bodkin's Eye.

Discord is describ'd by *Homer* with her Feet upon the Earth, and Head in the Skies: Upon which *Longinus* cries out, That this is not so much the Measure of *Discord*, as of *Homer's Capacity*, and *Elevation of Genius*. Ev'n so these diminutive Beings of the intellectual World, may be said to be the Measure of Mr. *Pope's Capacity* and *Elevation of Genius*. They are, indeed, Beings so diminutive, that they bear the same Proportion to the rest of the intellectual, that Eels in Vinegar do to the rest of the material World. The latter are only to be seen thro' *Microscopes*, and the former only thro' the false Optics of a *Rocfucian* Understanding.

I shall mention but one or two more of the numerous Defects which are to be found in the *Machines* of this Poem; the one is, The Spirits, which he intends for *benign* ones, are *malignant*, and those, which he designs for *malignant*, are *beneficent* to Mankind. The *Gnomes* he intends for *malignant*, and the *Sylphs* for *beneficent* Spirits. Now the *Sylphs* in this Poem promote that *Female Vanity* which the *Gnomes* mortify. And Vanity is not only a great Defect in
Human

Human Nature, but the Mother of a thousand Errors, and a thousand Crimes, and the Cause of most of the Misfortunes which are incident to Humanity.

The last Defect that I shall take notice of, is, That the *Machines* in this Poem are not taken from *one System*, but are *double*, nay *treble* or *quadruple*. In the first *Canto* we hear of nothing but *Sylphs*, and *Gnomes*, and *Salamanders*, which are *Rosicrucian* Visions. In the second we meet with *Fairies*, *Genii*, and *Dæmons*, Beings which are unknown to those Fanatick Sophisters. In the fourth, *Spleen* and the *Phantoms* about, are deriv'd from the Powers of *Nature*, and are of a separate System. And *Fate* and *Jove*, which we find in the fifth *Canto*, belong to the Heathen Religion.

But now, Sir, in treating of these Matters, I have, before I perceiv'd it, transgress'd the Bounds which I prescrib'd to my self, which I desire that you would excuse.

I am, S I R,

Yours, &c.

In his next Letter he finds general Fault with all the Poems, and will not allow that there is any Thing good either in Diction, Sentiments, Versification, Contrivance, or Execution; and mentioning the two Lines *Belinda* speaks, lamenting the Loss of the Lock, he adds eight more, which I can't say I think any great Ornament to the Poem.

Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry Side are seen
Of Bodies chang'd to various Forms by Spleen;
Here living Tea-Pots stand, one Arm held out,
One bent; the Handle this, and that the Spout.

A.

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A Pipkin there like *Homer's* Tripod walks,
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pie talks :
Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
And Maids, turn'd Bottles, call aloud for Corks.

Then adds to his Friend :

Now, Sir, I appeal to you and your Friends, if ever there was such execrable Stuff, such lamentable, such deplorable Pleasantry ! What says *Horace* ?

Scribendi rectè sapere est & principium & fons.

However this *Criticism* is dead, sunk in Oblivion, and the *Rape of the Lock* living, beautiful, and prais'd ; and if not entirely without Faults, they are such as are not obvious to every Reader, and easily pardon'd by the Discerner, who finds so many Things to admire, he forgets or else forgives those little Offences to Decency ; (for there indeed lies all the Offence) and Mr. *Dennis* having often taken the like Liberty himself, might have done less than set his Hand to keep down rising Merit. His other Attempts (for he made more on *Windsor-Forest*, *Temple of Fame*, and the *Translation of Homer*) were as vain as this. He concludes this *Criticism* by calling Mr. *Pope* an Ass ; and indeed seems very angry, to find that there was a Poet coming or rather come forward, that would wear a greener Lawrel than himself. I don't find that Mr. *Pope* ever made any Reply to this, but treasur'd it up, to help to furnish fresh Matter for the *Dunciad*, a Work, of which hereafter we shall speak more at large.

The abovemention'd Poem has been translated into *French* and *Italian*, and though it appears without all its original Beauty in both, it has been very well received ; yet the *Italian Ladies* can but wonder that so young and fine a Createre, as *Belinda*, should be

so long unguarded by her Mother, Aunt, or some one, whose Business it should have been to have taken Care of her Lock and her Reputation too: Whilst the *French Ladies* see nothing to grieve at, and say, What hinder'd her from wearing a *Tete* with Curls as long again. We don't find Mr. *Dennis's Criticism* was ever translated.

Another Poem that created him no little Envy, and much more Praise, was the *Temple of Fame*; the Hint of it was taken from *Chaucer's House of Fame*; the Design is in a Manner entirely alter'd, the Descriptions, and most of the particular Thoughts his own, yet he would not suffer it to be printed without this Acknowledgment; not thinking a Concealment of this Nature the less unfair for being common. Whoever has a Mind to compare this Poem with *Chaucer*, may begin with the Third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first that answers to their Title.

After describing the *Temple*, he speaks of his first Sight of *Fame*:

Scarce to the Top I stretch'd my aking Sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a Height.
Full in the midst, proud *Fame's* Imperial Seat,
With Jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid Em'ralsds there revive the Eye;
The flaming Rubies shew their sanguine Dye;
Bright azure Rays from lively Sapphires stream,
And lucid Amber casts a golden Gleam.
With various-colour'd Lights the Pavement shone;
And all on Fire appear'd the glowing Throne:
The Dome's high Arch reflects the mingled Blaze,
And forms a Rainbow of alternate Rays.
When on the *Goddeß's* first I cast my Sight,
Scarce seem'd her Stature of a Cubit's Height,

But

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But swell'd to larger Size the more I gaz'd,
 'Till to the Roof her tow'ring Front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple every Moment grew,
 And ampler *Vistas* open'd to my View;
 Upward the Columns shoot, the Roofs ascend,
 And Arches widen, and long Iles extend.
 Such was her Form, as antient Bards have told;
 Wings raise her Arms, and Wings her Feet infold;
 A thousand busy Tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open Eyes, and thousand list'ning Ears.
 Beneath, in Order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
 (Her Virgin Handmaids) still attend the Shrine:
 With Eyes on *Fame* for ever fix'd, they sing;
 For *Fame* they raise the Voice, and tune the String.
 With Time's first Birth began the Heav'nly Lays,
 And last eternal thro' the Length of Days.

First at the Shrine the learned World appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their Prayer:
 Long have we fought t'instruct and please Mankind,
 With Studies pale, with midnight Vigils blind;
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior Throne:
 On Wit and Learning the just Prize bestow,
 For *Fame* is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bad the Muses raise
 The Golden Trumpet of eternal Praise:
 From Pole to Pole the Winds diffuse the Sound,
 That fills the Circuit of the World around;
 Not all at once, as Thunder breaks the Cloud;
 The Notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
 By just Degrees they every Moment rise,
 Fill the wide Earth, and gain upon the Skies.
 At every Breath were balmy Odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread:
 Less fragrant Scents th' unfolding Rose exhales,
 Or Spices breathing in *Arabian* Gales.

Next

Next these the Good and Just, an awful Train,
Thus on their Knees address'd the sacred Fane.
Since living Virtue is with Envy curst,
And the best Men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our Merits forth,
And give each Deed th' exact intrinsic Worth.
Not with bare Justice shall your Act be crown'd,
(Said *Fame*) but high above Desert renown'd:
Let fuller Notes th' applauding World amaze,
And the loud Clarion labour in your Praise.

And now a Rabble-Rout of Scribblers appear'd in
Arms, Mr. *Dennis* at their Head; and as they strove
to destroy Mr. *Pope's Temple of Fame*, destroy'd
their own, and firmly establish'd his; Sir *Richard*
Steele lending a Hand, having approved of it before
its Appearance in Publick in the following Letter:

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your *Temple of Fame* twice,
and cannot find any thing amiss of Weight e-
nough to call a Fault, but see in it a Thousand Beau-
ties. Mr. *Addison* shall see it to Morrow: After
his Perusal of it, I will let you know his Thoughts.
I desire you will let me know whether you are at
Leisure or not? I have a Design which I shall open
a Month or two hence, with the Assistance of the
Few like yourself. If your Thoughts are unengaged,
I shall explain myself further.

I am, Your, &c.

And accordingly it had as good Treatment from
Mr. *Addison*, whose Friendship Mr. *Pope* had, as he
imagined,

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imagined, been some Time in Possession of; and as yet nothing appear'd to the contrary. By this Time Mr. *Pope* was got so far into Favour and Reputation with the Town, that he needed little Recommendation but his own Merit; and he began (as he in Reason might) to assume the Name of a Critick, and to give Rules to others in his *Essay on Criticism*, which is full of Wit, beautiful Turns, Variety of Metaphors, and Observations on Poetry and Criticism: A few Extracts will serve to give the Reader a pleasing Idea of the whole.

First follow *Nature*, and your Judgment frame
By her just Standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal Light,
Life, Force, and Beauty, must to all impart,
At once the Source, and End, and Test of Art.
That Art is best which most resembles her;
Which still presides, yet never does appear:
In some fair Body thus the sprightly Soul
With Spirits feeds, with Vigour fills the whole,
Each Motion guides, and ev'ry Nerve sustains;
It self unseen, but in th' Effects, remains,
There are whom Heav'n has blest with Store of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it:
For Wit and Judgment ever are at Strife,
Tho' meant each other's Aid, like Man and Wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur, the Muse's Steed,
Restrain his Fury, than provoke his Speed,
The winged Courser, like a gen'rous Horse,
Shews most true Mettle when you check his Course.

A perfect Judge will read each Work of Wit
With the same Spirit that its Author writ;
Survey the *Whole*, nor seek slight Faults to find,
Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the Mind;

No

Nor lose, for that malignant dull Delight,
 The gen'rous Pleasure to be charm'd with Wit.
 But in such Lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning Faults, one quiet Tenour keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In Wit, as Nature, what affects our Hearts
 Is not th' Exactness of peculiar Parts;
 'Tis not a Lip, or Eye, we Beauty call,
 But the joint Force and full Result of all.
 Thus when we view some well proportion'd Dome,
 (The World's just Wonder, and ev'n thine, O
 No single Parts unequally surprize; [Rome!])
 All comes united to th' admiring Eyes;
 No monstrous Height, or Breadth, or Length appear;
 The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Avoid *Extreams*; and shun the Fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little, or too much.
 At ev'ry Trifle scorn to take Offence,
 That always shows great Pride, or little Sense.
 Those Heads, or Stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay Turn thy Rapture move,
 For Fools admire, but Men of Sense approve;
 As Things seem large which we thro' Mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Be thou the first true Merit to befriend,
 His Praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend.
 Short is the Date, alas! of modern Rhymes;
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that Golden Age appears,
 When Patriarch Wits surviv'd a thousand Years;
 Now Length of Fame (our second Life) is lost;
 And bare Threescore is all ev'n that can boast:
 Our Sons their Father's failing Language see,
 And such as *Chaucer* is shall *Dryden* be.

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So when the faithful Pencil has design'd
Some fair Idea of the Master's Mind,
Where a new World leaps out at his Command,
And ready Nature waits upon his Hand;
When the ripe Colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just Shade and Light,
When mellowing Time does full Perfection give,
And each bold Figure just begins to live;
The treach'rous Colours in few Years decay,
And all the bright Creation fades away!

Be Niggards of Advice on no Pretence;
For the worst Avarice is that of Sense.
With mean Complacence ne'er betray your Trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust:
Fear not the Anger of the Wise to raise;
Those best can bear Reproof, who merit Praise.

Such was *Roscommon*—not more learn'd than good,
With Manners gen'rous as his noble Blood;
To him the Wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
And ev'ry Author's Merit, but his own. [Friend,
Such late was (*) *Walsh*,—the Muses Judge and
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To Failings mild, but zealous for Desert;
The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.
This humble Praise, lamented Shade! receive,
This Praise at least a grateful Muse may give!
The Muse, whose early Voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her Heights, and prun'd her tender Wing,
(Her Guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low Numbers short Excursions tries.

Content,

(*) Mr. *Walsh*, of *Abberley* in *Worcestershire*, Gentleman of the Horse in *Queen Anne's* Reign, Author of several beautiful Pieces in Prose and Verse, and in the Opinion of Mr. *Dryden* (in his Postscript to *Virgil*) the best Critick of our Nation in his Time: He died at forty-nine Years old, in the Year 1708.

Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their Wants may
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew. [view,
Careless of Censure, nor too fond of Fame,
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;
Averse alike to flatter, or offend,
Not free from Faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

Not these Lines above quoted, and many more as fine, could preserve the Piece from the severe Censure of Mr. *Dennis* and others ; but chiefly Mr. *Dennis*, often a very good Critick, always an ill-natur'd one : often, through Envy and private Pique, a very malicious and false one. And it is asserted, that the said Mr. *John Dennis*, on the 27th of *March*, finding on Mr. *Bernard Lintot's* Counter a Book called, *An Essay on Criticism*, then publish'd, he read a Page or two with much Frowning, 'till coming to these Lines,

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.

Throwing the Book down, he said in great Anger, That means me by G—d. In his Reflections on our Author's *Essay on Criticism* hear what he says :

“ His Precepts are false, or trivial, or both ; his
“ Thoughts are crude and abortive, his Expressions
“ absurd, his Numbers harsh and unmusical, without Cadence or Variety, his Rhymes trivial and
“ common. Instead of Majesty, we have something
“ that is very Boyish ; and, instead of Perspicuity
“ and lucid Order, we have but too often Obscurity
“ and Confusion.”

Nay, he seems positive in his Triumph over the Poetry in another Place.

“ What rare Numbers are here ? Would not one
“ swear this Youngster had espoused some antiqua-

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“ ted Muse, who had sued out a Divorce from some
 “ superannuated Sinner, upon Account of Impo-
 “ tence ; and who being pox’d by her former Spouse,
 “ has got the Gout in her decrepid Age, which
 “ makes her *hobble so damnably?*”

And presently he leaves the Poem, and falls foul
 on Mr. *Pope*’s Character with great Virulency and
 Spite, which (if true) was impossible to be known to
 him.

“ A little affected Hypocrite, who has nothing in
 “ his Mouth but Candour, Truth, Friendship,
 “ Good-Nature, Humanity, Affability, and Mag-
 “ nanimity. He is so great a Lover of Falsehood,
 “ that whenever he has a Mind to calumniate his
 “ Contemporaries, he upbraids them with some
 “ Defect ; which is just contrary to some good Qua-
 “ lity, for which all their Friends and Acquaintance
 “ commend them. He seems to have a particular
 “ Pique to People of Quality, and Authors of that
 “ Rank. He must derive his Religion from St. *O-*
 “ *mers.*”

He excuses himself a little in the Preface :

“ I can safely affirm, that I never attack’d any of
 “ these Writings, unless they had Success infinitely
 “ beyond their Merit.” So that it was their Success
 gauled him, he imagining it to be infinitely beyond
 their Merit.

After this we believe no Reader can wonder at
 what they hereafter may find in the *Dunciad*, in Re-
 turn to this Usage of Mr. *Dennis*, for we think such
 Treatment would justify any Thing : It is very cer-
 tain, that Envy and Hate of superior Merit blinded
Dennis so, that he always judg’d wrong, or at least,
 pronounc’d wrong Sentences against Mr. *Pope*.

As to his Knowledge of Numbers, and Composi-
 tion of Verse, his own fine Rules given show him a
 great

great Master, and able to teach Mr. *Dennis*. How few have excell'd! none, except in Variety.

But most by Numbers judge a Poet's Song.
 And smooth or rough with such is right or wrong;
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand Charms conspire,
 Her Voice is all these tuneful Fools admire,
 Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their Ear,
 Not mend their Minds: As some to Church repair,
 Not for the Doctrine, but the Musick there,
 These equal Syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the Ear the open Vowels tire;
 While Expletives their feeble Aid do join;
 And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line,
 While they ring round the same unvary'd Chimes,
 With sure Returns of still-expected Rhymes.
 Where-e'er you find *the cooling Western Breeze*,
 In the next Line, it *whispers thro' the Trees*;
 If Chrystal Streams with *pleasing Murmurs creep*,
 The Reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with Sleep:
 Then, at the last, and only Couplet fraught,
 With some unmeaning Thing they call a Thought,
 A needless *Alexandrine* ends the Song, [along,
 That like a wounded Snake draws its slow Length
 Leave such to tune their own dull Rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy Vigor of a Line, [join.
 Where *Denham's* Strength, and *Waller's* Sweetness
 'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence,
 The Sound must seem an Eccho to the Sense.
 Soft is the Strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
 And the smooth Stream in smoother Numbers flows;
 But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,
 The hoarse, rough Verse should like the Torrent roar.
 When *Ajax* strives some Rock's vast Weight to throw,
 The Line too labours, and the Words move slow;

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Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the Plain, [Main,
Flies o'er th' unbending Corn, and skims along the

These, we believe, will be a satisfactory Proof of his great Power as a Poet, if any Body yet doubts of it, or if any Lover and Reader of *English* Poetry has not before seen those admir'd and very famous Lines.

Before we speak of *Homer*, the *Dunciad*, &c. we shall take Notice of some other Writings of our Poet:

To Mr. *Jervas*, with Mr. *Fresnoy's* Art of Painting.

On a Fan of the Author's Design, in which was painted the Story of *Cephalus* and *Procris*; with the Motto *Aura veni*.

On *Silence*, in Imitation of Lord *Rocheſter*.

An Epitaph.

Verses occasion'd by some of the Duke of *Buckingham's*.

He wrote a most excellent Letter in Verse from *Eloisa* to *Abelard*; it is chiefly taken from the *French* Letters between those two extraordinary Persons. Mr. *Bayle*, in his *Historical Dictionary*, makes Mention of them: They flourish'd in the twelfth Century, and were two of the most distinguish'd Persons of their Age in Learning and Beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate Passion. After a long Course of Calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the Remainder of their Days to Religion. It was many Years after this Separation that a Letter of *Abelard's* to a Friend (which contained the History of his Misfortunes) fell into the Hands of *Eloisa*; this awak'ning all her Tenderness, occasioned those celebrated Letters, which give so lively a Description of the Struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Passion.

There

There is a Spirit of Tendernefs and a Delicacy of Sentiments runs all through the Letter; but the prodigious Conflict, the War within, the Difficulty of making Love give up to religious Vows, and Impossibility of forgetting a first real Passion, shine above all the rest.

Ah wretch! believ'd the Spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.
 Assist me Heav'n! but whence arose that Pray'r?
 Sprung it from Piety, or from Despair?
 Ev'n here where frozen Chastity retires,
 Love finds an Altar for forbidden Fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the Lover, not lament the Fault;
 I view my Crime, but kindle at the View,
 Repent old Pleasures, and solicit now:
 Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past Offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my Innocence,
 Of all Affliction taught a Lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest Science to forget!
 How shall I lose the Sin, yet keep the Sense,
 And love th' Offender, yet detest th' Offence?
 How the dear Object from the Crime remove,
 Or how distinguish Penitence from Love?
 Unequal Task! a Passion to resign,
 For Hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
 E'er such a Soul regains its peaceful State,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often, Hope, Despair, Resent, Regret,
 Conceal, Disdain—do all Things but forget.
 But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
 Not touch'd, but rapt, not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come! oh teach me Nature to subdue,
 Renounce my Love, my Life, myself—and you.

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Fill my fond Heart, with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's Lot ?
The World forgetting, by the World forgot.
Eternal Sunshine of the spotless Mind !
Each Pray'r accepted, and each Wish resign'd ;
Labour and Rest, that equal Periods keeps ;
Obedient Slumbers that can wake and weep ;
Desires compos'd, Affections ever even,
Tears that delight, and Sighs that waft to Heav'n.
Grace shines around her with sereneest Beams,
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden Dreams.
For her the Spouse prepares the bridal Ring,
For her white Virgins *Hymenæals* sing ;
For her the unfading Rose of *Eden* blooms,
And Wings of Seraphs shed divine Perfumes ;
To Sounds of heav'nly Harps she dies away,
And melts in Visions of eternal Day.

Far other Dreams my erring Soul employ,
Far other Raptures, of unholy Joy ;
When at the Close of each sad, sorrowing Day,
Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,
Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free,
All my loose Soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear Horrors of all conscious Night !
How glowing Guilt exalts the keen Delight !
Provoking Dæmons all Restraint remove,
And stir within me every Source of Love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy Charms,
And round thy Phantom glue my clasping Arms.
I wake—no more I hear, no more I view,
The Phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud, it hears not what I say ;
I stretch my empty Arms, it glides away :
To dream once more I close my willing Eyes ;
Ye soft Illusions, dear Deceits, arise !

Alas

Alas no more! methinks we wandring go
Thro' deary Wastes, and weep each other's Woe;
Where round some mould'ring Grove pale Ivy creeps,
And low brow'd Rocks hang nodding o'er the Deeps.
Sudden you mount; you beckon from the Skies;
Clouds interpose, Waves roar, and Winds arise;
I shriek, start up, the same sad Prospect find,
And wake to all the Grievs I left behind.

What Scenes appear where e'er I turn my View,
The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the Grove, before the Altar rise,
Stain all my Soul, and wanton in my Eyes!
I waste the Mattin Lamp in Sighs for thee,
Thy Image steals between my God and me,
Thy Voice I seem in every Hymn to hear,
With ev'ry Bead I drop too soft a Tear.
When from the Cenfor Clouds of Fragrance roll,
And swelling Organs lift the rising Soul.
One Thought of thee puts all the Pomp to flight,
Priests, Tapers, Temples, swim before my Sight:
In Seas of Flame my plunging Soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here, in humble Grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous Drops just gath'ring in my Eye,
While praying, trembling, in the Dust I roll,
And dawning Grace is opening on my Soul.
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heav'n; dispute my Heart;
Come, with one Glance of those deluding Eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the Skies.
Take back that Grace, those Sorrows, and those Tears,
Take back my fruitless Penitence and Pray'rs,
Snatch me, just mounting, from the Blest above,
Assist the Fiends and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;
Rise *Alps* between us! and whole Oceans roll!

Ah

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Ah come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one Pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy Oaths I quit, thy Memory resign.
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
 Fair Eyes, and tempting Looks (which yet I view!)
 Long lov'd, ador'd Ideas! all adieu!
 O Grace serene! oh Virtue heav'nly fair!
 Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
 Fresh blooming Hope, gay Daughter of the Sky!
 And Faith, our early Immortality!
 Enter each mild, each amicable Guest;
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal Rest!

Abelard and *Eloisa* were interr'd in the same Grave or in Monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of *Paraclete*: He died in the Year 1142, she in 1163. He founded the Monastery.

When she speaks of her entring into Vows what a moving and passionate Description she gives of it.

Canst thou forget what Tears that Moment fell,
 When warm in Youth I bade the World farewell?
 As with cold Lips I kiss'd the trembling Veil,
 The Shrines all trembled and the Lamps grew pale:
 Heaven scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd
 And Saints with Wonder heard the Vows I made.

He was her Tutor in Philosophy and Divinity, but each being overcome by the Love of the other. At last their chief Study grew how to procure reciprocal and mutual Delight, which being discover'd brought on a tragick Scene of Separation, and a Wound to *Abelard* worse than Death, for her Relations caus'd him to be unmann'd, which no way abated the Warmth of *Eloisa*'s Passion.

Nature

Nature stands check'd, Religion disapproves,
Even thou art cold, yet *Eloisa* loves.

I believe it is not in the Power of our Language to go beyond this Poem in Tendernefs and Harmony, and yet the Verfes to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady are efteemed equal to them.

This Lady feems to have been a particular Favourite of our Poet, whether he himfelf was the Perfon ſhe was remov'd from I am not able to ſay, but whoever reads his Verfes to her Memory, will find ſhe had a very great Share in him.

This young Lady who was of Quality, had a very large Fortune, and was in the Eye of our difcerning Poet a great Beauty, was left under the Guardianſhip of an Uncle who gave her an Education fuitable to her Title, for Mr. *Pope* declares ſhe had Titles and ſhe was thought a fit Match for the greateſt Peer, but very young ſhe contracted an Acquaintance and afterwards ſome Degree of Intimacy with a Young Gentleman, who, is only imagined, and having ſettled her Affections there, refus'd a Match propos'd to her by her Uncle, Spies being ſet upon her it was not long before her Correſpondence with her Lover of lower Degree was discover'd, which when tax'd with by her Uncle, ſhe had too much Truth and Honour to deny. The Uncle finding that ſhe could not, nor would ſtrive to withdraw her Regard from him, after a little Time forc'd her Abroad, where ſhe was receiv'd with all due Reſpect to her Quality, but kept up from the Sight or Speech of any Body but the Creatures of this ſevere Guardian, ſo that it was impoſſible for her Lover even to deliver a Letter that might ever come to her Hand,

Several

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Several were receiv'd from him with Promises to get them privately deliver'd to her, but those were all sent to *England* and only serv'd to make them more Cautious who had her in Care.

She languish'd here a considerable Time, went through a great deal of Sickness and Sorrow, wept and sigh'd continually, at last wearied out and despairing quite, the unfortunate Lady—as Mr. *Pope* justly calls her, put an End to her own Life, having bribed a Woman Servant to procure her a Sword, she was found Dead upon the Ground, but warm, the Severity of the Laws of the Place where she was in, denied her Christian Burial, and she was buried without Solemnity, or even any to wait on her to her Grave, except some Young People of the Neighbourhood, who saw her put into common Ground, and strew'd her Grave with Flowers.

Which gave some Offence to the Priesthood, who would have buried her in the Highway, but it seems their Power there did not extend so far.

The Poem not being very long may serve for a farther Illustration of this Affair, where the Expressions are so strong and Natural, that the Heart must have had no little Share in the Composition.

What beck'ning Ghost, along the moonlight Shade
Invites my Steps, and points to yonder Glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding Bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary Sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in Heav'n a Crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a Heart,
To act a Lover's or a *Roman's* Part?
Is there no bright Reversion in the Sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs ! her Soul aspire
Above the vulgar Flight of low Desire ?
Ambition first sprung from your blest Abodes ;
The glorious Fault of Angels and of Gods :
Thence to their Images on Earth it flows,
And in the Breast of Kings and Heroes glows !
Most Souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an Age,
Dull sullen Pris'ners in the Body's Cage :
Dim Lights of Life that burn a Length of Years,
Useless, unseen, as Lamps in Sepulchres :
Like Eastern Kings a lazy State they keep,
And close confin'd in their own Palace sleep.

From these perhaps (e'er Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying Sky,
As into Air the purer Spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred Dregs below ;
So flew the Soul to its congenial Place,
Nor left one Virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false Guardian of a Charge too good,
Thou, mean Deserter of thy Brother's Blood !
See on these Ruby Lips the trembling Breath,
These Cheeks, now fading at the Blast of Death :
Cold is that Breast which warm'd the World before,
And those Love-darting Eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the Ball,
Thus shall your Wives, and thus your Children fall :
On all the Line a sudden Vengeance waits,
And frequent Herfes shall besiege your Gates.
There Passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long Fun'ral blacken all the Way)
Lo these were they, whose Souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with Hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the Proud away,
The Gaze of Fools, and Pageant of a Day !
So perish all, whose Breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others Good, or melt at others Woe.

What

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What can atone (oh ever injur'd Shade !)
 Thy Fate unpity'd, and thy Rites unpaid ?
 No Friend's Complaint, no kind domestick Tear
 Pleas'd thy pale Ghost, or grac'd thy mournful Bier ;
 By foreign Hands thy dying Eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign Hands thy decent Limbs compos'd,
 By foreign Hands thy humble Grave adorn'd,
 By Strangers honour'd, and by Strangers mourn'd !
 What tho' no Friends in fable Weeds appear,
 Grieve for an Hour, perhaps, then mourn a Year,
 And bear about the Mockery of Woe
 To midnight Dances, and the publick Show ?
 What tho' no weeping Loves thy Ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd Marble emulate thy Face !
 What tho' no sacred Earth allow thee Room,
 Nor hallow'd Dirge be mutter'd o'er thy Tomb ?
 Yet shall thy Grave with rising Flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green Turf lie lightly on thy Breast :
 There shall the Morn her earliest Tears bestow,
 There the first Roses of the Year shall blow ;
 While Angels with their silver Wings o'ershade
 The Ground, now sacred by thy Reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a Stone a Name,
 What once had Beauty, Titles, Wealth, and Fame.
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 A Heap of Dust alone remains of thee ;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung ;
 Deaf the prais'd Ear, and mute the tuneful Tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose Soul now melts in mournful Lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous Tear he pays ;
 Then from his closing Eyes thy Form shall part,
 And the last Pang shall tear thee from his Heart ;
 Life's idle Business at one Gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

Besides

Besides these, he has alter'd the *Merchant's Tale* from *Chaucer*, and the *Wife of Bath's Prologue*, both which are a little obscene, but that being originally *Chaucer's Fault*, we will not charge it to the Account of our Poet who has some Crimes of that Nature to answer for for himself, which we shall take Notice of in a proper Place. He translated *Sapho* to *Phaon* from *Ovid's Epistles*, and *Vertumnus* and *Pomona*, and the *Fable of Dryope* from his *Metamorphosis*, and wrote several other small Poems, some of which hereafter we shall speak farther about; a *Prologue to Cato* much admir'd, and an *Epilogue to Jane Shore*, never spoke, but design'd for Mrs. Oldfield.

But we cannot help taking immediate Notice of his *Ode for Musick on Santa Cecilia's Day*. Mr. *Dryden* had gain'd such prodigious Fame by his *Feast of Alexander*, that the Poets after him were generally laugh'd at in their Attempts that Way. Mr. *Pope* however ventur'd after many Solicitations, much Encouragement, putting forward, and a Certainty of Applause from one Quarter, and has plainly shewn, that he was not the Judge of Harmony and adapting Words to Musick that *Dryden* was. It is indeed, as to the Poetical Part, the worst of our Poet's Performances, except an Attempt in the same Way.

In two Chorus's to the *Tragedy of Brutus*, not made publick these are still worse, and Mr. *Pope* was so sensible of this that he turn'd his Pen no more this Way.

As to the Sense and Design of the *Ode on Santa Cecilia's Day* they are not bad; but Mr. *Dryden's Ode* is more musical without being set, than any Musick can make our Poet's. In the Sense Mr. *Dryden* has made in *Alexander's Feast* one gross Mistake,

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stake, it is rather a Contradiction than Nonsense:
He begins :

'Twas at the Royal Feast for *Persia* won
By *Philip's* warlike Son.

Where he openly acknowledges him to be the Son
of *Philip*. A very little while afterwards :

The Song began from *Jove*
Who left his blisful Seats above,
(Such is the Power of mighty Love)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God;
Sublime on verdant Spires he rode,
When he the fair *Olympia* press'd,
And while he sought her snowy Breast ;
Then round her slender Waist he curv'd, [World.
And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sovereign of the

Where he declares him the Son of *Jupiter*. Of
Mr. *Pope's* Ode, the two following Stanza's are the
best. *Orpheus* seeking his Wife *Eurydice* in the
Shades, addresses himself to the Infernal Deities :

By the Streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant Winds that blow
O'er th' *Elysian* Flowers
By those happy Souls who dwell
In yellow Meads of *Aspodel*,
Or *Amarinthine* Bowers :
By the Heroe's armed Shades
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy Glades.
By the Youth's that dy'd for Love,
Wand'ring in the Myrtle Grove,
Restore, restore *Eurydice* to Life ;
Oh take the Husband, or return the Wife !
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the Poet's Pray'r ;

Stern

Stern *Proserpine* relented,
 And gave him back the Fair.
 Thus Song could prevail
 O'er Death and o'er Hell,
 A Conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Tho' Fate had fast bound her
 With *Styx* nine Times round her,
 Yet Musick and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the Lover turns his Eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal Sisters move?
 No Crime was thine, if 'tis no Crime to love.
 Now under hanging Mountains,
 Beside the Falls of Fountains,
 Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
 Rolling in *Meanders*,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his Moan;
 And calls her Ghost
 For ever, ever lost!
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst *Rhodope's* Snows:
 See, wild as the Winds, o'er the Defart he flies;
 Hark! *Hæmus* rebounds with the *Bacchanals* Cries,
 —Ah see, he dies!
 Yet ev'n in Death *Eurydice* he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his Tongue,
Eurydice the Woods,
Eurydice the Floods,
Eurydice the Rocks and hollow Mountains rung.
 I shall add a Word or two more concerning the
Essay on Criticism, Mr. *Pope* having then some Diffi-
 VOL. I. G dence

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dence of himself, or at least seeming to have it, sent a Copy of that Poem to Sir *William Trumbull*, who was so charm'd with it, that he wrote Mr. *Pope* a Letter concluding thus: "All I can add is, that if
" your Excess of Modesty should hinder you from
" publishing this Essay, I shall only be sorry I have
" no more Credit with you to persuade you to oblige
" the Publick, and in particular, *Dear Sir*, &c."

As to Mr. *Dennis's* Remarks on it, Mr. *Lintot* shew'd them to Mr. *Pope* before they were publish'd, and afterwards our Author sent them to the Hon. *J. C. Esq;* with a Letter, where is seen that Mr. *Pope* in some Places submits to his Lash, and promises to alter some of the Faults pointed at in any future Edition that might be printed:

June 15, 1711.

I Send you *Dennis's* Remarks on the (*) *Essay*, which equally abound in just Criticisms and fine Railleries: The few Observations in my Hand in the Margins, are what a Morning's Leisure permitted me to make, purely for your Perusal. For I am of Opinion, that such a Critick as you will find him by the latter Part of his Book, is but one Way to be properly answered, and that Way I would not take after what he informs me in his Preface, that he is at this Time persecuted by Fortune: This I knew not before; if I had, his Name had been spared in the *Essay* for that only Reason. I can't conceive what Ground he had for so excessive a Resentment; nor imagine how those three (†) Lines can be call'd a Reflection

(*) On Criticism.

(†) But *Appius* reddens at each Word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threatening Eye,
Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry.

Reflection on his Person, which only describe him subject a little to Anger on some Occasions. I have heard of Combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very Blow which they design'd to lay heavy on their Antagonists. But if Mr. *Dennis's* Rage proceeds only from a Zeal to discourage young and unexperienc'd Writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his Verse not Prose: For I have often known, that when all the Precepts in the World would not reclaim a Sinner, some very sad Example has done the Business. Yet to give this Man his Due, he has objected to one or two Lines with Reason, and I will alter 'em in Case of another Edition: I will make my Enemy do me a Kindness where he meant an Injury, and so serve instead of a Friend. What he observes at the Bottom of Page 20th of his Reflections, was objected to by yourself, and had been mended but for the Haste of the Press: 'Tis right *Hibernian*, and I confess it what the *English* call a *Bull* in the Expression, tho' the Sense be manifest enough: Mr. *Dennis's* Bulls are seldom in the Expression, they are always in the Sense.

I shall certainly never make the least Reply to him, not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of Opinion, that if a Book can't answer for itself to the Publick, 'tis to no Sort of Purpose for its Author to do it. If I am wrong in any Sentiment of that *Essay*, I protest sincerely, I don't desire all the World should be deceiv'd (which would be of very ill Consequence) merely that I myself may be thought right (which is of very little Consequence.) I'd be the first to recant, for the Benefit of others, and the Glory of myself; for (as I take it) when a Man owns himself to have been in an Error, he does but tell you in other Words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an Advantage by

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the publishing of that Book of D——s's, which otherwise I should never have known: It has been the Occasion of making me Friends and open Abettors of several Gentlemen of known Sense and Wit; and of proving to me what I have 'till now doubted, that my Writings are taken some Notice of by the World in general, or I should never be attack'd thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a Custom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in Triumph, to have common Soldiers in the Streets that rail'd at him and reproach'd him; to put him in Mind, that tho' his Services were in the Main approved and rewarded, yet he had Faults enough to keep him humble.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for Wit in these Days ought to have the Constancy of a Primitive Christian, and be prepared to suffer Martyrdom in the Cause of it. But sure this is the first Time that a Wit was attack'd for his Religion, as you'll find I am most zealously in this Treatise: And you know, Sir, what Alarms I have had from the opposite Side on this Account. Have I not Reason to cry out with the poor Fellow in *Virgil*,

Quid jam misero mihi denique restat?

*Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, & super ipsi
Dardanidæ infensi poenas cum Sanguine poscunt!*

'Tis however my Happiness that you, Sir, are impartial:

Jove was alike to *Latian*, and to *Phrygian*,
For you will know that Wit's of no Religion.

The Manner in which Mr. D. takes to Pieces several particular Lines detach'd from their natural Places, may shew how easy it is for a Caviller to give a new Sense, or a new Nonsense, to any Thing. And
indeed

indeed his Constructions are not more wrested from the genuine Meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox Parts, as they call'd 'em.

Our Friend the *Abbé* is not of that Sort, who, with the utmost Candour and Freedom, has modestly told me what others thought, and shew'd himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a Number than a Party. The only Difference between us in Relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks most Sorts of Learning flourish'd among them, and I am of Opinion that only some Sort of Learning was barely kept alive by them: He believes, that in the most natural and obvious Sense, that Line (*A second Deluge Learning over-run*) will be understood of Learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be understood only (as 'tis meant) of polite Learning, Criticism, Poetry, &c. which is the only Learning concern'd in the Subject of the *Essay*. It is true, that the Monks did preserve what Learning there was, about *Nicholas* the Vth's Time; but those who succeeded fell into the Depth of Barbarism, or, at least, stood at a Stay while others rose from thence, insomuch that even *Erasmus* and *Reuchlin* could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the *Abbé's* Zeal in my Commendation, and Goodness in not concealing what he thinks my Error. And his testifying some Esteem for the Book, just at a Time when his Brethren rais'd a Clamour against it, is an Instance of great Generosity and Candour, which I shall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

This Letter shews that our Author knew how to conceal and defer his Resentment, 'till he had got a little more Power and Advantage over his Antagonist:

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Even *Jove* must flatter with an empty Hand ;
'Tis Time to thunder when we grasp the Brand.

Nay more, when Mr. *Dennis* publish'd his Letters familiar, moral, and critical, by Subscription, at one Guinea a Sett, Mr. *Pope* became a Subscriber for two Copies, and ordering them to be left at Mr. *Congreve's*, called for them, leaving the Money with him. He wrote to Mr. *Dennis*,

May 3, 1721.

S I R,

I Called to receive the two Books of your Letters from Mr. *Congreve's*, and have left with him the little Money I am in your Debt. *I took upon myself to be much more so, for the Omissions you have been pleased to make in those Letters in my Favour ; and sincerely join with you in the Desire, that not the least Traces may remain of that Difference between us, which indeed I am sorry for. You may therefore believe me, without either Ceremony or Falseness,*

S I R,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

A. POPE.

This Letter had it been sincere, as *Dennis* seems to have been then, (for it was rather of Dis-service to him than otherwise, to omit any of the Correspondence between them, both as it lessen'd the Bulk of his Book, and that every Body was curious to read any Thing about Mr. *Pope*.) It will appear that Traces did always remain of this Difference 'till and after the Death of poor *Dennis*, who died in the Year 1733, and was buried at St. *Martin's in the Fields*.

Mr.

Mr. *Curl*, the Bookseller, calls this last Letter Mr. *Pope's* Recantation and Submission; but if it was a Submission, it was not hearty, for there will in the Course of Mr. *Pope's* Life (which consisted chiefly in Study, Writing, and the Conversation of some select Friends) be Occasion to mention Mr. *Dennis* under his Correction; for Mr. *Dennis* attack'd him (repenting his former Desires of Amity and Oblivion of Injuries) on his translating *Homer*.

The *Essay* being (which set a new Value on it) translated into *French* Verse, occasioned a Letter from the Poet to the Translator:

To General * * * * *

IF I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the Sentiments of my Heart, as you have done those of my Head, in your excellent Version of my *Essay*; I should not only appear the best Writer in the World, but what I much more desire to be thought, the most your Servant of any Man living. 'Tis an Advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great Honour and a great Improvement: This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same Time made others take my Sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly your's. Your Verses are no more a Translation of mine, than *Virgil's* are of *Homer*, but are like his, the justest Imitation and the noblest Commentary.

In putting me into a *French* Dress, you have not only adorned my Outside, but mended my Shape; and if I am now a good Figure, I must consider you have naturaliz'd me into a Country, which is famous for making every Man a fine Gentleman. It is by your Means, that (contrary to most young Travel-

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lers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a Bill of Commerce for Translation established the next Parliament, we could not fail of being Gainers by that, nor of making ourselves Amends for all we have lost by the War. Nay, tho' we should insist upon the demolishing of *Boileau's* Works; the *French*, as long as they have Writers of your Form, might have as good an Equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our Ministers can be, of the Terms I have gained from Abroad; and I design, like them, to publish speedily to the World the Benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the Temptation of printing your admirable Translation here; to which if you will be so obliging to give me Leave to prefix your Name, it will be the only Addition you can make to the Honour already done me.

I am, Your, &c.

From this Time, after very short Appearances, the Phantom Criticks all vanished; Mr. *Pope's* Poetry, his *Pastorals*, his *Rape of the Lock*, his *Essay on Criticism*, his *Temple of Fame*, *Eloisa*, all his Compositions were in the Hands of every Body; both Sexes, all Ages, almost all *Europe*; any one would think he ought to have been contented with his Share of Fame; the weak Attacks of his Enemies augmented it, but the Profits arising from those Writings were inconsiderable, so he thought fit to check his Fancy, and undertake a Work of Labour, from whence he might secure his future Fortune, shew his Learning, establish his Reputation, and comply with the pressing Desires of many of the Nobility.

This was the Translation of the *Iliad* of *Homer*;
by

by this Mr. *Pope* found all he went in Search of, Money and Fame, and this was a fresh Mortification to Mr. *Dennis*, who could get little of either; indeed his Pieces against our Poet are somewhat of an angry Character, and as they are now scarce extant, a Taste of his Style may be satisfactory to the Curious.

“ A young short Gentleman, whose outward Form tho’ it should be that of a downright Monkey, would not differ so much from human Shape, as his unthinking immaterial Part does from human Understanding.——He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunchback’d Toad. A Book, thro’ which Folly and Ignorance, those Brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big, and very dull, and strut and hobble Cheek by Jowl, with their Arms on kimbo; being led, and supported, and bully-back’d by that blind Hector, Impudence.” *Reflect. on the Essay on Crit.* Page 26, 29, 30.

“ I regard him (saith he) as an Enemy, not so much to me, as to my King, to my Country, to my Religion, and to that Liberty which has been the sole Felicity of my Life. A Vagary of Fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicksome, and the epidemic Madness of the Times have given him Reputation, and Reputation (as *Hobbs* says) is Power, and that has made him dangerous. Therefore I look on it as my Duty to King *George*, whose faithful Subject I am; to my Country, of which I have appear’d a constant Lover; to the Laws, under whose Protection I have so long liv’d; and to the Liberty of my Country, more dear then Life to me, of which I have now for forty Years been a constant Assertor, &c. I look upon it as my Duty, I say, to do—you shall
“ see

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“ see what—to pull the Lion’s Skin from this little
 “ Afs, which popular Errors has thrown round him ;
 “ and to show, that this Author, who has been late-
 “ ly so much in Vogue, has neither Sense in his
 “ Thoughts, nor *English* in his Expressions.” Den-
 nis, *Rem. on Hom. Pref. P. 2, and P. 91, &c.*

Mrs. *Centlivre* is complain’d of, as having wrote
 a Ballad against Mr. *Pope’s Homer*, before he had be-
 gun it ; and accordingly she has a Place of one Line
 in the *Dunciad* :

At last *Centlivre* felt her Voice to fail.

Mr. *Lewis Theobald*, after having in the *Censor* gi-
 ven a Character of the *Translation*, which extols it
 to the greatest Height, changes his Sentiment in his
Essay on the Art of sinking in Reputation, where he
 says thus : “ In order to sink in Reputation, let him
 “ take it into his Head to descend into *Homer*, (let
 “ the World wonder as it will how the Devil he got
 “ there) and pretend to do him into *English*, so his
 “ Version denotes his Neglect of the Manner how.”

It was insinuated that Mr. *Broome* was, in Reality,
 the Translator of *Homer*, and only the Versification
 Mr. *Pope’s*. The Opinion our Author had of Mr.
Broome was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in
 the Undertaking of the *Odyssey*, in which Mr. *Broome*
 having engaged without any previous Agreement,
 discharg’d his Part so much to Mr. *Pope’s* Satisfac-
 tion, that he gratified him with the full Sum of Five
 Hundred Pounds, and a Present of all those Books,
 for which his own Interest could procure him Sub-
 scription, to the Value of One Hundred more ; but
 he is denied to have had any Hand in the *Iliad*.
 “ After the *Iliad* he undertook (says Mr. *Theobald*,
 “ *Mist’s Journal June 8.*) the Sequel of that Work,
 “ the *Odyssey* ; and having secur’d the Success by a
 “ numerous

“ numerous Subscription, he employ’d some Under-
 “ lings to perform what according to his Proposals
 “ should come from his own Hand.” To which
 heavy Charge, we in Truth oppose nothing *but the*
 Words OF MR. POPE’S PROPOSALS FOR THE
 ODYSSEY, printed by *J. Watts*, Jan. 10, 1724.

“ I take this Occasion to declare, that the Sub-
 “ scription for *Shakespear* belongs wholly to Mr.
 “ *Tonson*; and that the future Benefit of this PROPO-
 “ SAL is not solely for my own Use, but for that of
 “ two of my Friends, who have assisted me in this
 “ Work.”

His Adversaries were *Dennis*, *Gildon*, *Welsted*,
Theobalds, &c. but what are *Dennis*, *Gildon*, *Wel-*
sted, or *Theobalds*; the great Mr. *Addison* began not
 to care that Mr. *Pope* should prosper too much in
 Poetry, tho’ he had rais’d himself by it, being the
 Son of *Lancelot Addison*, was born at *Milston* near
Ambrosebury, in the County of *Wilts*, in the Year
 1671. He receiv’d his first Education at the *Char-*
ter-House in *London*, from whence he was removed
 to *Queen’s-College* in *Oxford*; he was afterwards elec-
 ted into *Magdalen-College*, where he took the De-
 grees of Batchelor and Master of Arts. He wrote
 several very good Poems, both in *Latin* and *English*;
 and in the Year 1695 he wrote a Poem to King
William, upon one of his Majesty’s Campaigns, ad-
 dres’d to Sir *John Somers*, Lord Keeper of the
 Great Seal. This occasioned a Message from that
 Nobleman to Mr. *Addison*, desiring to see him; Mr.
Addison was then in the 28th Year of his Age. and
 expressing a Desire to see *France* and *Italy*, a Pension
 was obtained from the Crown of 300*l.* *per Annum*,
 to support him in his Travels. The Account of his
 Travels was publish’d in the Year 1705, which at
 first was but indifferently receiv’d. His Dialogues
 upon

upon Medals were begun to be cast into the Form he gave them at *Vienna* in the Year 1702; it is a posthumous Work; an admirable Poem of Mr. *Pope's* is prefix'd to it.

Mr. *Addison* remained without any Employment 'till the Year 1704, when writing a Poem called the *Campaign* on the Duke of *Marlborough's* Success, the Lord Treasurer *Godolphin* bestow'd on him the Place of Commissioner of the Appeals, vacant by the Removal of Mr. *Lock* to the Council of Trade. In 1705 he attended the Lord *Hallifax* to *Hanover*, and in 1706 was made Secretary to the Secretary of State, who was then Sir *Charles Hedges*.

About this Time he wrote his Opera called *Rosamond*, which did not succeed on the Stage, being wholly un-theatrical, and but badly help'd up with Musick.

The Earl of *Wharton* being made Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland* in 1709, he appointed Mr. *Addison* Secretary for that Kingdom; the Salary of Keeper of the Records in *Ireland* was considerably augmented, and that Post was bestow'd on him.

He had a considerable Hand in the *Spectators*, *Guardians*, &c. In the Year 1713, thinking to do Service to his Party, he produc'd *Cato*; Mr. *Pope* wrote the Prologue, and it run (being strongly supported by Party) a whole Month.

There are in it a great many fine Verses, but the Plot being ill laid, and the Love Plot being almost the lowest that appears on our Modern Stages, and the monstrous Absurdity of two *Roman* Maids conversing as *Lucia* and *Martia* do, has lessen'd it much:

O *Martia*, *Martia*, might my big swollen Breasts, &c.

The *French Voltaire*, though very often mistaken, has here certainly all the Argument on his Side.

On

On the whole we confess the *Campaign*, and what went before it, are the best of this Gentleman's writing, who began to quit Poetry for Power. Here is not Room to enumerate the several Faults pointed at in *Cato* by the Criticks and Poets then judging, nor did he, I believe, care much, for his End was fully answered. After the Death of Queen *Anne* he was made Secretary to the Lords Justices; and when the Earl of *Sunderland* was constituted Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland* in September, 1714, he became a second Time Secretary for the Affairs of that Kingdom, and was made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade a little after that Earl resign'd his Post of Lord Lieutenant; and in the Year 1717 he was made Secretary of State, through the Means of the Lord *Hallifax*.

He died at *Holland-House*, near *Kensington*, of an Asthma and Dropsy, on the 17th of *June*, 1719, and left behind him only one Daughter by the Countess of *Warwick* and *Holland*, to whom he was married in 1716.

This Gentleman at once threw off all his former Esteem, Love, and good Treatment of our Poet; and began to endeavour to lessen his Translation of the *Iliad*, though in the *Spectator*, Numb. 258, he had given Mr. *Pope* such a Profusion of Praise, which he never could, with Honour, withdraw from him again.

“ The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was
 “ published some Months since, is a Master-piece
 “ in its Kind. The Observations follow one ano-
 “ ther, like those in *Horace's* Art of Poetry, with-
 “ out that methodical Regularity, which would
 “ have been requisite in a Prose Writer. They are
 “ some of them *uncommon*, but such as the Reader
 “ must assent to, when he sees them explain'd with
 “ that

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“ that Ease, and Perspicuity in which they are de-
 “ livered. As for those which are the *most known*
 “ and the *most receiv’d*, they are placed in so beau-
 “ tiful a Light, and illustrated with such apt Allu-
 “ sions, that they have in them *all the Graces of No-*
 “ *velty*; and make the Reader, who was before
 “ acquainted with them, still more convinc’d of
 “ their Truth, and Solidity. And here give me
 “ leave to mention what Monsieur *Boileau* has so
 “ well enlarged upon, in the Preface to his Works:
 “ That Wit and fine Writing doth not consist so
 “ much in advancing things that are *new*, as in
 “ giving Things that are *new* an agreeable Turn.
 “ It is impossible for us who live in the latter Ages
 “ of the World, to make Observations in Criticism,
 “ Morality, or any Art or Science, which have
 “ not been touch’d upon by others: We have little
 “ else left us, but to represent the *common Sense* of
 “ Mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more
 “ uncommon Lights. If a Reader examines *Ho-*
 “ *race’s* Art of Poetry, he will find but few Precepts
 “ in it, which he may not meet with in *Aristotle*;
 “ and which were not *commonly known* by all the
 “ Poets of the *Augustan* Age. His Way of expres-
 “ sing, and applying them, not his *Invention* of
 “ them, is what we are chiefly to admire.
 “ *Longinus* in his Reflections has given us the same
 “ kind of Sublime, which he observes in the several
 “ Passages that occasioned them. I cannot but
 “ take Notice that our *English* Author, has, after
 “ the same manner, exemplify’d several of his Pre-
 “ cepts, in the very Precepts themselves. He then
 “ produces some Instances of a particular kind of Beau-
 “ ty in the *Numbers*, and concludes with saying, that
 “ there were three Poems in our Tongue of the
 “ same Nature, and each a Master-piece in its
 Kind;

“ Kind; The Essay on translated Verse, The
 “ Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on
 “ Criticism.

Mr. *Tickell* was the Man chose to make a Figure against Mr. *Pope* by Mr. *Addison*, as Mr. *Pope* had been before chose to translate *Homer* by Sir *Richard Steele*, who was in Danger of being undermin’d in his Reputation, and Sir *Samuel Garth* told Mr. *Gay*, 8 July 1715, and desir’d him to tell Mr. *Pope* that every Body was pleas’d with his Translation, but a few at *Button’s*, where Sir *Richard Steele* told him Mr. *Addison* said that *Tickell’s* Translation was the best that ever was in any Language.

Sir *Richard Steele* afterwards in his Preface to an Edition of *The Drummer*, a Comedy wrote by Mr. *Addison* shews it to be his Opinion, that not Mr. *Tickell* but Mr. *Addison* himself was the Person who translated this Book. Of this Controversy hear Mr. *Pope* speak himself in a Letter to the Honourable *James Craggs*, Esq; dated July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the Opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of *Shrewsbury*, to assure you of the Continuance of that Esteem and Affection I have long born you, and the Memory of so many agreeable Conversations as we have pass’d together. I wish it were a Compliment to say such Conversations as are not to be found on this Side of the Water; for the Spirit of Dissention is gone forth among us; nor is it a Wonder that *Button’s* is no longer *Button’s*, when *Old England* is no more *Old England*, that Region of Hospitality, Society, and good Humour. Party affects us all, even the Wits, tho’ they gain as little by Politics as they do by their Wit. We talk much of fine Sense, refin’d Sense, and exalted Sense; but for Use and Happiness give me a little common

common Sense. I say this in regard to some Gentlemen profess'd Wits of our Acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging Fit of Politicks. For they tell me, the busy part of the Nation are not more divided about *Whig* and *Tory*, than these idle Fellows of the Feather about Mr. *Tickell's* and my Translation. I (like the *Tories*) have the Town in general, that is the Mob, on my side; but 'tis usual with the smaller Party to make up in Industry what they want in Number, and that's the Case with the little Senate of *Cato*. However, if our Principles be well consider'd, I must appear a brave *Whig*, and Mr. *Tickell* a rank *Tory*; I translated *Homer* for the Publick in general, he to gratify the inordinate Desires of One Man only. We have, it seems, a great *Turk* in Poety, who can never bear a Brother on the Throne; and has his Mutes too, a Set of Noddors, Winkers, and Whisperers, whose Business is to strangle all other Offsprings of Wit in their Birth. The new Translator of *Homer* is the humblest Slave he has, that is to say, his first Minister; let him receive the Honours he gives him, but receive them with Fear and Trembling; let him be proud of the Approbation of his absolute Lord; I appeal to the People, as my rightful Judges and Masters; and if they are not inclin'd to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high flying Proceedings from the small Court-faction at *Button's*. But after all I have said of this great Man, there is no Rupture between us: We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is oblig'd. And I for my part treat with him, as we do with the *Grand Monarch*; who has too many great Qualities not to be respected, tho' we know he watches any Occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of *Homer*, I must not forget the
early

early Present you made me of *Monsieur de la Motte's* Book. And I can't conclude this Letter without telling you a melancholy Piece of News which effects our very Entrails.—is dead, and Soupes are no more! You see I write in the old familiar Way. “This is not to the Minister but to the Friend.”—However, it is some Mark of uncommon Regard to the Minister, that I steal an Expression from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

This rais'd the Spirit of Mr. *Pope* against whom were almost daily Accusations. *Mist's Journal* asserts, that “Mr. *Addison* rais'd this Author from “Obscurity, obtain'd him the Acquaintance and “Friendship of the *whole Body* of our *Nobility*, and “transferr'd his powerful Interests with those great “Men to this rising Bard, who frequently levied “by that Means unusual Contributions on the Publick—No sooner was his Body lifeless, but this “Author, reviving his Resentment, libell'd the “Memory of his departed Friend, and what was “still more heinous, made the Scandal publick.” Grievous the Accusation! unknown the Accuser! the Person accused no Witness in his own Cause, the Person in whose Regard accus'd dead! But if there be living any one Nobleman whose Friendship, yea, any one Gentleman whose Subscription Mr. *Addison* procur'd to our Author; let him stand forth, that Truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* But in Verity the whole Story of the Libel is a *Lye*: Witness those Persons of Integrity, who several Years before Mr. *Addison's* Decease, did see and approve of the sad Verses, in no wise a Libel, but a friendly Rebuke, sent privately in our Author's own Hand to Mr. *Addison* himself; and never made publick till by *Curl*,

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their own Bookseller, in his *Miscellanies*, 12mo. 1727. One Name alone which I am authorized here to declare, will sufficiently evince this Truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Burlington*.

Mr. *Addison* behaved in so tyrannical and assuming a Manner that he at last extorted from Mr. *Pope* the following Lines, speaking of the *Moores*, *Smiths*, *Welfeds* and other Poetical Triflers of the Times, he turns directly on him, which, considering it was publish'd after his Death is certainly very severe.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose Fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,
Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with Ease :
Shou'd such a Man, too fond to rule alone
Bear, like a *Turk*, no Brother near the Throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous Eyes,
And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise ;
Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike ;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend ;
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd,
Like *Cato*, gave his little Senate Laws,
And sit attentive to his own Applause ;
While Wits and Templers ev'ry Sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise.
Who but must laugh, if such a Man there be !
Who would not weep, if Addison were he !

Yet

Yet Mr. *Pope* in some Measure stands justified from an Interview with Mr. *Addison* at the Instance of Sir *Richard Steel*, who was present at it as well as Mr. *Gay*. This Conference had never been but for Mr. *Fervas* who let Mr. *Pope* know he had had some Conversation with Mr. *Addison* that pleas'd him very much, for Mr. *Addison* assured Mr. *Fervas* that he would make use not only of his Interest but of his Art to do Mr. *Pope* Service, he said, he did not mean his Art of Poetry but his Art at Court, and protested, notwithstanding many Insinuations were spread, that it should not be his Fault if there was not the best Understanding and Intelligence between them. He said that it was true he had been afraid Dr. *Swift* might have carried him, that is Mr. *Pope*, too far among the Enemy during the Animosity, but now all was safe, and Mr. *Pope* in his Opinion was escap'd. When Mr. *Fervas* inform'd Mr. *Pope* of this he made this Reply. The friendly Office you endeavour to do betwixt Mr. *Addison* and me, deserves Acknowledgments on my Part. You thoroughly know my Regard to his Character, and my Propensity to testify it, by all Ways in my Power, you as thoroughly know the scandalous Meanness of that Proceeding, which was us'd by *Philips* to make a Man I so highly value suspect my Disposition towards him. But as, after all Mr. *Addison* must be Judge in what regards himself, and has seem'd not to be a very just one to me, so I must own to you, I expect nothing but Civility from him, how much soever I wish for his Friendship; and as for any Offices of real Kindness or Service, which it is in his Power to do me, I should be asham'd to receive them from any Man who has no better Opinion of my Morals than to think me a Party Man, nor of my Temper than to believe me capable of maligning

or envying another's Reputation as a Poet. In a Word Mr. *Addison* is sure of my Respect at all Times and of my real Friendship. Whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am. After this Conversation, some Years after, and at the Desire of Sir *Richard Steele*, as said before, they met; at first a very cold Civility, and nothing else appear'd on either Side, for Mr. *Addison* had a natural Reserve and Gloom at the Beginning of an Evening, but Wine and Conversation at last generally open'd his Mouth. Sir *Richard Steele* beg'd him to perform his Promise in making up the Breach with Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Pope* desir'd the same, as well as to be made sensible how he had offended, said the Translation of *Homer* if that was the great Crime, was at the Request and almost Command of Sir *Richard Steele*, and intreated Mr. *Addison* to speak candidly and friendly, though it might be with ever so much Severity, rather than by keeping up any Forms of Complaisance to conceal any of his Faults. This Mr. *Pope* spoke in such a Manner as plainly shew'd he thought Mr. *Addison* the Aggressor, and expected him to condescend and own himself the Cause of the Breach between them. But he was deceiv'd, for Mr. *Addison* without appearing to be in Anger, though quite overcome with it, begun a formal Speech, said, that he always had wish'd him well and often had endeavour'd to be his Friend, and as such advis'd him, if his Nature was capable of it to divest himself of Part of his Vanity which was too great for his Merit, said that he had not arriv'd yet to that Pitch of Excellence he might imagine, or think his most partial Readers imagined, said when he and Sir *Richard Steele* corrected his Verses they had a different Air, he reminded Mr. *Pope* of the Amendments of a Line in the Poem call'd *Messiah*, by Sir *Richard Steele*.

He

He wipes the Tears forever from our Eyes.

Which is taken from the Prophet *Isaiah*.

The Lord God will wipe away Tears from off all
Faces.

Sir *Richard* exprefs'd it in this Verse.

From every Face he wipes off every Tear.

And it stands so alter'd in the newer Editions of
Mr. *Pope's* Works.

He proceeded to lay before him all the Mistakes
and Inaccuracies hinted at by the Crowd of Scriblers
and Writers, some good, some bad who had attack'd
Mr. *Pope*, and added many Things which he him-
self objected to, speaking of Mr. *Pope's Homer*, he
said to be sure he was not to blame to get so large a
Sum of Money but it was an ill executed thing and
not equall to *Tickell's* who had all the Spirit of *Homer*.
(This afterwards appears to be wrote by Mr. *Addi-
son* himself, tho' *Tickell's* Name was made use of)
Mr. *Addison* concluded still in a low hollow Voice
of feign'd Temper, that he was not solicitous about
his own Fame as a Poet, but of Truth, that he had
quitted the Muses to enter into the Business of the
Public, and all that he spoke was through Friendship
and a Desire that Mr. *Pope*, as he would do if he
was much humbler, might look better to the World.
Mr. *Gay* spoke a few Words in Answer before Mr.
Pope, but his Expectations from the Court made
him very cautious, it was not so with our Poet, he
told Mr. *Addison* he appeal'd from his Judgment, did
not esteem him able to correct him, and that he
had long known him too well to expect any Friend-
ship, upbraided him with being a Pensioner from
his Youth, sacrificing the very Learning that was

purchas'd with the publick Money to a mean Thirst of Power, that he was sent abroad to encourage Literature, and had always endeavour'd to cuff down new-fledg'd Merit: At last the Contest grew so warm, that they parted without any Ceremony, and Mr. *Pope* immediately wrote those Verses which are not thought by all to be a very false Character of Mr. *Addison*. They were handed about and seen by many of Mr. *Pope*'s Friends, but not publish'd till in the Epistle to Dr. *Arbuthnot* he gave them a Place, where we will leave them and return to *Homer*, whose Enemies you have heard of. But who shall number his Friends? First, the Duke of *Buckingham*, who was so far in his Interest that he took the Pains to methodize his own Thoughts on the Controversy than in *France* about *Homer*, and send them to Mr. *Pope* to assist him in the Work, in the following Letter.

YOU desire my Opinion as to the late Dispute in *France* concerning *Homer*; and I think it excusable (at an Age alas of not much Pleasure) to amuse myself a little in taking notice of a Controversy, than which nothing is at present more remarkable (even in a Nation who value themselves so much upon the Belles Lettres) both on account of the illustrious Subject of it, and of the two Persons ingaged in the Quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the Lyrick Kind of Poetry, even in the Opinion of his very Adversary. The other a Lady (and of more Value for being so) not only of great Learning, but with a Genius admirably turn'd to that Sort of it which most becomes her Sex for Softness, Genteelness, and promoting of virtue; and such as (one would think) is not so liable



DUKE of BUCKINGHAM

Parr Sculp

ble as other Parts of Scholarship, to rough Disputes, or violent Animosity.

Yet it has so happen'd, that no Writers, even about Divinity itself, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than these two polite Authors; by suffering their Judgments to be a little warped (if I may use that Expression) by the Heat of their eager Inclinations, to attack or defend so great an Author under Debate: I wish for the Sake of the Publick, which is now so well entertain'd by their Quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third Man who is so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear of it.

To begin with Matter of Fact. *M. Dacier* has well-judg'd, that the best of Poets certainly deserv'd a better Translation, at least into *French* Prose, because to see it done in Verse was despair'd of: I believe indeed from a Defect in that Language, incapable of mounting to any Degree of Excellence suitable to so great an Undertaking.

She has not only perform'd this Task as well as Prose can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong Side of Tapestry is able to represent the right) she has added to it also many and useful Annotations. With all which she most obligingly delighted not only her own Sex, but most of ours, ignorant of the *Greek*, and consequently her Adversary himself, who frankly acknowledges that Ignorance.

'Tis no Wonder therefore in doing this, she is grown so enamour'd of that unspeakably-charming Author, as to have a Kind of Horror at the least Mention of a Man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to *M. de la Motte*, he being already deservedly famous for all Sorts of *Lyrick* Poetry, was so far introduc'd by her into those Beauties of the *Epic* Kind, (tho' but in that Way of Translation)

as not to resist the Pleasure and Hope of Reputation by attempting that in Verse, which had been applauded so much for the Difficulty of doing it even in Prose; knowing how this, well executed, must extremely exceed the other.

But, as great Poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient Right of being excus'd for Vanity on all Occasions; he was not content to out-do M. *Dacier*, but endeavour'd to out-do *Homer* himself, and all that ever in any Age or Nation went before him in the same Enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought best.

Against this presumptuous Attempt, *Homer* has been in all Times so well defended, as not to need my small Assistance; yet I must needs say his Excellencies are such, that for their Sakes he deserves a much gentler Touch for his seeming Errors. These if M. *de la Motte* had translated as well as the rest, with an Apology for having retain'd them out of meer Veneration; his Judgment in my Opinion would have appear'd much greater than by the best of his Alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. *de la Motte* in wondering at some odd Things in *Homer*, but 'tis chiefly because of his sublime ones, I was about to say his divine ones, which almost surprize me at finding him any where in the fallible Condition of humane Nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a Difficulty to guess what can be the Reason of these Exceptions against *Homer*, from one who has himself translated him, contrary to the general Custom of Translators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be singular, in getting above the Title of a Translator, though sufficiently honourable in this Case. For such an Ambition no body has less Occasion, than
one

one who is so fine a Poet in other Kinds; and who must have too much Wit to believe, any Alteration of another can entitle him to the Denomination of an *Epic* Poet himself: though no Man in this Age seems more capable of being a good one, if the *French* Tongue would bear it. Yet in his Translation he has done too well, to leave any Doubt (with all his Faults) that her's can be ever parallel'd with it.

Besides he could not be ignorant, that finding Faults is the most easy and vulgar Part of a Critic; whereas nothing shews so much Skill and Taste both, as the being thoroughly sensible of the sublimest Excellencies.

What can we say in Excuse of all this? *Humanum est errare*: Since as good a Poet as I believe the *French* Language capable of, and as sharp a Critic as any Nation can produce, has by too much censuring *Homer* subjected a Translation to Censure, that would have otherwise stood the Test of the severest Adversary.

But since he would needs chuse that wrong Way of Criticism, I wonder he miss'd a Stone so easy to be thrown against *Homer*, for his filling the *Iliad* with so much Slaughter, (for that is to be excused, since a War is not capable of being described without it) but with so many various Particulars of Wounds and Horror, as shew the Writer (I am afraid) so delighted that Way himself, as not the least to doubt his Reader being so also. Like *Spanioletta*, whose dismal Pictures are the most disagreeable for being always so movingly painted. Even *Hector's* last parting from his Son and *Andromache*, hardly makes us Amends for his Body's being dragg'd thrice round the Town. *M. de la Motte* in his strongest Objection about that dismal Combat, has sufficient Cause to blame

blame his enrag'd Adversary; who here gives an Instance that 'tis impossible to be violent without committing some Mistake; her Passion for *Homer* blinding her too much to perceive the very grossest of his Failings. By which Warning I am become a little more capable of Impartiality, though in a Dispute about that very Poet for whom I have the greatest Veneration.

M. *D'Acier* might have considered a little, that whatever were the Motives of M. *de la Motte* to so bold a Proceeding, it could not darken that Fame which I am sure she thinks shines securely, even after the vain Attempts of *Plato* himself against it; caused only perhaps by a like Reason with that of *Madam Dacier's* Anger against M. *de la Motte*, namely, the finding that in Prose his Genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the sublime Heights of Poetry, which therefore he banish'd out of his Commonwealth.

Nor were these Objections to *Homer* any more lessening her Merit in translating him as well as that Way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly; than the most admirable Verses can be any Disparagement to as excellent Prose.

The best Excuse for all this Violence is, its being in a Cause, which gives a Kind of Reputation even to Suffering, notwithstanding ever so ill a Management of it.

The worst of defending even *Homer* in such a passionate Manner is, its being more a Proof of her Weakness, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuse *Homer* any more than *Hector* for flying at the first Sight of *Achilles*? whose terrible Aspect sure needed not such an inexcusable Fright to set it off; and methinks all that Account of *Minerva's* restoring his Dart to *Achilles*, comes a little

too late, for excusing *Hector's* so terrible Apprehension at the very first.

To which Mr. *Pope* replied :

Sept. 1, 1718.

I Am much honour'd by your Grace's Compliance with my Request, in giving me your Opinion of the *French* Dispute concerning *Homer* : And I shall keep my Word, in fairly telling wherein I disagree from you. It is but in two or three very small Points, not so much of the Dispute, as of the Parties concern'd in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the Lady's Learning, though I respect it very much. It is great Complaisance in that polite Nation to allow her to be a Critick of equal Rank with her Husband. To instance no farther his Remarks upon *Horace* shew more good Sense, Penetration, and a better Taste of his Author, and those upon *Aristotle's* Art of Poetry more Skill and Science, than any of her's on any Author whatever. In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more in generals, and are besides for the most Part less her own ; of which her Remarks upon *Homer* are an Example, where *Eustathius* is transcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more Depth of Learning in those upon *Terence*, *Plautus*, or (where they were most wanted) upon *Aristophanes*, only the *Greek Scholia* upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not search to find Defects in a Lady ; my Employment upon the *Iliad* forc'd me to see them ; yet I have had so much of the *French* Complaisance as to conceal her Thefts ; for wherever I have found her Notes to be wholly another's, (which is the Case in some Hundreds) I have barely quoted the true Proprietor without

out observing upon it. If Madam *Dacier* has seen my Observations, she will be sensible of this Conduct, but what Effect it may have upon a Lady, I will not answer for.

In the next Place, as to Mr. *de la Motte*, I think your Grace hardly does him Right, in supposing he could have no Idea of the Beauties of *Homer's Epic Poetry* but what he learn'd from Madam *Dacier's* Prose-Translation; There had been a very elegant Prose-Translation before that of Monsieur *de la Volterrie*, so elegant, that the Style of it was evidently the Original and Model of the famous *Telemaque*. Your Grace very justly animadverts against the too great Disposition of finding Faults, in the one, and of confessing none, in the other: But doubtless, as to Violence, the Lady has infinitely the better of the Gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, dispassionate or sensible, than Mr. *de la Motte's* Manner of managing the Dispute: and so much as I see your Grace admires the Beauty of his Verse (in which you have the Suffrage of the Archbishop of *Cambray*) I will venture to say his Prose is as good. I think therefore when you say, no Disputants even in Divinity could be more outrageous and uncharitable than these two Authors, you are a little too hard upon M. *de la Motte*. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the Zeal of Commentators as of the Zeal of Divines, and am as ready to believe of the Passions and Pride of Mankind in general, that (did but the same Interests go along with them) they would carry the learned World to as violent Extremes, Animosities, and even Persecutions, about Variety of Opinions in Criticism, as ever they did about Religion: and that in Defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we should have *French, Italian and Dutch* Commentators ready to
burn

burn one another about *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Terence* and *Horace*.

I do not wonder your Grace is shock'd at the Flight of *Heëtor* upon the first Appearance of *Achilles* in the twenty-second Iliad. However (to shew myself a true Commentator, if not a true Critic) I will endeavour to excuse, if not to defend it in my Notes on that Book. And to save myself what Trouble I can, instead of doing it in this Letter, I will draw up the Substance of what I have to say for it in a separate Paper, which I'll shew your Grace when next we meet. I will only desire you to allow me, that *Heëtor* was in an absolute Certainty of Death, and depress'd over and above with the Conscience of being in an ill Cause. If your Heart be so great, as not to grant the first of these will sink the Spirit of an Hero, you'll at least be so good, as to allow the second may. But I can tell your Grace, no less a Hero than my Lord *Peterborow*, when a Person complimented him for never being afraid, made this Answer: " Sir, shew
" me a Danger that I think an imminent and real
" one, and I'll promise you I'll be as much afraid
" as any of you." I am your Grace's, &c.

A. POPE.

As if this was not enough, he gave such Encouragement to Mr. *Pope*, that had he had no other Friend among the Nobility, he must have succeeded in that Undertaking. His Grace was so exceedingly delighted with all the Performances of our Poet, that he honour'd him with the following Lines:

With Age decay'd, with Courts and Bus'ness tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd ;

Too

Too dully serious for the Muse's Sport,
 And from the Criticks safe arriv'd in Port;
 I little thought of launching forth agen,
 Amidst adventrous Rovers of the Pen:
 And after so much undeserv'd Success,
 Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious Time,
 Itself a Subject for satyric Rhime;
 Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
 Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd!

But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
 Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry Part,
 Poets are bound a loud Applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a Thing,
 As the great *Iliad*, scarce should make me sing;
 Except I justly could at once commend
 A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
 One moral, or a meer well-natur'd Deed,
 Does all Desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great Delight to laugh at some Men's Ways,
 But a much greater to give *Merit* Praise.

Mr. *Addison* himself, before he saw him gathering
 such an Abundance of Fame, that Envy beheld it
 with Eyes of hated Approbation, bears a Testimony
 in his Favour:

Freeholder Numb. 40, May 7. " When I con-
 " sider myself as a *British Freeholder*, I am in a
 " particular Manner pleas'd with the Labours of
 " those, who have improv'd our Language with the
 " Translation of old *Greek* and *Latin* Authors: We
 " have already most of their Historians in our
 " Tongue, and what is more for the Honour of our
 " Language, it has been taught to express with Ele-
 " gance the greatest of their Poets in each Natio.
 " The

“ The Illiterate among our Countrymen may learn
 “ to judge from *Dryden's Virgil* of the most perfect
 “ *Epic* Performance; and those Parts of *Homer*
 “ which have been already publish'd by Mr. *Pope*,
 “ give us Reason to think that the *Iliad* will appear
 “ in *English* with as little Disadvantage to that im-
 “ mortal Poem.”

In short, Mr. *Pope* had Compliments enough to keep him in Countenance, in Presence of the whole Town: Some praised to that extreme Height, that they set him up above *Homer*, and said, that future Ages would take the *English* for the Original, and Enquiries would be made, Who it was that translated *Homer* into *Greek*? On the other Hand, there were a great many strove to mortify him, but nothing did it so much as Mr. *Addison's* turning from him; for he thought he should ever have been secure in him, 'till by his Carriage to others he began to fear for himself.

Mr. *Dennis* less fear'd, though he had a small Party; but being so used to rave, call Names, be guilty of personal Abuses, and manifest Misrepresentations, he destroy'd his own End; tho' some of his Remarks are very just, and might in private Exchange of Sentiments have been agreeable to Mr. *Pope*, but as it was, was look'd on as Malice and disappointed Emulation. If Mr. *Dennis* had been cunning enough to have join'd Mr. *Pope's* Party, it would have been both more to his Reputation and Profit: Our Author always laugh'd at him, and made the Town do so too.

Other Enemies there were still weaker, picking Holes in his Coat for being a *Papist*, for being a *Jack on both Sides*, and accusing him with an inordinate Desire of Gain, a Greediness at any Rate to make up a Sum, without giving any valuable Con- sideration

sideration for it. One reflects upon the great Duke of *Marlborough* and him at the same Time.

Your Pen with *Marlborough's* Sword is much the same,

He fought, you write, for Profit, more than Fame :
His Eagles after Grants and Pensions flew,
And all your Lawrels from Subscriptions grew.
His Friendship too, like your's was false and feign'd,
No longer lasting than his Ends were gain'd :
Thus then at once we both your Deeds rehearse,
Gold was his God of War, your God of Verse.

His Disappointment in Mr. *Addison* was the greater because of the Encouragement he had receiv'd from him not only after Part of the Translation was seen, but actually before it was begun, within the Space of two Months, he wrote Mr. *Pope* the two following Letters.

October 26, 1713.

I Was extremely glad to receive a Letter from you, but more so upon reading the Contents of it. The † Work you mention will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your Name appears with the Proposals: And if you think I can any Way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater Obligation upon me than by employing me in such an Office. As I have an Ambition of having it known that you are my Friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this, or any other Instance. I question not but your Translation will enrich our Tongue, and do Honour to our Country: For I conclude of it already, from those Performances with which you have obliged the Publick.

† Translation of the *Iliad*.

lick. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your Advantage. Excuse my Impertinence in this Particular, which proceeds from my Zeal for your Ease and Happiness. The Work wou'd cost you a great deal of Time, and unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other, at least I know none of this Age that is equal to it besides yourself.

I am at present wholly immerfed in Country Business, and begin to take Delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here sometime, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a Work that will require Solitude and Retirement. I am *Your, &c.*

Nov. 2. 1713.

I Have received your Letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a Scheme for your great Undertaking. I question not but the Prose will require as much Care as the Poetry, but the Variety will give yourself some Relief, and more Pleasure to your Readers.

You gave me Leave once to take the Liberty of a Friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the Nation for your Admirers, when you might command 'em all. If I might take the Freedom to repeat it, I would on this Occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Fray, and I hope all your Undertakings will turn to the better Account for it.

You see how I presume on your Friendship in taking all this Freedom with you, but I already fancy that we have lived many Years together in an unreserved Conversation, and that we may do many more, is the sincere Wish of

Your, &c.

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But the great Prop and Support of all was the Duke of *Buckingham*, his Name, Interest, and all the Lights and Helps he was able to give; and he was able to give a great many, were more than a Compensation for all the Opposition, or Falling-off of Friends that might probably happen, as Mr. *Prior* observes in his *Alma*, or, *The Progress of the Mind*.

Happy the Poet, blest'd the Lays,
Which *Buckingham* has deign'd to praise.

Not to confound the Reader with a bare Title, which might make him mistake who this illustrious Nobleman was, our Poet's greatest Friend, (speaking as to Quality;)

HE was the Right Noble *John Sheffield*, Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, Marquis of *Normanby*, Earl of *Mulgrave*, &c. Descended from Sir *Robert Sheffield*, Knight, who liv'd in the Time of King *Henry III.* *Robert* the Son of the said *Robert* was likewise Knighted by King *Edward I.* and in Right of his Wife *Genet*, eldest Daughter and Coheir to *Alexander Lownde*, Esq; became Lord of the Manor of *Botterwick* in the County of *Lincoln.* *Robert*, Grandson of the last nam'd Sir *Robert Sheffield*, was Father of another *Robert*, who marry'd a Daughter of Sir *Thomas Staunton* of the County of *York*, and by her had *Robert Sheffield*, Esq; his Son and Heir; which *Robert* had Issue, Sir *Robert Sheffield*, who in the Reign of King *Henry VII.* was Speaker of the House of Commons. Sir *Robert*, by *Helen*, Daughter and Heir to Sir *John Delves*, had Issue *Robert Sheffield*, Father of *Edmond Sheffield*, advanc'd to the Dignity of Baron of *Botterwick* in the first Year of *Edward VI.* This *Edmond* marry'd *Anne*, Daughter

ter of *John Vere* the sixth Earl of *Oxford*, and by her left Issue *John* his Son and Heir: He was a Nobleman of great Loyalty and Valour, but was unfortunately slain by Rebels upon the Insurrection of the Commons in *Norfolk*. *John*, his Son, by *Dowglas*, Daughter to *William* Lord *Howard* of *Effingham*, had a Son likewise nam'd *Edmund*, made Knight of the Garter by Queen *Elizabeth*, and created Earl of *Mulgrave* by King *Charles* I, and he had Issue Six Sons; but all dying young, he was succeeded by *Edmund* his Grandson. This *Edmund* marrying *Elizabeth*, Daughter to *Lionel*, Earl of *Middlesex*, Lord Treasurer to King *James* I. had by her *John*, the greatest Ornament of this noble Family; and him now spoken of having travell'd abroad in *France* and *Italy* for some time, was (during the *Dutch Wars*) a Volunteer with the Earl of *Offory*, in that bloody Engagement at *Solbay*, and behav'd himself so gallantly, that he had immediately given him the Command of the *Royal Catharine*, a First-Rate Ship: But his Royal Highness the Duke of *York*, under whom he serv'd, being forc'd to quit the Sea after that Summer was over, on Account of his Religion, this Lord had first a new rais'd Regiment given him, and soon after an old one, call'd the *Holland* Regiment; his new one and that being incorporated, it became to have twenty-four Companies, and so continu'd all that *Dutch War*.

Afterwards he was in favour enough to be made a Lord of the Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the Garter, and when the Duke of *Monmouth* lost all his Commands, succeeded him in the Government of *Hull*: All which Employments he kept for many Years, till he was made Lord Chamberlain. And it should not be forgotten, that during his remaining in the Army, he went several times either to the

Dutch or the *French*, according as *England* engag'd in those Quarrels; and when *Tangier* was besieg'd by the *Moors*, he, by his own Request, obtain'd the commanding a Detachment thither of two thousand five hundred of our best Troops; which, tho' transported with much Difficulty and extraordinary Haste, not arriving till after the Siege was rais'd, and a Truce made for five Months, with a Prospect of future Peace, his Lordship return'd with such a surprizing Account, sign'd by all the Officers there, of its being not tenable by the *Moors*, being improv'd in Cannon, and consequently of the King's having been deceiv'd in expending five hundred thousand Pounds to make a Mole there, that it was thought fit to be all blown up at last.

When the Revolution happened, his Lordship, though not in any Way contributing to it, was so kindly us'd, and such an Opinion had King *William* of his great Merit, that after King *James's* Death he made him of his Cabinet Council, and a Marquis, with a Pension of 3000*l.* a-Year. Upon the Death of King *William*, the first Ministers of Queen *Anne* were the Duke of *Marlborough*, the Earl of *Godolphin*, the Earl of *Nottingham*, the Earl of *Rochester*, and this noble Lord, whom that Princess made Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, and Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, with a Pension added to it; which, on some Change in Affairs, he could not be prevail'd with to continue, even with Offers of greater Favours. But in the Year 1710, he was made first Lord Steward, and afterwards President of the Council: This important Place he kept 'till the Queen's Death, and consequently had the greatest Post in the Regency.

This great Person (besides two excellent Tragedies in Blank Verse, which, tho' never so much importun'd, yet he has not suffer'd to be acted) has
honour'd

honour'd the World with the following Poems, viz.

I. *An Essay on Poetry*. My Lord, in this admirable Poem, has not only shewn his very great Wit, but as Mr. *Pope* observes, restor'd Wit's fundamental Laws, it containing the best Rules for Poetry of any Piece written in the *English* Language.

II. An Ode of *Brutus*, in Answer to that of the famous *Cowley*, and no Way inferior to it.

III. *A Poem, in Praise of Hobbs*.

IV. *The Temple of Death*. This is an admirable Piece.

V. *The Rapture* ; an excellent Poem.

VI. *The Happy Night* ; misprinted as being written by the Earl of *Rochester* ; with several Copies of Love Verses spread up and down in the Miscellanies, without his Lordship's Permission, under the Names of Earl of *Mulgrave* and Marquis of *Normanby*. His *Essay on Poetry* begins thus :

Of Things in which Mankind does most excel,
Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well:
And of all Sorts of Writings none there are
That can the least with Poetry compare:
No Kind of Work requires so nice a Touch,
And if well finish'd nothing shines so much :
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the Vulgar with that sacred Name.
'Tis not a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes
Daz'ling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes ;
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done ;
True Wit is everlasting like the Sun :
Which tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound,
Which never does the Ear with Harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet by vulgar Arts ;
For all in vain these superficial Parts,

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Contribute to the Structure of the whole
Without a Genius too, for that's the Soul;
A Spirit which inspires the Work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the World about;
A Heat that glows in every Word that's writ;
'Tis something of Divine, and more than Wit:
Itself unseen, yet all Things by it shown,
Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.

I am inform'd also, that my Lord of late has written in Prose, equal to his Compositions of Poetry, two *Dialogues of the Dead*; one of them between *Mahomet* and the Duke of *Guise* about Religion; the other between *Augustus Cæsar*, and Cardinal *Richlieu* of Politicks. *A Satyrical Feast of the Gods*, in Imitation of *Julian*: And his excellent Character of King *Charles II.* got into Print, without his Leave, about five and twenty Years ago. *

He was a very great Poet, the Account that Mr. *Jacobs* gives being a very imperfect one of his Poems, and of his Life too, it will be much more satisfactory to hear what he says in some Memoirs of his own, viz.

HAVING observed that Memoirs and Accounts of Persons tho' not very considerable, when written by themselves, have been greedily read, and often found usefull, not only for the Knowledge of things past, but as Cautions for the future; I have chosen to employ some part of that Leisure, which I have by Intervals, and which by Reason of decaying Health and Vigour I know not how to spend better, in setting down exactly and impartially all I could remember

* This is taken from the Lives and Characters of the *English Poets*, by *Giles Jacob*.

ber of myself, fit to be made publick; a kind of picture left behind me to my Friends and Family, very like, tho' neither well painted, nor handsome.

I shall begin it at the Age of Seventeen; when hearing every where the Earl of *Offory* commended, for being a Voluntier that Summer in a hot Engagement at Sea; I went thither directly, on board that Ship, in which Prince *Rupert* and the Duke of *Albemarle* jointly commanded the Fleet against the *Dutch*.

Their Usage of me was so civil, and the Company on board them so good; that (tho' by a sudden Storm that parted the two Fleets just ready to ingage, I lost six Weeks time there, at an Age when it may be a great deal more pleasantly spent) yet I stay'd 'till the Fleet was laid up, not only without Impatience, but any sort of Uneasiness.

Yet 'tis observable, that the first Night we came to *London*, the Lord *Blany*, Sir *Thomas Clifford*, afterwards Lord Treasurer, Mr. *Henry Savill*, and myself (tho' such familiar Friends, as to be very often together for many Years after) were then so fatiated and cloy'd with each other by our being shut up together so long in one Ship, that I remember we avoided one another's Company at least for a whole Month after; tho' except myself, there could hardly be any more pleasant.

While I was in that Ship with Prince *Rupert* and the Duke of *Albemarle*, I observed the latter to leave all things to the Conduct and Skill of the other; declaring modestly upon all Occasions himself to be no Seaman. And yet there happened once a hot Dispute between them, which will shew some Part of that Duke's Character. When we first espied the *Dutch* Fleet sailing towards us, our whole Blue Squadron was aftern much farther from us; so that Prince *Rupert* thought it absolutely necessary to slacken Sail,

that they might have time to join us. But the Duke of *Albemarle* opposed it eagerly; undertaking that the Ship in which they were, with about Twenty Ships more, would prove sufficient to beat all the Enemies Fleet; at least, hold them in play 'till the rest of ours came up. The Prince astonished at such an unaccountable Intrepidity, made us smile to see him take on himself the timorous, cautious, and prudential Part, which did not use to be his Custom; he declared he would never consent to such a Rashness as might very probably cost us the Loss of our Admiral's Ship, and consequently of our whole Fleet afterwards; which obliged the good old Man to yield at last, but with a great deal of Reluctance.

As soon as the Bloody Flag was set up, before the Storm arose which parted us, Mr. *Savill* and myself being on the Quarter-Deck, espied him charging a very little Pistol, and putting it in his Pocket: which was so odd a sort of a weapon on such an Occasion, that we too could imagine no Reason for it, except his having taken a Resolution of going down into the Powder Room to blow up the Ship, in case at any time it should be in Danger of being taken, for he had often said he would answer for nothing, but that we should never be carried into *Holland*; and therefore Mr. *Savill* and I, in a laughing way, most mutinously resolved to throw him overboard, in case we should ever catch him going down to the Powder Room.

Our Fleet happening afterwards to go near the Shore to take in fresh Water, Prince *Rupert* dined with a Gentleman who lived thereabouts; and returning on board in a little Boat, with only the Lord *Blany* and my self, there happened so sudden and violent a Storm, that we did not like it; and Prince *Rupert* began to talk of Prince *Maurice's* being cast
away

away by a like Accident ; upon which I could not but reflect on my Family also, since my Grandfather and three of his Brothers had been drowned. The Lord *Blany* hearing all this, made us smile in the midst of our Danger, by Swearing, that tho' he liked our Company, he wish'd himself out of it, and in any other Boat whatsoever ; since he feared the ill fortune of our two Families wou'd sink him.

This was the last Year of the first *Dutch War* ; yet before it ended, they burnt some of our best Ships at *Chatham* and design'd to make a Descent upon our Coasts ; which occasion'd the raising of several independent Troops of Horse ; of which I had one given me, and was so foolishly fond of it, (being my first military Command) that I indured my Quarters at *Dover* as contentedly, and was as sorry for being disbanded upon the Peace, as if I had been a meer Soldier of Fortune.

At the next Meeting of Parliament I received a Writ to sit there ; and being known by every Body to be younger by three Years than the prefixed Age for the voting in the House of Peers, it was opposed by *Algernon Earl of Northumberland*, who very gravely moved, that they would rather excuse Lords 'till some Years above the Age of one and twenty, instead of admitting one so much younger. In this he certainly was in the right ; and I acquiesced in it the more willingly, because that Heat of Youth (which was his Objection) made me a great Deal more inclined to something else, than to sitting there : Accordingly I followed it with too much Eagerness, and without Interruption, 'till the second *Dutch War* ; during this Time, and Heat of Temper, I had the good Fortune not to be engaged in any more than one Quarrel ; but that had something in it singular enough to be related. I was informed that the
Earl

Earl of *Rocheſter* had ſaid ſomething of me, which, according to his Cuſtom, was very malicious: I therefore ſent Colonel *Aſton*, a very mettled Friend of mine, to call him to Account for it. He denied the Words, and indeed I was ſoon convinc'd he had never ſaid them; but the meer Report, tho' I found it to be falſe, obliged me (as I then fooliſhly thought) to go on with the Quarrel; and the next Day was appointed for us to fight on Horſeback, a Way in *England* a little unuſual; but it was his Part to chuſe. Accordingly, I and my Second lay the Night before at *Knightſbridge* privately, to avoid the being ſecur'd at *London* upon any Suspicion; which yet we found ourſelves more in Danger of there, becauſe we had all the Appearance of Highwaymen that had a Mind to lie ſkulking in an odd Inn, for one Night; but this I ſuppoſe the People of that Houſe were uſed to, and ſo took no Notice of us, but liked us the better. In the Morning we met the Lord *Rocheſter* at the Place appointed, who, inſtead of *James Porter*, whom he aſſured *Aſton* he would make his Second, brought an errant Life-guard Man, whom no Body knew. To this Mr. *Aſton* took Exception, upon the Account of his being no ſuitable Adverſary; eſpecially conſidering how extremely well he was mounted, whereas we had only a Couple of Pads: Upon which, we all agreed to fight on Foot. But as my Lord *Rocheſter* and I were riding into the next Field in order to it, he told me, that he had at firſt choſen to fight on Horſeback, becauſe he was ſo weak with a certain Diſtemper, that he found himſelf unfit at all any Way, much leſs a Foot. I was extremely ſurpriz'd, becauſe at that Time no Man had a better Reputation for Courage, and my Anger againſt him being quite over, (becauſe I was ſatisfied he never ſpoke the Words I reſented) I took the Liberty

berty of representing what a ridiculous Story it would make, if we return'd without fighting, and therefore advis'd him for both our Sakes, especially for his own, to consider better of it, since I must be oblig'd in my own Defence to lay the Fault on him by telling the Truth of the Matter. His Answer was, that he submitted to it, and hoped that I would not desire the Advantage of having to do with any Man in so weak a Condition. I replied, that by such an Argument he had sufficiently tied my Hands, upon Condition I might call our Seconds to be Witnesses of the whole Business; which he consented to, and so we parted.

When we returned to *London*, we found it full of this Quarrel, upon our being absent so long; and therefore Mr. *Aston* thought himself obliged to write down every Word and Circumstance of this whole Matter, in order to spread every where the true Reason of our returning without having fought; which being never in the least either contradicted or resented by the Lord *Rochester*, entirely ruined his Reputation as to Courage, (of which I was really sorry to be the Occasion) tho' no Body had still a greater as to Wit; which supported him pretty well in the World, notwithstanding some more Accidents of the same Kind, that never fail to succeed one another when once People know a Man's Weakness.

Within a few Years after a War against the *Dutch* was declared, tho' not 'till a Squadron of our Ships had endeavoured to intercept and surprize their *Smyrna* Fleet, a little unfairly; of which Design we fail'd very oddly, and by a Fault that had certainly been punished under a wise Administration. Sir *Edward Spragg*, who heard nothing of the War, returned Home in Company with those very *Smyrna* Merchants: and with his whole Squadron sailing faster than they, pass'd by ours that lay in Wait for them; and

and yet Sir *Robert Holmes*, our Commander, and alone trusted with the Secret, would not so much as communicate it to Sir *Edward Spragg*, because he must have commanded both Squadrons (as being the superior Officer, and consequently deprive him of a Prize, which instead of that prov'd an errant *Tartar*; for the *Smyrna* Merchants, together with their *Dutch* Convoy, made their Part good against Sir *Robert Holmes's* Squadron; and so got safe Home, meerly for want of Sir *Edward Spragg's* being called to his Assistance.

The Duke of *York*, always eager after a military Fame, and Admiral of *England*, commanded the Fleet in Person that Summer; which made me go a Voluntier once more, tho' I confess not with half so good a Will as before; my Heart being engaged violently at that Time, and I can never forget the Tenderness of our parting.

I waited on the Duke in his own Ship, where I intended to stay; but meeting the Earl of *Offory* there, who was both my Kinsman and Friend, and commanded the *Victory*, a Second Rate Ship; he invited me so earnestly to be with him, that I accepted his Kindness, and afterwards found I could not have been any where else so well, on several Accounts; since no Man ever did more bravely than he on all Occasions. Soon after I had some Experience of the Duke's Firmness in any Resolution he had once taken; for tho' he grew so very kind to me as to favour me in much greater Matters, yet I could never prevail on him to grant me one Request, which at that Time I thought it a little hard to be denied. My Request was, that if in the next Engagement he perceived any Ship to fail of doing its Duty, by Reason of her Captain's being killed, (which was but too usual) he would send me an Order to go on-board,
and

and command her immediately; whereby, instead of being an insignificant Voluntier, I might have an Opportunity of doing the Fleet some Service, and of gaining some Honour. But tho' he knew it well, and allow'd the Reason of the Thing, as being the only Way of making the Voluntiers useful: yet he counted it too great an Alteration of the settled Orders, which gave the Lieutenant in such a Case the same Power which his Captain before had, though seldom found to make good Use of it.

Our Scouts having been negligent, *De Ruiter* with his whole Fleet surprized ours at *South-wold Bay*; so that, weighing Anchor in great Haste, we had much ado to defend ourselves from their Fire-ships. *De Ruiter* himself was seen nobly to go in a Boat from Ship to Ship, to direct and animate his Men, ordering all his Ships to attack only our great ones; which not being much above twenty, were hard put to it by so great a Number of theirs. Yet the Enemy had no Success to boast of, except the burning our *Royal James*; which having on board her not only a thousand of our best Men, but the Earl of *Sandwich* himself, Vice Admiral of *England*, was enough almost to stile it a Victory on their Side, since his Merit in Sea Affairs was most extraordinary in all Kinds. He dined in Mr. *Digby's* Ship the Day before the Battle, when no Body dreamt of fighting, and shew'd a gloomy Discontent, so contrary to his usual chearful Humour, that we even then all took Notice of it; but much more afterwards.

The Enemy also was once Master of the *Royal Katherine*, and had sent away her Captain Sir *John Chicheley*, with most of her Men, to be kept Prisoners in other Ships, a few only remaining there, whom they stowed under Hatches, with a Guard over them. But the Boatswain being among them,
with

with his Whistle encouraged the rest to knock down all the Centinels first, and then to fall on the *Dutch* above Deck; by which brisk Action they redeemed that considerable Ship. The Boatswain's Name was *Small*, whom I had an Opportunity of knowing well afterwards when I had the Command of that Ship. He was a Non-conformist; always sober, meek, and quiet, (even too mild for that bustling Sort of Employment) and very often gave me an Image of those enthusiastick People, who did such brave Things in our late Civil War: For he seem'd rather a Shepherd than a Soldier; and was a Kind of Heroe in the Shape of a Saint.

But the Duke of *York* himself had the noblest Share in this Day's Action; for, when his Ship was so maim'd as to be made incapable of Service, he made her lie by to refit, and went on board another, that was hotly engaged, where he kept up his Standard, till she was disabled also; and then left her for a third, in order to renew the Fight; which lasted from break of Day, 'till Sun-set; about which Time the whole *French* Squadron happen'd to sail close by the Lord *Ossory's* Ship; and I well remember there did not appear so many Shot in them all, as in his Lordship's single Ship; whose Condition was judged too bad to keep the Sea any longer. I then found by Experience in this Engagement, how much there is of Custom in the Matter of Courage: which makes old Troops so formidable: for, in the Morning when the Enemy's great Shot came on both Sides of us, I thought it impossible to escape without losing a Limb at least, and was accordingly pretty uneasy; but, about the Afternoon, when the Broadfides came only one way, tho' without Interruption, I began to grow a little less sensible of the Danger, which yet I was very glad to see ended at Night. By
that

that time, I was very sufficiently tired, but yet had much ado to sleep, by reason of the Noise still sounding in my Ears; which remained so, for some Hours, just as if the shooting had still continued. I observed also two Things, which I dare affirm, tho' not generally believ'd. One was, that the wind of a Cannon Bullet, tho' flying never so near, is incapable of doing the least harm; and indeed, were it otherwise, no Man above Deck would escape. The other was, that a great Shot may be sometimes avoided even as it flies, by changing one's Ground a little; for, when the wind sometimes blew away the Smoak, it was so clear a Sun-shiny Day, that we could easily perceive the Bullets that were half spent, fall in the Water, and from thence bound up again among us; which gives sufficient time for making a Step or two on any Side; tho', in so swift a Motion 'tis hard to judge well in what Line the Bullet comes; which, if mistaken, may by removing cost a Man his Life, instead of saving it.

As soon as I came to *London* (whither I made all the haste imaginable for Reasons not hard to guess) I found by my Reception every where, that my Lord *Offory's* kind and partial Letters had arrived there before me; for the King made me some particular Compliments, and offered me the choice of Commanding the *Henry*, or the *Royal Katherine*; the Captain of the first having been killed, and the other taken Prisoner. I chose the *Katherine*; and, since I have been so fond of a Troop of Horse, 'tis no wonder I was now extreamly pleased with the Command of a Royal Ship, better in all Respects than my Lord *Offory's*, and of a Rate above what I could have pretended to; for even he who was so much more considerable on all Accounts, had only a Third Rate Ship granted him at first, whereas the *Katherine* was then the best of all the Second Rates. By

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By this it will be seen, that his Grace rose by his Merit and Services to that Pitch of Greatness he arriv'd at, and to that Reputation of Wit and Criticism he acquir'd by the Strength of his Genius, Improvement of fine Natural Parts, and strong Application to Literature. He was particularly famous for Politicks and Poetry. As to the latter, the Earl of *Roscommon* says, in his Essay on Translated Verse:

Happy that Author whose correct * Essay
Repairs so well the old *Horatian* Way.

Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel.

Sharp judging *Adriel* the Muse's Friend,
Himself a Muse, in Sanhedrim's Debate
True to his Prince, but not a Slave of State.

Dryden's Verses to Lord Roscommon.

How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost be pleas'd to hear
His Fame augmented by an *English* Peer?
How he embellishes his *Helen's* Loves,
Outdoes his Softness and his Sense improves.

Dryden's Preface to Virgil's Æneis.

Your Essay of Poetry, which was publish'd without a Name, and of which I was not honour'd with the Confidence, I read over and over with much Delight, and as much Instruction; and without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am, not without some Envy, I was loath to be inform'd how an *Epic* Poem should be written, or how a Tragedy should be contriv'd or manag'd,

* *Essay on Poetry.*

in better Verse, and with more Judgment than I could teach others.

Bishop Burnet's Preface to Sir T. More's *Utopia*.

Our Language is now certainly properer and more natural than it was formerly, chiefly since the Correction that was given by the *Rehearsal*: And it is to be hop'd that the *Essay on Poetry*, which may be well match'd with the best Pieces of its Kind, that even *Augustus's* Age produc'd, will have a more powerful Operation, if clear Sense join'd with some but gentle Reproofs can work more on our Writers than that unmerciful exposing of them has done.

Lord Lansdown.

Roscommon first then *Mulgrave* rose like Light,
To clear our Darkness, and to guide our Flight:
With steady Judgment, and in lofty Sounds
They gave us Patterns, and they set us Bounds;
The *Stagyrite* and *Horace* laid aside,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign Guide,
Who seek from Poetry a lasting Name,
May from their Lessons learn the Road to Fame.

Garth's Dispensary.

Now *Tyber's* Streams no courtly *Callus* see,
But smiling *Thames* enjoys his *Normanby*.

Mr. Pope in his *Essay on Criticism*.

Yet some there were among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient Cause,
And here restor'd Wit's Fundamental Laws:

Such was the Muse whose Rules and Practice tell,
Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well.

Mr. Pope in his *Miscellanies*.

Muse, 'tis enough, at length thy Labour ends:
 And thou shalt live for *Buckingham* commends.
 Let Crowds of Criticks now my Verse assail,
 Let *Dennis* write, and nameless Authors rail;
 This more than pays whole Years of thankless Pain,
 Time, Health and Fortune are not lost in vain:
Sheffield approves, consenting *Phæbus* bends,
 And I and Malice from this Hour are Friends.

It may seem strange, and almost incredible, that the Duke and Mr. Pope should ever differ in any Respect, yet it very often happen'd that they did. The Duke being a Sort of a Sceptick, or at least one that had but little Faith, often us'd to attack our Poet on that weak Side of his, who generally us'd to creep out by alledging that except his Grace had some Degree of Faith, it was impossible to convince him of the Truth of the *Roman Catholick* Religion, for it depended not so much upon Proof since the Cessation of Miracles, as upon Faith and Obedience to the Church. It was observ'd they always us'd great Moderation in these Discourses, and the Duke, so well he lov'd our Poet, seeing Arguments of that Sort rather disagreeable than otherways, and having no Vocation to make Converts, seldom in the latter Part of his Time, let the Subject remain long, but would change it to some Part of Science or Literature.

He had great Personal Courage, and was a true Lover of Liberty, from which Principles nothing could tempt him to swerve, neither Favour nor Faction;

Faction; not the Hopes of helping himself or his Friends, or of annoying his Enemies. He always had at Heart the Publick Good, to which he often expos'd his Quiet, and sometimes, (he us'd himself to say he fear'd) his Reputation.

In the Year 1672, Monsieur *de Schomberg* was invited into *England*, to command the new-rai'd Army incamp'd on *Blackheath*, which was under the then Duke of *Buckingham*, *George Villiers*; and under him only, who had a Commission of Lieutenant General. But he being no great Soldier, and on ill Terms with the Duke of *York*; who influenc'd all military Affairs at that Time, it was thought convenient to join with him a Person of such Reputation as *Schomberg*, and he was chosen the rather because his Advancement in *France* was owing chiefly to the Duke of *York*, when in that Service.

As soon as he arrived, partly encouraged to it by his Friends, or rather the then Duke of *Buckingham's* Enemies, he refused to serve equally with him, and so obtained a Commission to be General; upon which (as was expected) the other quitted the Service immediately.

Just at this Time the Duke of *Monmouth* was setting up in *France* to be a Soldier: and being so favoured at *Maeſtricht* by the *French* King, as to have a sure and easy Attack kept back on Purpose 'till his Day of commanding, the Credit of that Action here sufficed to give him a Reputation ever after.

Our Fleet was now ready to make Sail; it is thought there never was before seen so great a Fleet as this.

The Reason why the Duke of *York* did not shine as before, was his refusing the Test pass'd in Parliament last Winter, on Purpose to exclude him; so

that as soon as ever his Enemies had set the Snare, he fell into it.

The *Greyhound* being the best of those Vessels which accompanied the Fleet, was chosen by *Monf. de Schomberg* for himself and our Duke of *Buckingham*, (for he serv'd in that Expedition under him) with whom he had the good Fortune to live in great Familiarity and Friendship.

There being often Occasion of their speaking with other Officers, who, in hazy Weather especially, were at a Loss sometimes how to find out the *Greyhound*, in the Midst of such a Multitude of other Ships, *Monsieur de Schomberg* enquired one Day of the Duke of *Buckingham*, If it might not be proper to hang up something for a Signal, by which all the Land Officers might know whither to repair, either to give Account of their Condition, or to receive his Orders? he presently answered, That though he had the Command of a great Ship the last Summer, yet he was but a young Seaman; and therefore only advis'd him to consult with *Clement*, the Captain of the *Greyhound*, who by Right also was to be principally regarded in his own Ship. Captain *Clement* was sent for, and presently consented to a Thing which he thought not only reasonable but necessary to prevent Delays or Mistakes, which made the General, according to his accustom'd Civility, ask the Duke his Consent to hang up in the Shrouds one of the Colours of his own Regiment, that happen'd to lie then on the Deck, saying, that he chose such a Sort of Signal, as more proper for him to make Use of, than any of those which belong'd to the Sea; But it had not been up Half an Hour, when both of them sitting together on the Quarter Deck, heard a Bullet whizzing over their Heads, and another in the same Manner presently after; at which they began to think

think Cannon Bullets that came so near a little worth the minding, but were extremely surpriz'd to perceive they came from the Admiral.

By this Time, Captain *Clement* was alarm'd also, and he confirming the General's Apprehension of Prince *Rupert's* disliking his Signal, was sent immediately to explain the Occasion of its being set up, and to receive the Prince's Orders, either in that, or any Thing else.

But the Prince, in the mean time, had sent Lieutenant *Whitby* with his positive Order to pull down the Flag, who arriving on board the *Greyhound* just after Captain *Clement* had been sent away, it was thought so impossible for the Prince to remain unsatisfied, after he should hear *Clement* about it, that *Whitby* was desir'd to return with this respectful Answer, that if his Highness continued in the same Mind, after hearing the Occasion from Captain *Clement*, the Flag should be taken down immediately. But the Prince seeing *Whitby's* Boat come from the *Greyhound*, without the Flag's being taken down, and Captain *Clement* just arriv'd on board him, in great Anger orders him to be clapp'd into the Bilboes, without so much as hearing either him or his Message, and commanded his Gunner to sink the *Greyhound* immediately if the Flag was not taken down.

In such a Case of Extremity, the Volunteers of Quality, on board the Prince, took the Liberty of interposing a little, and conjur'd him to have only the Patience of letting some of them go presently to the *Greyhound*, in order to prevent any Misunderstanding; considering that some Allowance might be made for a Mistake in a Land Officer and a Stranger. It was not hard for Persons of that Rank (among whom was the Earl of *Carlisle*, a

Privy Counsellor, and what was more a great Friend of the Prince) to be conniv'd at in going immediately on board the *Greyhound*, and it was easy for them all immediately to pull down the Flag rather than be sunk; but neither they, nor the Duke of *Buckingham*, who was a little concern'd with him in the ill Usage, were able to pacify the General, who interpreted all this harsh Way of proceeding, as coming from an old Pique in Prince *Rupert*.

The Court was inclin'd before not to be over partial to Prince *Rupert*, who seem'd as jealous as any Body of its growing arbitrary, by any great Success over *Holland*, though himself was Generalissimo against it.

Now the Duke of *Buckingham* wrote an Account of this Business to the King, so plainly and impartially that all the Prince's Complaints, on his Side, were insignificant; which added to his Jealousy of the Court, incited him to command away all the Land Forces to *Yarmouth*, where they lay incamp'd all Summer by the Sea-side, without being ever re-imbark'd, or able to do the least Service. Monsieur *de Schomberg* obey'd, but took no Leave of the Prince, and engag'd the Duke of *Buckingham* to carry him a Challenge after the Expedition was over, which the King prevented, though not out of Kindness to either of them; for as he was unsatisfied with the Prince's Conduct, so Monsieur *de Schomberg's* Popularity among the disaffected Gentry in the Country, was unjustly represented to his Prejudice, and his affable Sort of Behaviour, (which he thought necessary in a Stranger intending to settle there,) taken for a factious Design of complying with the Country Party.

This was the Cause of the Duke of *Monmouth's* Advancement, for the Duke of *York* esteeming
his

his Forwardness and Inclination to the War thought him the fittest Person to be set up against *Schomberg*, from whom he was now perfectly alienated, and so made his Court to the King at the same Time by recommending his beloved Son to be at the Head of the Military Affairs, which himself hop'd still to influence by that Means; yet *Schomberg's* staying here had been an invincible Obstacle to their Designs; if the Disgust he took at being refus'd the Garter, had not soon contributed to his leaving the Nation: Which Favour it seems he long desir'd though so privately, that the Duke of *Buckingham* receiv'd the Promise of it in the Camp at *Yarmouth*, without having the least Imagination that his General had been his Rival; who resented it a little more, because it was bestow'd on the Duke who was but a Colonel under him.

Thus all Things concurr'd with the Duke of *Monmouth's* Ambition, as soon as Prince *Rupert* was out of Favour, and the Duke of *York* out of Capacity, by Reason of the late Test for *Papists*.

The first Step of the Duke of *Monmouth's* rising to Authority in the Army, was his being entrusted with the Care tho' not the Command of it, which the Lord *Arlington* consented to both in Friendship to him, and for his own Ease, but Orders pass thro' the Duke's Hands.

The second Advance he made was the King's sending his Commands to every Colonel that they should obey all Directions that came from the Duke of *Monmouth*. This wanted but the Formality of a Commission to make him an absolute General.

But now an Accident fell out, for notwithstanding the very great Intimacy between the Duke of *York* and his Nephew, such a firm one, that even

a direct contrary Interest was unable to weaken; yet a little Inconstancy in one of their Mistresses, though in Favour of a third Person was the accidental Cause of such a Division between them as never ceas'd till it cost one of them the Hazard of his Crown, and the other his Life on a Scaffold.

At the Return of the Army from *Yarmouth*, the *Holland* Regiment was given to the Duke of *Buckingham*, and join'd to another he had rais'd, by which he remain'd in Command after the Peace when all the new Colonels were disbanded. This made those two Dukes think of him soon after for commanding the First Regiment of Foot Guards, and design'd the King should buy Colonel *Ruffel* out of it for that Purpose, having before prevail'd with the Lord *Craven* to let him come over his Head, who commanded the Second Regiment, but just while this was settling, the Duke of *Monmouth*, who was ever engag'd in some Amour, fell into great Anger with the Duke of *Buckingham*, for an unlucky Discovery that made a great Noise in the Court at that Time.

He had always great Temper, and therefore offer'd no Affront on the Spot, but wanted not the Cunning to revenge himself a better Way, by privately obtaining a Promise of the King to let him have that Command which was design'd for the Duke of *Buckingham*, and foreseeing that then his own would become void, and perhaps be given to him, he propos'd the Earl of *Ossory* for that, against whom there could be no Objection; so stopping up his Way in both Places.

The Duke of *York*, having openly made them Friends, suspected no such Artifice, as he found him but too capable of afterwards in a much greater Matter: Accordingly, he thought it Time to
move

move the King about that Alteration in the Guards, not in the least apprehending a Repulse, (for the King, though of more Wit than those that influenced him, had that Foible of his Family, to be easily impos'd on) but the King assured his Brother, that never dreaming of this his Proposal he was engaged already; that it was to another of his very great Friends; and then naming him, wondered at his being no sooner acquainted with it.

The Duke of *York*, with great Resentment, presently told this to the Duke of *Buckingham*, wondering that an Alteration should be resolv'd on in two of the best Commands in the Army, without his being first acquainted with it. It was natural for a Man who lost his Pretension, not to lessen his Concern in the Duke of *York*; and therefore *Buckingham*, who during the Duke of *Monmouth's* Quarrel to him had often try'd in vain to shake his Interest with the Prince, was resolved not to lose so fair an Occasion to part them for ever.

He therefore told him of how little Importance his own Share in that Business was, and that he found himself amply recompenced by his being so much concerned about it; but he expressed himself extremely troubled at another Part of this Affair, which he said gave him a strange Sort of Suspicion. The Duke could not fail to enquire what it was, and with a seeming Reluctance the Duke of *Buckingham* explained it.

That the Duke of *Monmouth's* own Command of the Horse Life Guard, was better than Colonel *Russel's* Regiment of Foot, both for Honour and Profit; and therefore he would hardly change it thus without some ill Design, to which twenty-four Companies of Foot might be more of Use than a single Troop of Horse.

That

That the disappointing him could not be his only Aim, since he might have had that Satisfaction, as well by getting the Earl of *Offory* into that Regiment, without taking it himself, by leaving a better Post for it.

As the Duke of *York* grew warm at this, he engaged him more, by freely quitting his own Pretensions, if his Highness could find a trusty Man for it, whom the Duke of *Monmouth* could have no Pretence to oppose, as he did him on Account of their Quarrel; representing it to be a Post of such Consequence, that one Day, perhaps, no less a Thing than the Crown of *England* might depend on it.

The Duke of *York* accepted kindly the laying down his Pretensions, and proposed some others for that Command, but to no Purpose, for the King reproach'd him with opposing a Thing already settled between himself and his Son; upon which thoroughly chafed, he tried a little with the Lord *Arlington*, the Duke of *Monmouth*'s great Adviser, and gave him to understand, that if the Duke of *Monmouth* would not desist from pressing it any farther, he must lose his Friendship, which had been so useful to him, and consequently pay too dear a Price for what was a Trifle in Comparison with it: To which that dextrous Minister replied something haughtily, That the Duke of *Monmouth* could not need the Favour of his Highness, more than his Highness needed the King's, which he might hazard to lessen by thus crossing his Inclination for so beloved a Son.

With this surprizing Answer from a Secretary of State, the Duke grew more concern'd than ever, and at last was driven on the only Expedient now left, to secure that Employment in safe Hands, which serv'd in the next Place to satisfy the Revenge of the Duke of *Buckingham* in keeping the Duke of *Mon-*
mouth

mouth out of it, to that End the Duke of *Buckingham* advis'd him to send immediately for Colonel *Ruffel* who was very covetous, and by any Means whatsoever that is any Money to charm him out of his Resolution to sell his Command, which the King was so far from imposing on an Ancient Officer of such Merit and Quality, that he kindly assur'd him that no such Change had ever been thought of if Mr. *Ruffel* himself had not ask'd the Favour of selling his Command for the Good of his Heir. What passed between the Duke of *York* and Colonel *Ruffel* is not hard to guess, for the latter kept his Command by pretending to the King that when it came to the Point, he could not find in his Heart to quit the Service, and desired to die in it. But upon all this Matter follow'd such an Animosity between those two Princes the Dukes of *York* and *Monmouth* as will serve to fill our Annals with the Fatal Effects of it, while this first Occasion of their Breach is not so much as mentioned.

The Turns of Court are such, that, after all this Buffle and Competition between them and this Regiment of Guards, a third Person not then thought of for such a Command, nor so much as in the Army, luckily got it from them both, by the Duke of *York*'s being absent in *Scotland*, and *Ruffel*'s quitting his Interest on Account of the Popish Plot; and so renewing his Desire to sell.

The Duke of *Monmouth* was at that in such Disfavour, as to have his Government of *Hull* and Lord Lieutenancy of *Yorkshire* given to the Duke of *Buckingham*, which with the old Regiment he had before was already more than, being so young he could reasonably pretend to. The King therefore, at last, bought that Command of Colonel *Ruffel* for his other Son the Duke of *Grafton*.

The

The Duke of *Buckingham* was always a faithful Servant to the Crown, yet always fond of turning the Ballance on the Peoples Side, and so eager an Assertor of Liberty that he never miss'd an Opportunity of shewing his Zeal for it. The Speech he made in the House of Lords when he was Earl of *Mulgrave* may serve as a Proof of his Love to his Country, and that he in Earnest had the Interest of the Subject at Heart.

THIS Debate is of so great Consequence, that I resolved to be silent, and rather to be advised by the Ability of others, than to shew my own Want of it; besides it is of so nice a Nature, that I who always speak unpremeditatedly, apprehend extremely the saying any thing which may be thought the least reflecting; though even that ought not to restrain a Man here from doing his Duty to the Publick, in a Business where it seems to be so highly concern'd.

I have always heard, I have always read, that Foreign Nations, and all this Part of the World, have admir'd and envy'd the Constitution of this Government. For not to speak of the King's Power, here is a House of Lords to advise him on all Important Occasions, about Peace or War; about all Things that may concern the Nation, the Care of which is very much entrusted to your Lordships; but yet because your Lordships cannot be so conversant with the Generality of the People, nor so constantly in the Country as is necessary for that Purpose, here is a House of Commons also chosen by the very People themselves, newly come from among them, or should be so, to represent boldly all their Grievances, to express the true Mind of the Nation, and to dispose of their Money, at least so far as to begin all
Bills

Bills of that Nature ; and if I am not mistaken, the very Writ for Elections sent down to the Sheriffs, does empower them to chuse. What ? Their Representatives. Now, my Lords, I beseech you to consider the Meaning of the Word *Representative* : Is it to do any Thing contrary to their Mind ? It would be absurd to propose it ; and yet how can it be otherwise, if they, after their being chosen, change their Dependency, engage themselves in Employments plainly inconsistent with that great Trust reposed in them, and that I will take the Liberty to demonstrate to your Lordships they now do, at least according to my humble Opinion.

I will instance first in the least and lowest Incapacity they must be under, who so take Employments.

Your Lordships know but too well, what a General Carelessness there appears every Day more and more in the publick Business : If so, how is it likely that Men should be as diligent in their Duty in Parliament as that Business requires, where Employments, and a great deal of other Business, shall take up both their Minds and their Time ?

But then in some Cases 'tis worse ; as in Commands of the Army, and other Employments of that kind, when they must have a divided Duty. For it does admirably become an Officer to sit Voting away Money in the House of Commons, while his Soldiers are perhaps taking it away at their Quarters, for Want of his Presence to restrain them, and of better Discipline among them : Nay, perhaps his Troop or Regiment may be in some Actions abroad, and he must either have the Shame of being absent from them at such a Time, or from that House, where he is entrusted with all our Liberties.

To this I have heard but one Objection by a noble Lord,

Lord, That if this Act should pass, the King is not allow'd to make a Captain or a Colonel, without disabling him to sit in Parliament by such a Commission.

Truly, if a Captain has only deserv'd to be advanced for exposing himself in Parliament, I think the Nation would have no great Loss in the King's letting alone such a Preference.

But, my Lords, there is another Sort of Incapacity yet worse than this ; I mean that of Parliament-Mens having such Places in the Exchequer, as the very Profit of them depends on the Money given to the King in Parliament. Would any of your Lordships send and entrust a Man to make a Bargain for you, whose very Interest shall be to make you give as much as he can possibly ?

It puts me in Mind of a Farce, where an Actor holds a Dialogue with himself, speaking first in one Tone, and then answering himself in another.

Really, my Lords, this is no Farce ; for it is no laughing Matter to undo a Nation : But it is altogether as unnatural for a Member of Parliament to ask first in the King's Name for such a Sort of Supply, give an Account from him how much is needful towards the Paying such an Army, or such a Fleet ; and then immediately give, by his ready Vote, what he had before ask'd by his Master's Order.

Besides, my Lords, there is such a Necessity now for long Sessions of Parliament, and the very Privileges belonging to Members are of so great Extent, that it would be a little hard and unequal to other Gentlemen, that they should have all the Places too, as well as the Privileges.

All the Objections that have been made, may be reduced to these.

First,

First, it is told us, that it is a Disrespect to the King, if his Servants or Officers be excluded.

To this, I desire that it may be considered, that it is in this Case, as when a Tenant sends up any Body to treat for him; would any of your Lordships think it a Disrespect, nay would the King himself think it any, if the Tenant would not wholly refer himself to one of your own Servants, or the King's Commissioners in Case of the Crown? and if he chuses rather some plain honest Friend of his own to supply his Absence here, will any blame such a Proceeding, or think it unmannerly?

Besides, your Lordships know even this Act admits them to be chosen, notwithstanding their Employments; provided the Electors know it first, and are not deceived in their Choice.

All we would prevent is, that a good rich Corporation should not chuse to entrust with all their Liberties, a plain, honest, Country Neighbour, and find him within six Months changed into a preferred, cunning Courtier; who shall tie them to their Choice, tho' he is no more the same Man than if he were turn'd Papist; which by the Law, as it stands already, puts an Incapacity upon him.

Another Objection is, that this Act may, by its Consequence, prolong this Parliament; which they allow would be a very great Grievance, and yet suppose the King capable of putting it upon us. I have too much Respect for him to admit of this; but I am glad, however, that it is objected by Privy Counsellors in Favour, who consequently, I hope, will never advise a Thing, which they now exclaim against as so great a Grievance.

But pray, my Lords, what should tempt the King to so ill a Policy? Can he fear a Freedom of Choice in the People, to whose good Will he owes all that Power,

Power, which these Lords suppose he may use to their Prejudice? And therefore give me Leave to say, as I must not suspect him of so ill a Design as the perpetuating this Parliament, so he cannot, he ought not to suspect a Nation, so entirely (I was going to say so fondly) devoted to him.

My Lords, no Man is readier than myself to allow, that we owe the Crown all Submission as to the Time of calling Parliaments according to Law, and appointing also where they shall sit. But with Reverence be it spoken, the King owes the Nation entire Freedom, in chusing their Representatives; and it is no less his Duty, than his true Interest, that such a fair and just Proceeding should be used towards us.

Consider, my Lords, of what mighty Consequence it may be, that so many Votes should be free, when upon one single one may depend the whole Security or Loss of this Nation. *By one single Vote a general Excise may be granted, and then we are all lost.* By one single Vote the Crown may be empower'd to name all the Commissioners for raising the Taxes, and then surely we should be in a fair Way towards it.

Nay, whatever has happened may again be apprehended; and I hope those Reverend Prelates will reflect, that if they grow once obnoxious to a prevalent Party, one single Voice may be as dangerous to that Bench, as a general Dissatisfaction among the People prov'd to be once in a late Experiment; which I am far from saying this by Way of threat'ning, but by Way of Caution.

My Lords, we may think, because this concerns not the House of Lords, that we need not be careful about the Matter; but there are Noblemen in *France*, (at least such as were so before they were enslaved)
who,

who, that they might domineer over us, and serve a present Turn perhaps, let all Things alone so long till the People were quite master'd, and the Nobility themselves too to bear them Company. So that I never met a *Frenchman*, even of the greatest Rank (and some had ten Thousand Pistoles a-year in Employments) that did not envy us here for our Freedom from that Slavery which they groan under: And this I have observ'd universally, except in M. *De Louvois*, M. *Colbert*, or such People; because they were the Ministers themselves who occasion'd these Complaints, and thrived by the Oppression of others.

My Lords, this Country of ours is very apt to be provok'd; we had a late Experience; and tho' no wise Man but would bear a great deal rather than make a Bustle; yet really the People are otherwise, and at any Time change a present Uneasiness for any other Condition, though a worse; we have known it so too often, and sometimes repented it too late.

Let them not have this new Provocation in being debarr'd from a Security in their Representatives. For malicious People will not fail to infuse into their Minds, that all those vast Sums which have been, and still must be rais'd towards this War, are not dispos'd away in a fair Manner as ought to be; and I am afraid they will say their Money is not given, but taken.

I am sure, whatever Success this Bill may have, there must needs come some good Effect of it; for if it passes it will give us Security, if it be obstructed it will give us Warning.

It is allow'd by all that he was a Nobleman of uncommon Talents, and so great an Encourager

of Learning and the Muses that he was call'd the *Mecenas* of the Age, a mighty Lover of Poets, though he himself was one: His *Essay on Poetry* is one of the best Pieces in our Language, and the *Temple of Death* translated from the *French* is full of Beauty: He begins it with a Description of the *Temple*.

IN those cold Climates, where the Sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tears;
A dreadful Vale lies in a Desart Isle,
On which indulgent Heav'n did never smile.
There a thick Grove of Aged Cypress Trees,
Which none without an awful Horror sees,
Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
Whole Flocks of ill-presaging Birds receives:
Poisons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,
And Winter is the only Season there.
Millions of Graves cover the spacious Field,
And Springs of Blood a thousand Rivers yield;
Whose Streams oppress'd with Carcasses and Bones,
Instead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.
Within this Vale a famous Temple stands,
Old as the World itself, which it commands:
Round is its Figure, and four Iron Gates
Divide Mankind, by Order of the Fates.
There come in Crowds, doom'd to one common
Grave,
The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind most deploras,
Are faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors;
All clad in mournful Blacks, which also load
The sacred Walls of this obscure Abode;
And Tapers of a pitchy Substance made,
With Clouds of Smoak increase the dismal Shade.

A Monster, void of Reason and of Sight,
The Goddess is, who sways this Realm of Night.
Her Power extends o'er all Things that have Breath;
A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*.

Indeed, what by Reason of his high Station, his natural Tendency to be serviceable to all who were either Learned, or Lovers of Learning, and his exquisite Judgment, he had Application made to him by all the reigning Wits and Poets: Mr. *Pope* held him in such high Esteem, separate from his Quality, which he always threw aside in his Company, that he never publish'd any Thing for many Years till the Duke had pronounc'd that it would not endanger his Reputation; for Mr. *Pope* above all Things was always fearful of losing the Name he had acquir'd, and often said he ought to write no more for that Reason, lest one Piece ill receiv'd might weigh heavy against so many he had wrote with more Applause than ever had been known, for it is hardly to be believ'd what prodigious Numbers of the Copies of Mr. *Pope's* Writings have been sold.

The Duke of *Buckingham* continu'd his Friendship to Mr. *Pope*, and gave him many great Proofs of it as long as he liv'd, a great Student, especially of Mankind; so far from a Bigot it was thought he rather lean'd to Scepticism. To a certain Peer, who accus'd him of resigning the Privy Seal with a good Pension added to it, and afterwards staying in Town at a Season when every Body else leaves it, which he call'd despising both Town and Country, he said, it were well for us, if this Incapacity of being entirely contented was as sure a Proof of our being reserv'd for Happiness in another World, as it is of our Frailty and Imperfections in this. I confess the Divines tell us so, but though I believe

a future State more firmly than a great many of them appear to do, by their inordinate Desire of the good Things in this; yet I own my Faith is founded not on those fallacious Arguments of Preachers, but on that adorable Conjunction of unbounded Power and Goodness, which certainly must some Way recompence hereafter so many Thousands of innocent Wretches created to be miserable here.

He built *Buckingham-House*, which almost faces the Mall in St. *James's Park*; of which see his own Description, in a Letter to the Duke of *Chandois*.

I Rise now in Summer, about Seven o'Clock, from a very large Bed-Chamber, intirely quiet, high, and free from the early Sun, to walk in the Garden; or, if rainy, in a Saloon fill'd with Pictures, some good, but none disagreeable; there also, in a Row above them, I have so many Portraits of famous Persons in several Kinds, as are enough to excite Ambition in any Man less lazy, or less at Ease, than myself.

Instead of a little dozing Closet, according to the unwholsome Custom of most People, I chuse this spacious Room, for all my small Affairs, reading Books or writing Letters; where I am never in the least tired, by the Help of stretching my Legs sometimes in so long a Room, and of looking into the pleasantest Park in the World just underneath it.

Visits, after a certain Hour, are not to be avoided; some of which I own a little fatiguing (tho' Thanks to the Town's Laziness, they come pretty late) if the Garden was not so near, as to give a seasonable Refreshment between those ceremonious Interruptions. And I am more sorry than my Coachman himself if I am forc'd to go abroad any Part of the Morning. For though my Garden is
such,

such, as by not pretending to Rarities or Curiosities, has nothing in it to inveigle one's Thoughts, yet by the Advantage of Situation and Prospect, it is able to suggest the noblest that can be; in representing at once to view a vast Town, a Palace, and a magnificent Cathedral. I confess the last with all its Splendour, has less Share in exciting my Devotion; than the most common Shrub in my Garden: For though I am apt to be sincerely devout in any Sort of religious Assemblies, from the very best (that of our own Church) even to those of *Jews, Turks, and Indians*: Yet the Works of Nature appear to me the better Sort of Sermons; and every Flower contains in it the most edifying Rhetorick, to fill us with Admiration of its omnipotent Creator.

After I have dined (either agreeably with Friends, or at worst with better Company than your Country Neighbours) I drive away to *Marybone*, a Place of Air and Exercise; which some Constitutions are in absolute Need of: Agitation of the Body, and Diversion of the Mind, being a Composition for Health above all the Skill of *Hippocrates*.

The small Distance of this Place from *London*, is just enough for recovering my Weariness, and recruiting my Spirits, so as to make me fitter than before I set out, for either Business or Pleasure. At the mentioning the last of these, methinks I see you smile; but I confess myself so chang'd (which you maliciously, I know, will call decay'd) as to my former enchanting Delights, that the Company I commonly find at Home is agreeable enough to make me conclude the Evening on a delightful Terrace, or in any Place from late Visits, except of familiar Acquaintance.

By this Account you will see, that most of my Time is conjugally spent at Home ; and consequently you will blame my Laziness more than ever, for not imploying it in a new Way, which your Partiality is wont to think me capable of. Therefore I am oblig'd to go on with this trifling Description, as some Excuse for my Idleness. But how such a Description itself is excusable, is what I should be very much in Pain about, if I thought any Body could see it besides yourself, who are too good a Judge of all Things to mistake a Friend's Compliance in a private Letter, for the least Touch of Vanity.

The Avenues to this House are along St. *James's* Park, thro' Rows of goodly Elms on one Hand, and gay flourishing Limes on the other ; that for Coaches, this for walking ; with the Mall lying between them. This reaches to my Iron Pallisade that encompasses a square Court, which has in the Midst a great Basen with Statues and Water-Works ; and from its Entrance rises all the Way imperceptibly, 'till we mount to a Terrace in the Front of a large Hall, paved with square white Stones, mix'd with a dark colour'd Marble ; the Walls of it covered with a Sett of Pictures done in the School of *Raphael*. Out of this, on the Right Hand we go into a Parlour thirty three Foot by thirty nine, with a Niche fifteen Foot broad for a Bufette, paved with white Marble, and placed within an Arch, with Pilasters of divers Colours, the Upper-Part of which is as high as the Cieling, which is painted by *Ricci*.

From hence we pass through a Suit of large Rooms into a Bed Chamber, of thirty four Foot by twenty seven ; within it a large Closet, that opens into a Green House.

On the Left Hand of the Hall are three Stone
Arches

Arches supported by *Corinthian* Pillars, under one of which we go up eight and forty Steps ten Foot broad, each Step of one entire *Portland* Stone: These Stairs, by the Help of two resting Places, are so very easy, there is no Need of leaning on the Iron Baluster. The Walls are painted with the Story of *Dido*; whom tho' the Poet was oblig'd to dispatch away mournfully, in order to make Room for *Lavinia*, the better natur'd Painter has brought no farther than to that fatal Cave, where the Lovers appear just entering, and languishing with Desire.

The Roof of this Stair Case, which is fifty five Foot from the Ground, is of forty Foot by thirty six, filled with the Figures of Gods and Goddesses: The Midst is *Juno*, condescending to beg Assistance from *Venus*, to bring about a Marriage, which the *Fates* intended should be the Ruin of her own darling Queen and People. By which that sublime Poet wisely intimates, that we should never be over eager for any Thing, either in our Pursuits, or our Prayers; least what we endeavour to ask too violently for our Interest, should be granted us by Providence, only in order to our Ruin.

The Bass-reliefs and little Squares above, are all episodical Paintings of the same Story: And the Largeness of the whole has admitted of a sure Remedy against any Decay of the Colours from Saltpetre in the Wall, by making another of Oak Laths four Inches within it, and so primed over like a Picture.

From a wide Landing-place on the Stairs Head, a great double Door opens into an Apartment of the same Dimensions with that below, only three Foot higher: Notwithstanding which, it would appear too low, if the higher *Salon* had not been divided from it. The first Room of this Floor has within it a

Closet of original Pictures, which yet are not so entertaining as the delightful Prospect from the Windows. Out of the second Room a Pair of great Doors give Entrance into the *Salon*, which is thirty five Foot high, thirty six broad, and forty five long. In the Midst of its Roof a round Picture of *Gentileschi*, eighteen Foot in Diameter, represents the Muses playing in Confort to *Apollo*, lying along on a Cloud to hear them. The rest of the Room is adorned with Paintings relating to Arts and Sciences; and underneath divers original Pictures hang all in good Lights, by the Help of an upper Row of Windows, which drown the Glaring.

Much of this seems appertaining to Parade, and therefore I am glad to leave it to describe the rest, which is all for Conveniency. As first, a covered Passage from the Kitchen without Doors; and another down to the Cellars, and all the Offices within. Near this a large and lightsome Back-stairs leads up to such an Entry above, as secures our private Bed-chambers both from Noise and Cold. Here we have necessary Dressing-rooms, Servants Rooms, and Closets, from which are the pleasantest Views of all the House, with a little Door for Communication betwixt this private Apartment and the great one.

These Stairs, and those of the same Kind at the other End of the House, carry us up to the highest Story, fitted for the Women and Children, with the Floors so contriv'd, as to prevent all Noise over my Wife's Head, during the Mysteries of *Lucina*.

In mentioning the Court at first, I forgot the two Wings in it, built on Stone Arches, which join the House by Corridores, supported on *Ionie* Pillars. In one of these Wings is a large Kitchen thirty Foot high, with an open Cupola on the Top: Near it a Larder, Brewhouse, and Landry, with Rooms over them

them for Servants: The upper Sort of Servants are lodged in the other Wing, which has also two Wardrobes, and a Store Room for Fruit. On the Top of all a leaden Cistern, holding fifty Tuns of Water, driven up by an Engine from the *Thames*, supplies all the Water-Works in the Courts and Gardens, which lie quite round the House; through one of which a Grass Walk conducts to the Stables, built round a Court, with six Coach-houses and forty Stalls.

I'll add but one Thing before I carry you into the Garden, and that is about walking too, but 'tis on the Top of all the House; which being cover'd with smooth mill'd Lead, and defended by a Parapet of Ballusters from Apprehension as well as Danger, entertains the Eye with a far distant Prospect of Hills and Dales, and a near one of Parks and Gardens. To these Gardens we go down from the House by seven Steps, into a Gravel Walk that reaches cross the whole Garden; with a covered Arbour at each End of it. Another of thirty Foot broad leads from the Front of the House, and lies between two Groves of tall Lime Trees, planted in several equal Ranks upon a Carpet of Grass: The Outfides of these Groves are bordered with Tubs of Bays and Orange Trees.

At the End of this broad Walk you go up to a Terrass four Hundred Paces long, with a large Semi-circle in the Middle, from whence is beheld the Queen's two Parks, and a great Part of *Surry*; then going down a few Steps you walk on the Bank of a Canal six Hundred Yards long, and seventeen broad, with two Rows of Limes on each Side of it.

On one Side of this Terrass, a Wall cover'd with Roses and Jessamines is made low to admit the View of a Meadow full of Cattle just under it; (no disagreeable

greeable Object in the Midst of a great City) and at each End a Descent into Parterres, with Fountains and Water-works.

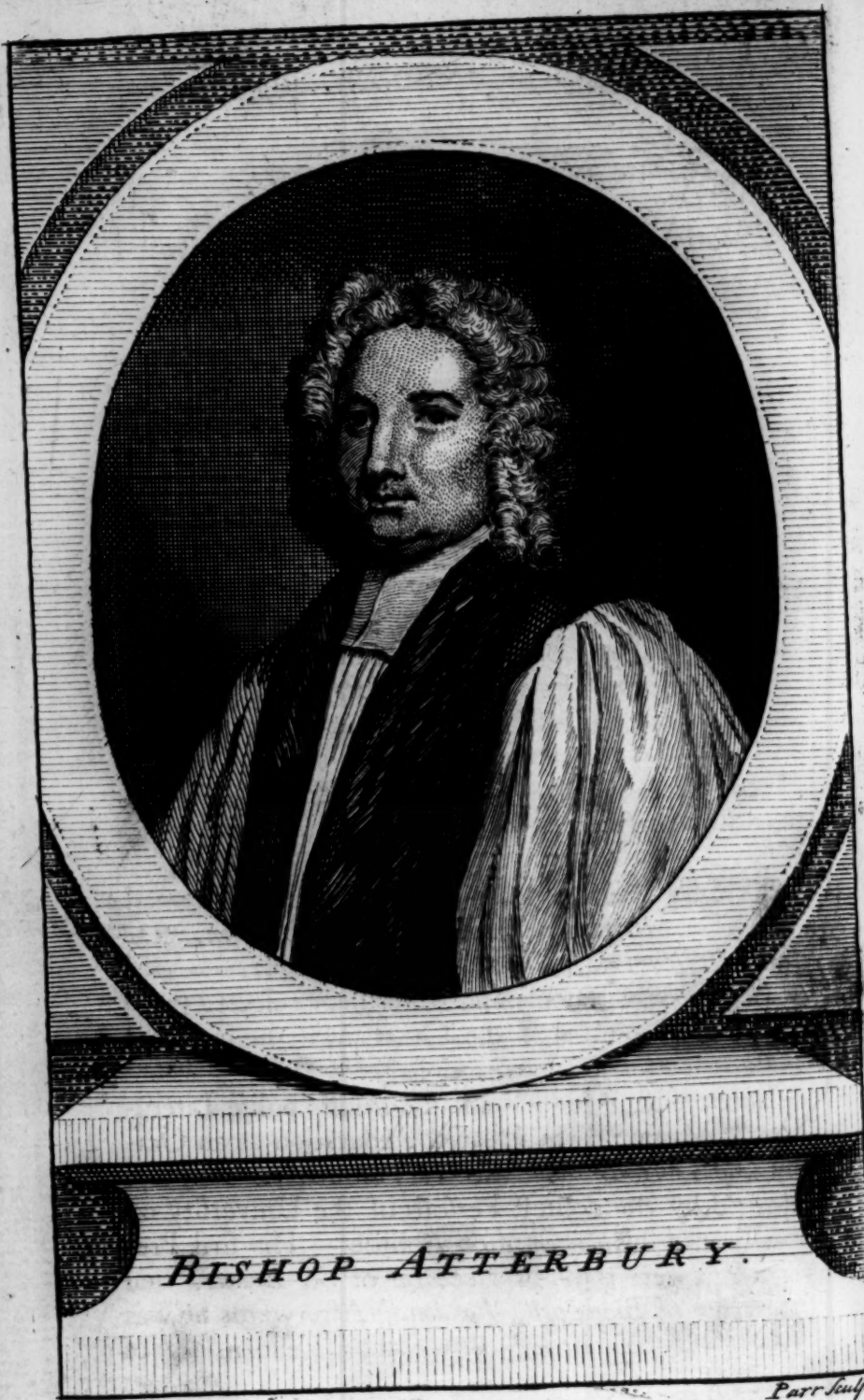
From the biggest of these Parterres we pass into a little square Garden, that has a Fountain in the Middle, and two Green-houses on the Sides, with a convenient bathing Apartment in one of them; and near another Part of it lies a Flower Garden. Below all this, a Kitchen Garden, full of the best Sorts of Fruit, has several Walks in it fit for the coldest Weather.

Thus I have done with a tedious Description. Only one Thing I forgot, though of more Satisfaction to me than all the rest, which I fancy you guess already; and 'tis a little Closet of Books at the End of that Green-house which joins the best Apartment; which besides their being so very near, are ranked in such a Method, that by its Mark a very *Irish* Footman may fetch any Book I want.

Under the Windows of this Closet and Green-house, is a little Wilderness full of Blackbirds and Nightingales. The Trees, tho' planted by myself, require Lopping already, to prevent their hindering the View of that fine Canal in the Park.

In this House he took great Delight, and having married the Lady *Catharina Darnley*, Natural Daughter to King *James* the Second by *Catharina Sidley*, Countess of *Dorchester*, by her had *John*, Duke of *Buckingham*, born in 1716. This Lady Duchess Dowager of *Buckingham*, was Widow of *James* Earl of *Anglesey*, from whom she was separated by Act of Parliament, for his cruel and causeless ill Usage. The Duke of *Buckingham* died in *February* 1720. He left the following Epitaph or Inscription to be put on his Tomb.

Pro



Parr Sculp

Pro Rege sæpe, pro Republica semper.

Dubius, sed non improbus vixi:

Incertus morior, non perturbatus.

Humanum est nescire & errare.

Deo confido, Christum adveneror.

Ens entium miserere mei.

We chuse to be something particular when speaking of those who most convers'd with Mr. *Pope*, thinking that by the Company any Man keeps a tolerable good Judgment may be form'd of the Man, we catch something from all with whom we are familiar, and Mr. *Pope* was so very happy in a great Memory, that all his Friends had studied and travell'd for, by Conversation he made his own.

Another great Friend to Mr. *Pope's* Translation of the *Iliad* was the Bishop of *Rocheſter*, a select Friend, and one the best belov'd by the *Engliſh Homer*: Of whom we ſhall oblige the Reader with the following Narrative.

THIS Prelate, was the Son of the Reverend Dr. *Atterbury*, late Rector of *Milton*, near *Newport-Pagnel*, in *Buckinghamſhire*. He was bred at *Westminster-School*, and from thence elected (with the faireſt Promiſes of the Great Man he has ſince made) to *Chriſt-Church College* in *Oxford*, where he accompliſh'd himſelf in the moſt polite Literature, and gain'd the greateſt Reputation as an Orator and Divine. He was very much courted and admir'd by the politeſt Perſons of the Univerſity on Account of his uncommon Abilities. His firſt Preferments were thoſe of Lecturer of *St. Brides*, and Preacher of *Bridewell*, *London*. Afterwards he was Chaplain to the *Rolls*; then Canon Reſidentiary of
Exeter,

Exeter, and Archdeacon of *Totness*: After this he was Dean of *Garlisle*, and preferr'd to the Deanery of *Christ-Church*, in *Oxford*; and in the Year 1713 he was made Dean of *Westminster*, and Bishop of *Rocheſter*, who tho' an Enemy to the Government, after the Death of *Q. Ann*, and a profess'd Friend to those who were such, kept firm to the Protestant Religion, and took all Occasions to shew his Faith and Learning upon that Point. He had not been long acquainted with *Mr. Pope* before he took an Opportunity to discourse with him on this Head, but the first time being in Company where there were *Mrs. Blount*, *Mr. Cromwell*, his own Mother, and a certain Lord, whose Principles were known to *Mr. Pope*, at whose Desire, and with whom he had read my Lord *Shaftsbury's Characteristicks*, the *Religion of Nature Delineated*, and some other Books very much in Favour of free Inquiry, *Mr. Pope* wav'd it, and taking the Bishop aside, told him, tho' he was but a bad Advocate for his Religion, its Orthodoxy and Strength would give him sufficient Power to venture an Argument with any Heretic with a Mitre or without; so free did they converse that these Words gave no Offence: That Evening was set aside for the Conversation, and they were to imagine Dean *Swift* present at the Dispute.

The Bishop began to read out of *Dr. Tillotson's* Sermons, some of which he generally carried about him, saying, that his own Sentiments were there better express'd than he *extempore*, or perhaps with his greatest Study could express them, and without any other Arguments were sufficient to convince any Man who had a Mind so large and so bless'd with Light as *Mr. Pope's*, of the great Weakness and Absurdity of the Faith of *Papists*.

Mr. Pope sat with great Patience, and in his Reply said, that the Discourses (for so he call'd them)

of

of the Archbishop were only Reasoning, and consequently could be no Rule for Faith; that his Quotations were not proper for the Subject, as he had treated it, and could be us'd by *Catholicks* in Favour of their Arguments, and that without casting away Faith, of which the Bishop own'd that he himself had sufficient Share, no Arguments could confute those excellent Tenets believ'd and commanded to be believ'd by the Church, and he farther insisted, that it was as easy to a faithful Mind to believe Transubstantiation as to believe the Trinity, the Incarnation, Miraculous Conception, or any other inconceivable Mystery, and begg'd of the Bishop to take the whole of the Christian Religion into his Heart, and not content himself with believing Part in Disobedience to the Church, to the Scripture, and the Hazard of his Eternal Welfare; he went on and said, If it were possible for any Man to raise the Dead in Proof of any other Religion than that acknowledg'd by the *Roman Church*, it would not shake his Creed, and I would to God, said he, that you and I might be stripp'd and turn'd out naked in this cold Night, divested of all our Substance and Means of Feeding, upon Condition you thought so too. This shew'd him confirm'd, and the Bishop of *Rochester*, who told this Conversation to a Friend of his a dignified Clergyman, tho' not a Bishop; said he never did intend to speak to him any more on the Subject of Religion, yet he did, and oftentimes wrote too, but found him quite immoveable.

The last Time he wrote, mixing Matters of Religion with other Subjects, was on the Death of Mr. *Pope's* Father, a Letter of Comfort and Advice to him to resign all to the Will of the Divine Being, without immoderate Sorrow. And speaking of his
Father's

Father's moral Character, he says: "That the Goodness of his Life outweigh'd all his Faith and Prayers." He advises him, and says, "He cannot help it, that something pushes him on as it were still to strive with him." And concludes with saying, "'Tis indeed a very great Pity the Protestant Church should be without such an Ornament; that tho' he had lost a Parent, God would be his Father; and that 'tis certain, notwithstanding his Mind might be quiet now through Absolution and Faith, he would, on espousing the Reform'd Religion, feel a Soul more satisfied, and a certain Earnest and Answer of Peace; which he thinks incompatible with so much Reliance on Men, Traditions, Pardons, and Indulgencies." To this Letter Mr. Pope made Answer, November 20, 1717.

My Lord,

I Am truly obliged by your kind Condolence on my Father's Death, and the Desire you express that I should improve this Incident to my Advantage. I know your Lordship's Friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that Wish both my spiritual and temporal Advantage; and it is what I owe to that Friendship to open my Mind unreservedly to you on this Head. It is true, I have lost a Parent for whom no Gains I could make would be any Equivalent. But that was not my only Tye: I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender Nature: *Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with *Euryalus*,

—*nequeam lacrymas preferre parentis.*

A rigid Divine may call it a carnal Tye, but sure it is a virtuous one; at least I am more certain, that it
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is a Duty of Nature to preserve a good Parent's Life and Happiness, than I am of any speculative Point whatever.

— *Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?*

For she, my Lord, would think this Separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my Part, know as little as poor *Euryalus* did of the Success of such an Adventure, (for an Adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive Divinity.) Whether the Change would be to my spiritual Advantage, God only knows: This I know, that I mean as well in the Religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a Man who thinks so justify a Change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the Part of joining with any Body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so to renounce the other.

Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read the best Controversies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a Secret? I did so at fourteen Years old, (for I love Reading, and my Father had no other Books) there was a Collection of all that had been written on both Sides in the Reign of King *James* the Second: I warm'd my Head with them, and the Consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by Turns, according to the last Book I read. I am afraid most Seekers are in the same Case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted as out-witted. You see how little Glory you would gain by my Conversion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same Religion if we were thoroughly understood by one another, and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together
every

every Day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in Peace with their Neighbour.

As to the *temporal* Side of the Question, I can have no Dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial Circumstances of Life, and all the shining ones, lie on the Part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any Talents for active Life, I want Health for it; and besides it is a real Truth, I have less Inclination (if possible) than Ability. Contemplative Life is not only my Scene, but it is my Habit too. I begun my Life where most People end theirs, with a Disrelish of all that the World calls Ambition: I don't know why 'tis call'd so, for to me it always seem'd to be *sleeping* or *climbing*. I'll tell you my politick and religious Sentiments in a few Words. In my Politicks, I think no farther than how to preserve the Peace of my Life, in any Government under which I live; nor in my Religion, than to preserve the Peace of my Conscience, in any Church with which I communicate. I hope all Churches and all Governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater Instruments than I am. I am not a *Papist*, for I renounce the temporal Invasions of the Papal Power, and detest their arrogated Authority over Princes, and States. I am a Catholick, in the strictest Sense of the Word. If I was born under an absolute Prince, I would be a quiet Subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due Sense of the Excellence of the *British* Constitution. In a Word, the Things I have always wish'd to see are not a Ro-

man

man Catholick, or a *French* Catholick, or a *Spanish* Catholick, but a True Catholick: And not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of *England*. Which God of his Mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future Majesties! You see, my Lord, I end like a Preacher: This is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me with infinite Obligation and sincere Thanks, ever
Your, &c.

This cool Reply satisfied him for the present, and he soon going over to the Pretender's Interest, he, as I said before, never tamper'd any more with Mr. *Pope* about Religion.

There was no Reserve between them, for when he saw Mr. *Pope's* Epitaph on Mr. *Harcourt*, he shew'd his Dislike of it, and wrote as follows:

March 26, 1721.

I Thank you for the Sight of your Verses, and with the Freedom of an honest, though perhaps injudicious Friend, must tell you; that tho' I could like some of them, if they were any Body's else but your's, and to be own'd as such, I can scarce like any of them. Not but that the four first Lines are good, especially the second Couplet; and might if follow'd by four others as good, give Reputation to a Writer of a less establish'd Fame: But from you I expect something of a more perfect Kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admir'd. When you barely exceed other Writers, you fall much below yourself: 'Tis your Misfortune now to writte without a Rival, and to be tempted by that Means to be more careless, than you would otherwise be in your Composures.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, though I have a Motion of Consequence in the House of Lords to-day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill Paper; for I write upon worse having no other at Hand. I wish you the Continuance of your Health most heartily; and am ever
Your, &c.

In the Year 1721, the Bishop retir'd to *Bromley*, still keeping on the Correspondence which ended in his Ruin, yet he took such Care to prepare, in Case of Examination, a Shew of Innocence, that he wrote few Letters with his own Hand, sign'd none, and wrote in Cypher, the Letters some were sworn by the Hand-writing to be believ'd to have been wrote by one *Kelly*, who was a *Romish* Priest conceal'd in lay Habit, and after made his Escape from the *Tower*. One Letter he confess'd to, it being taken upon his own Servant. In this Letter, the Bishop doth not insist on his Innocence in general, but considers what Evidence doth affect him: He says in the Letter, If I can't ward off the Blow, I must be a Prisoner some Years without Remedy. His Knowledge of *Kelly* was prov'd, but he denies any Intimacy, Journies to and from *Bromley*, and those attended with very odd Circumstances, yet he generally liv'd at Home, and seldom stirr'd out of his Chamber, except to Dinner: He receiv'd Persons that visited him, and was denied to none. His Domesticks, nor common Acquaintance never observ'd any Appearance of any such Thing. There was no Evidence among his Papers, tho' they were all seiz'd at both his Houses, and all his Servants confin'd; one eleven Weeks in the *Tower* who was twice search'd, and he himself was search'd also. In his Youth he studied *Tillotson* much, and wrote
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in Defence of *Martin Luther*, and died at last a Protestant *February 15, 1732*. In the latter Part of his Speech at the Bar of the House of Lords, against the Bill then depending in his own Defence, he addresses them thus :

MY Lords, as to the Pains and Penalties contained in this Bill, they are great and grievous, beyond Example in their Nature and Direction.

I am here, my Lords, and have been here expecting an immediate Tryal. I have, my Lords, declined no Impeachment. The Correspondence with the Earl of ——— was made Treason, but with me 'tis only Felony, if there is one Witness to prove it. He was allow'd the Conversation of his Children, by the express Word of the Act; mine are not so much as to write so as to be sent to me.

What is most particular in my Case, I will repeat distinctly, that my Reverend Brethren may hear it. I am rendered incapable of using or exercising any Office, Function, Authority, or Power Ecclesiastical, not only in his Majesty's Dominions, but any where else: Very hard ! such Spiritual Power as is not derived from Men, but God himself, should be taken from me.

My Lords, I insist on my Innocence; that I am not guilty; and if am not prov'd so, your Lordships will thus judge; if otherwise, I persuade myself I shall find some Degree of Mercy.

You will not strip a Man of his Substance, and then send him where he cannot subsist; you will not send him among Strangers, and then hinder others from performing Humanity to him; you will not give him less Time to order his Affairs, and depart the Kingdom, than the Bill hath taken in passing through both Houses.

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You will not divest him of all his Preferments, the chiefest Privileges he hath left, because of his Confinement; nor render him to any of his poor Fellow Subjects less useful.

The great Man I last mention'd, carry'd a great Fortune with him into Foreign Parts, and had the Languages; was well acquainted abroad: The Reverse of all this is my Case; I indeed am like him in nothing but his Innocence, and his Punishment. It is in no Man's Power to make us differ in the one, but 'tis in your Lordships Power to make us differ widely in the other; and I hope your Lordships will do it.

But to sum up the Arguments: It hath been frequently observed, that the higher the Crimes are, the fuller the Proofs ought to be. Here is a Charge of High Treason brought against me, with no Evidence at all.

My Lords pardon me, what is not Evidence at Law, can never be made so by any Power on Earth; for the Law that required the Evidence, is as much the Law of the Land, as that which declares the Crime.

It is equally unjust to declare any Proof legal, because of my Prosecution: As extraordinary would it be, to declare the Acts themselves, *ex post facto*.

Never was there a Charge of so high a Nature, and so weakly proved!

A Person dead, so that there is not an Opportunity to falsify him, by contradicting him, supported not by any one Evidence, not by any one Proof of any Thing that hath been writ or receiv'd by me, not even by any one criminal Word, prov'd to have been spoken by me; but by intercepting Letters and Correspondence, in which appears not the least Certainty.

Some

Some of those Letters, shewn to Persons, with a Design to fasten something on them; others writ in Cyphers and fictitious Names, throwing out dark and abstruse Hints of what Persons went by those Names, sometimes true and sometimes doubtful, and often false, who continue all the while Strangers to the whole Transaction, and never makes the Discovery, 'till he feels and finds it advancing itself towards him: My Lords, this is my Case in short.

I have a hard Task to prove my Innocence: Shall I stand committed before your Lordships on such an Evidence as this? The Hearsay of an Hearsay; a Party dead, and that deny'd what he said; by strange and obscure Passages and fictitious Names in Letters; by the Conjectures of Decyphers, without any Opportunity given me of examining and looking into the Truth of their Decyphering; by the Depositions of Post Office Clerks about the Similitude of Hands; their Depositions made at distant Times, and without comparing any one of the Originals, by a strange Interpretation of them; for nothing more, I am perswaded, can be made of the Arguments, than what is called the intercepted Correspondence.

Shall I, my Lords, be depriv'd of all that is dear to me, and in the Circumstances I am in, scarce able to bear up, and by such an Evidence as would not be admitted in any other Cause, or in any other Court.

And shall it be received against a Bishop of this Church, and a Member of this House? God forbid. Give me Leave to make Mention of a Text in Holy Writ: *Against an Elder receive not an Accusation, but by two or three Witnesses.* It is not said, Condemn him not upon an Accusation, &c. but receive it not; and I am something more than an Elder, and shall an Accusation against me be countenanced,

nanced, without any one Instance or Proof to support it?

This is not directly Matter of Ecclesiastical Constitution: There you read one Witness shall not rise up against an Elder; but here, at the Mouth of two Witnesses or three Witnesses, shall the Matter be established; And as this Rule was translated in the State of the Church, People always thought fit to follow it.

Shall I be the first Bishop in this Church, condemn'd upon Conjecture, on fictitious Names and obscure Passages in Letters, instead of two or three Witnesses?

Will not others endeavour to make the same Precedent, and desire the same Influence of it to succeeding Ages, and even concur in such an Act, in order to render me incapable of using or exercising any Power or Authority, &c. Is this good Divinity, or good Policy?

As to the Justice of the Legislature, in some Respects it hath as great a Power as the Sovereign Legislator of the Universe; but he can do nothing unjust. But tho' there are no Limits to be set to a Parliament, yet they are generally thought to incline themselves, to guide their Proceedings in Criminal Cases, according to the known Law.

The Parliament may order a Criminal to be tortured, Who can say they cannot? But they never did, nor ever will, I hope; because Torture is used in other Countries, and not known here.

Is it not torturing to inflict Pains and Penalties on Persons suspected of Guilt, not plainly prov'd guilty? It is not much unlike it. The Parliament may, if they please, as well as upon a Bill of perpetual Imprisonments, upon a Bill of perpetual Exile reserve to the Crown a Power to determine the one as well

as the other: They have so enacted it in the one Case, but they have not enacted it in the other. The Law knows nothing of such absolute perpetual Imprisonments.

The Law may, in like Manner, condemn a Man on a Charge of accumulated and constructive Treason: They did so in the Case of the great Lord *Stratford*, and that by accumulated and constructive Proof of such Treason; that is, by such Proofs, and well interpreted, as plainly to communicate Light and Strength to each other, and so to have all Force without the Formality of Evidence. Was such Proof ever admitted by any one, to deprive his Fellow Subject of his Fortune, of his Estate, his Friends, and Country, and send him in his old Age, without Language or Hope, without Employment to get the Necessaries of Life, to starve? I say again, God forbid.

My Ruin is not of that Moment to any Number of Men, to make it worth their while to violate, or even to seem to violate their Constitution in any Degree, which they ought to preserve against any Attempts whatsoever.

But where once such extraordinary Steps as these are taken, and we depart from the fixed Rules and Forms of Justice, and try untrodden Paths, no Man knows where he shall stop.

Tho' I am worthy of no Regard, tho' whatsoever is done to me may, for that Reason, be look'd upon to be just, yet your Lordships will have some Regard to your own lasting Interest, and that of Posterity.

This is a Proceeding with which the Constitution is not acquainted; which, under the Pretence of supporting it, will at last effectually destroy it.

For God's Sake, lay aside these extraordinary Proceedings; set not up these new and dangerous

Proceedings; I, for my Part will voluntarily and cheerfully go into perpetual Banishment, and please myself that I am, in some Measure, the Occasion of putting a Stop to such Precedents, and doing some Good to my Country; and will live wherever I am, praying for its Prosperity; and do, with the Words of Father *Paul* to the State of *Venice*, say, *Esto Perpetuo*: It is not my departing from it; let me depart, and let my Country be fix'd upon the immoveable Foundation of Law and Justice, and stand for ever.

I have, my Lords, taken up much of your Lordships Time, yet I must beg your Attention a little longer. Some Part of my Charge hath been disprov'd by direct and full Evidence, particularly of writing the Letters of the 20th of *April*, or that I knew who wrote them, which I utterly deny that I ever did or as yet do know. Other Parts of the Charge there are, which are not capable of such Disproof, or indeed require it; there I rest. But, my Lords, there is still a Way allow'd of vindicating myself. It is generally Negative; that is, by protesting and declaring my Innocence to your Lordships, in the most deliberate, serious, and solemn Manner; and appealing to God the Searcher of Hearts, as to the Truth of what I say, as I do it in what follows: I am charg'd in the Report with directing a *Correspondence* to Mr. *Kelly*; but I solemnly deny that I ever, directly or indirectly, saw a single Line of any of their Letters till I met with them in Print: Nor was the Contents of any of them communicated to me. I do in the next Place deny, that I was ever privy to any Memorial to be drawn up to be deliver'd to the Regent: Nor was I ever acquainted with any Account to be made on the King's going to *Hanover*, or at the Time of the Election:

Election: Nor did I hear the least Rumour of the Plot to take Place after the breaking up of the Camp, till some Time after Mr. *Laver*'s Commitment. I do with the same Solemnity declare, that I never collected, remitted, receiv'd, or ask'd any Money of any Man to facilitate these Designs; nor was I ever acquainted with, or had any Remittances whatsoever from any of those Persons. That I never remitted or drew any Declaration, Minutes, or Paper, in the Name of the Pretender, as is expressly charg'd upon me. And that I never knew of any Commission issued, Preparations of Arms, Officers, or Soldiers, or the Methods taken to procure any, in order to raise an Insurrection in these Kingdoms. All this I declare to be Truth, and will so declare to the last Gasp of my Breath.

And I am sure, the further your Lordships examine into this Affair, the more you will be convinc'd of my Innocency: Yet they contain all the Capital Articles of which I am accus'd in the Report of the House of Commons.

Had the Charge been as fully prov'd as ascertained, it had been vain to make Protestations of my Innocence, tho' never so solemn.

But as the Charge is supported by the slightest Probabilities, and which cannot be disprov'd in any Instance, without proving a Negative; allow the solemn Affeверations of a Man in Behalf of his own Innocence to have their due Weight; and I ask no more, than that they may have as much Influence with your Lordships as they have of Truth.

If in any Account there shall still be thought by your Lordships to be any seeming Strength in the Proofs against me: If by your Lordships Judgments, springing from unknown Motives, I shall be thought to be guilty: If for any Reasons, or Necessity of State,

State, in Wisdom and Justice, of which I am no competent Judge: If your Lordships should proceed to pass this Bill against me, I shall dispose myself quietly and tacitly to submit to what you do: God's Will be done. *Naked came I out of my Mother's Womb, and Naked shall I return*; and whether He gives or takes away, *Blessed be the Name of the LORD*.

This was on the 11th of May, 1723, and the next Month he went into Exile. Whilst he was Prisoner in the Tower, he wrote to Mr. *Pope* a Letter dated April 10, 1723, which Mr. *Pope* has answered in two; the Letters are copied underneath.

Dear Sir,

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I Thank you for all the Instances of your Friendship, both before, and since my Misfortunes. A little Time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what Part of the World soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere Kindness to me; and will please my self with the Thought, that I still live in your Esteem and Affection, as much as ever I did; and that no Accidents of Life, no Distance of Time, or Place, will alter you in that Respect. It never can me; who have lov'd and valu'd you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allow'd to tell yo so; as the Case will soon be. Give my faithful Service to Dr. *Arbutnot*, and Thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the Purpose, if any Thing can be said to be to the Purpose, in a Case that is already determin'd. Let him know my Defence will be such, that neither my Friends need blush for me, nor will my Enemies have great Occasion of Triumph, tho' sure of the Victory.

Victory. I shall want his Advice before I go abroad, in many Things. But I question whether I shall be allow'd to see him, or any Body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the Dispatch of my private Affairs. If so, may God bless you both! and may no Part of the ill Fortune that attends me ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my Hearing, to say somewhat about my Way of spending my Time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing Plots and Conspiracies. But of that I shall consider——You and I have spent many Hours together on much pleasanter Subjects; and, that I may preserve the old Custom, I shall not part with you now till I have clos'd this Letter, with three Lines of *Milton*, which you will I know, readily and not without some Degree of Concern apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

*Some natural Tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon:
The World was all before him, where to chuse
His Place of Rest, and Providence his Guide.*

Mr. POPE's Answers.

IT is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but for you, for some Time past: and shall think of nothing so long for the Time to come. The greatest Comfort I had was an Intention (which I should have made practicable) to have attended you in your Journey, to which I had brought that Person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a Tye which, tho' it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of Friendship. But I fear there will be no Way left me to tell you this great Truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I
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am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you: No Way but that One, which needs no open Warrant to authorize it, or secret Conveyance to secure it; which no Bills can prelude, and no Kings prevent; a Way that can reach to any Part of the World where you may be, where the very Whisper or even the Wish of a Friend must not be heard, or even suspected: By this Way, I dare tell my Esteem and Affection of you, to your Enemies in the Gates; and you, and they, and their Sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the Friend I am; in judging that the Manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a Point of the highest Concern to me: And assuring me it shall be such, that none of your Friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do your self the best and most lasting Justice: The Instruments of your Fame to Posterity will be in your own Hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful Work, and calls you to it this severe Way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the Publick even now, than in the Stations you have so honourably fill'd. Think of *Tully*, *Bacon*, and *Clarendon*: It is not the latter, the disgrac'd Part of their Lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have liv'd?

I am tenderly sensible of the Wish you express, that no Part of your Misfortune may pursue me. But God knows I am every Day less fond of my native Country, (so torn as it is by Party-rage) and begin to consider a Friend in Exile as a Friend in Death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepar'd to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the Roads and Voyages of another World may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing Hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that there is no One, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftner or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a State between both, in which you will have from me all the Passions and warm Wishes that can attend the living, and all the Respect and tender Sense of Loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant Friendship, kind Memory, and good Offices, tho' I were never to see or hear the good Effects of them: like the Trust we have in benevolent Spirits, who, tho' we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every Time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remembered) the Honour, the Pleasure, the Pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguish'd me, how cordially you have advis'd me! In Conversation, in Study, I shall always want you, and wish for you: In my most lively, and in my most thoughtful Hours, I shall equally bear about me, the Impressions of you: And perhaps it will not be in this Life only, that I shall have Cause to remember and acknowledge the Friendship of the Bishop of *Rochester*.

I am, &c.

May 1723.

ONCE more I write to you as I promis'd, and this once I fear will be the last! The Curtain will soon be drawn between my Friend and me, and nothing be left but to wish you a long good Night. May you enjoy a State of Repose in this Life, not unlike that

that Sleep of the Soul which some have believ'd is to succeed it, where we lye utterly forgetful of that World from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any Memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a Dream of an absent Friend, or bring you back an agreeable Conversation. But upon the Whole I hope you will think less of the Time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the World your Studies; they will tend to the Benefit of Men against whom you have no Complaint, I mean of all Posterity: And perhaps at your Time of Life, nothing else is worth your Care. What is every Year of a wise Man's Life but a Censure or Critick on the past? Those whose Date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one Half of it: The Boy despises the Infant, the Man the Boy, the Philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your Manhood was too much a Puerility; and you'll never suffer your Age to be but a second Infancy. The Toys and Baubles of your Childhood are hardly now more below you, than those Toys of our riper and of our declining Years, the Drums and Rattles of Ambition, and the Dirt and Bubbles of Avarice. At this Time, when you are cut off from a little Society and made a Citizen of the World at large, you should bend your Talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all Mankind. Your Genius should mount above that Mist in which its Participation and Neighbourhood with Earth long involv'd it; to shine abroad and to Heav'n, ought to be the Business and the Glory of your present Situation. Remember it was at such a Time, that the greatest Lights of Antiquity dazled and blazed the most, in
their

Retreat, in their Exile, or in their Death : But why do I talk of dazling or blazing ? It was then that they did good, that they gave Light, and that they became Guides to Mankind.

Those Aims alone are worthy of Spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be your's. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguish'd, in the noblest Minds ; but Revenge never will harbour there : Higher Principles than those of the first, and better Principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence Men, whose Thoughts and whose Hearts are enlarg'd, and cause them to prefer the Whole to any Part of Mankind, especially to so small a Part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit enter'd into another Life, as one just upon the Edge of Immortality ; where the Passions and Affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little Views, and all mean Retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back ; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the World look after you. But take Care that it be not with Pity, but with Esteem and Admiration.

I am with the greatest Sincerity, and Passion for your Fame as well as Happiness,

Your, &c.

This was a very great Trouble to Mr. *Pope*, who when he could get the Bishop with him, us'd to give all his Time to him, and made great Lamentation at his Banishment, exclaiming that he thought himself a most unfortunate Wretch, for that he no sooner lov'd, and upon Knowledge fix'd his Esteem upon any Man, but either he died like Mr. *Craggs*, or was sent to Banishment like the Bishop. Not-

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Notwithstanding the great Intimacy and continual Correspondence of Mr. *Pope* with the Bishop, both before the Time of his Imprisonment, during that Time, and after his Banishment, it does not appear that Mr. *Pope*'s Name was ever called in Question; for he had got the Art of keeping in with both Parties; and at the same Time that he was in great Favour with the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Lords *Bolingbroke*, *Oxford*, and *Harcourt*, Dr. *Swift*, Mr. *Prior*, and others of the *Tory* Party, he did not fail in his Court to the Lord *Hallifax*, Mr. *Addison*, Mr. *Craggs*, and most of those who were at the Head of the *Whig* Interest. He wrote to Mr. *Addison*, that he was only desirous of getting as much by the *Whigs* as he had done by the *Tories*, that was to say Civility: But a *Jacobite* one Day speaking to him the Sense or Nonsense of the Weak of his Party, very fairly said, That the good People took it ill of him, that he should write with *Steele* tho' upon never so indifferent a Subject: At which he laugh'd, said he hated a Narrowness of Soul in any Party; that if he renounc'd his Reason in religious Matters, he should hardly do it in any other; and that he could pray not only for opposite Parties but even for opposite Religions. In Fact, he knew his Interest better than to differ with the Great; and if they enter'd into Quarrels among themselves, he never interested himself on either Side, as appears in his continual Friendship and Favour both with the Lords *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*, when the Difference arose between them in the latter End of the Reign of Queen *Anne*; who had been miserably misled by *Oxford* and others, and scarcely took one right Step in Government Affairs after the Death of her Husband, the Prince of *Denmark*. She was for sometime wholly influenced by Mrs. *Masham*, since Lady *Masham*; a Tool of *Oxford*'s;

Oxford's; an indigent Relation of the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*; compaſſionated and relieved by her, and then recommended to be and made one of the Bed-chamber Women to the Queen. This Woman, without any ſeeming Significancy, or any Thing to call a Character, (except a pretended Zeal to the Church, with which ſhe inflamed the Heart of the Queen, and a Means ſhe had found of incapacitating the Queen for Buſineſs, and anſwering for her,) ſupplanted the Dutcheſs in the Queen's Favour, and fill'd up all her Places as faſt as ſhe reſign'd them. Nay, ſhe ſo wrought upon the Weakneſs of that miſtaken Princeſs, that ſhe did not ſee the Dutcheſs for ſome Years before her Death, nor would hear her ſpeak, tho' ſollicited with Tears; always repeating the ſame Words, which was the Cuſtom of her Father King *James*, that ſhe might write. It muſt appear ſtrange, that ſo very mean and at firſt deſpicable an Inſtrument, without any of the Qualities neceſſary for thoſe who have the Ears of Princes, ſhould be able to whiſper out of Favour, and at laſt baniſh from the Royal Preſence, a Lady of the Experience and conſummate Abilities of the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*; who had liv'd in a continued Friendſhip carried to an uncommon Height with the Queen, inſomuch, to make it ſo that they might correſpond with more Openneſs, and without any Diſtance, the Queen diveſted herſelf of her Royalty and Name, and ſign'd all her Letters to the Dutcheſs *Morley*, which ſhe anſwered under the Name of *Freeman*.

It was while the Queen was under the bad Management of Lady *Masſham*, the Lords *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* became at Variance; but the Queen's Death putting them both out of Play, the Conſequences that muſt neceſſarily have follow'd the Schemes, then not only projected but brought for-

ward into Laws, were happily prevented. The Schism Bill, which was to have been put in Force that very Day, the First of *August*, was neglected and trampled on; and the next Session of Parliament revers'd, Liberty, and Liberty of Conscience began to take Root again in these Kingdoms; where may they bloom and flourish, under Protestant Princes, as long as Time shall endure.

Whoever is desirous to look further into this Period of Queen *Anne's* Reign, will do well to read the Report of the Secret-Committee for the Year 1715.

It was about a Year before the Death of the Queen that Dr. *Atterbury* was made Dean of *Westminster*, and Bishop of *Rocheſter*; and he then entering heartily into the Measures of that bad Administration, it gave him a Taint which mix'd with all that he ever afterwards transacted.

An anonymous Poem, called *An Epistle to Alexander Pope, Esq;* occasioned by some of his late Writings, which was wrote soon after his *Characters of Women*, mentions the Bishop and the Schism Bill together thus:

That mitred Friend, the *Moloch* of our Land,
In Sacrifice our Children did demand;
Dreadful Subjection, and Obedience dire!
To let them pass to him thro' *Papal* Fire:
Even *Swift* abhorr'd it, and wilt thou refuse
To join thy wittiest Friend and Rival Muse?
Pride of our Language, thy immortal Strain
Was ne'er design'd to follow Faction's Train;
'Tis taking from thyself the Poet's Crown,
And teaching others how to pull thee down:
No, reign secure the Monarch of sweet Lays,
And let it be our Parts to give thee Praise:
Follow no more the Objects of our Shame;
Nor gild those Statues that are dead to Fame, &c.
The

The Bishop in his Banishment suffered Ten Thousand Deaths, always languish'd after his Country, and never relish'd the Manners nor Customs of *France*; tho' as to his Health, he had it rather better than in *England*. And now, notwithstanding he had been declared an Enemy to his Country, had Pains and Penalties inflicted on him, and knew himself hated by the Body of the People of *England*, he was still desirous to appear as honourable to them as he could; and being branded by Mr. *Oldmixon* of a Fraud in Regard to *Clarendon's* History, he sent to Mr. *Pope* a Justification of his Innocence on this Head.

This Mr. *Oldmixon* pretended to be a Writer of Secret History; but as his History (if such a Lump of Lies deserves that Name) has been hiss'd out of the World, we shall only insert the Bishop's Vindication.

To Mr. POPE.

Dear Sir,

YOU will wonder to see me in Print, but how could I avoid it? The Dead and the Living, my Friends and my Foes, at home and abroad, call upon me to say something; and the Reputation of an * History, which I and all the World value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed here, in Hopes that somebody afterward may venture to reprint in *England*, notwithstanding those two frightening Words at the Close of it.† Whether that happens or not, it is fit you should have a Sight of it, who I know will read it with some Degree of Satisfaction, as it is mine, tho' it should have (as it

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really

* Lord *Clarendon's*

† His Name.

really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*: For that may well be the Case, considering that within a few Months I am entering into my Seventieth Year ; after which, even the Healthy and the Happy cannot much depend upon Life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will lose a Friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my Circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. *Morice*, and wondered a little that I did not ; but he owns himself in a Fault, for not giving you due Notice of his Motions. It was not amiss that you forbore writing to me on a Head, wherein I promis'd more than I was able to perform. Disgraced Men fancy sometimes that they preserve an Influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their Mistake. I did so, my good Friend, and acknowledge it under my Hand. You sounded the Coast and found out my Error, it seems, before I was aware of it ; but enough on this Subject.

What are you doing in *England* to the Honour of Letters? and particularly what are you doing? *Ipse quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis Thyma?* Do you pursue the moral * Plan you mark'd out, and seem'd sixteen Months ago so intent upon? Am I to see it perfected ere I die? And are you to enjoy the Reputation of it while I live? Or do you rather chuse to leave the Marks of your Friendship, like the Legacies of a Will, to be read and enjoy'd only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope to peep into the Manuscript before it was finished. But alas! there is and will

* The *Essay on Man*.

will ever probably be, a great Deal of Land and Sea between us. How many Books have come out of late in your Parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them; the Catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much Trouble. They must be good ones indeed to challenge any Part of my Time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squander'd whole Days heretofore, now husband Hours, when the Glass begins to run low, and care not to mis-spend them on Trifles. At the End of the Lottery of Life, our last Minutes, like Tickets left in the Wheel, rise in their Valuation. They are not of so much Worth perhaps in themselves, as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with Reason. I do so, my dear Friend, and yet think the most precious Minutes of my Life are well employ'd, in reading what you write. But this is a Satisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others, which are less entertaining. Adieu, dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the Heroes of the *Dunciad*. It was necessary for me either to accept of his dirty Challenge, or to have suffer'd in the Esteem of the World by declining it. My Respects to your Mother: I send a Paper for Dean *Swift*, if you have an Opportunity, and think it worth your while to convey it. My Country, at this Distance, seems to me a strange Sight, I know not how it appears to you who are in the Midst of the Scene, and yourself a Part of it; I wish you would tell me. You may write safely to Mr. *Morice*, by the honest Hand that conveys this, and will return into these Parts before *Christmas*: Sketch out a rough Draught of it, that I may be able to judge, whether a Return to it be really eligible, or whether I should not, like the Chymist in the Bottle, upon hearing Don *Qu*

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vedo's Account of *Spain*, desired to be cork'd up again. After all, I do and must love my Country, with all its Faults and Blemishes; even that Part of the Constitution, which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my Side, shall ever be dear to me. My last Wish will be like that of Father *Paul*, *Esto perpetua*; and when I die at a Distance from it, it will be in the same Manner as *Virgil* describes the expiring *Peloponnesian*,

Sternitur, & dulces mores reminiscitur Argos.

Do I still live in the Memory of my Friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your Paper Squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free Concessions on that Head, tho' made with no View of doing me a Pleasure, but merely of loading another.

I am, &c.

FR. ROFFEN.

Paris, Oct. 26, 1731.

I Have lately seen an Extract of some Passages in Mr. *Oldmixon's* History of *England*. The first of them is said to be taken from his Preface to that History, page 9, and runs in these Words.

“ I have, in more than one Place of this History, mention'd the great Reason there is to suspect, that the History of the Rebellion, as it was publish'd at *Oxford*, was not entirely the Work of the Lord *Clarendon*; who did indeed write an History of those Times, and, I doubt not, a very good one; wherein, as I have been (I believe) well inform'd, the *Characters* of the *Kings* whose Reigns are written, were different from what they appear in the *Oxford* History, and its Copy, Mr. *Echard's*. I speak this by
“ Hearsay,

“ Hearsay, but *Hearsay from a Person superior to*
 “ *all Suspicion, and too illustrious to be named,* with-
 “ out Leave.

“ I also humbly refer it to the Decision of *ano-*
 “ *ther very honourable Person,* whether there is not,
 “ to his Knowledge, such an History, in Manu-
 “ script, still extant; and *to a reverend Doctor,*
 “ *now living,* whether he did not see the *Oxford*
 “ Copy, by which the Book is printed, altered,
 “ and interpolated, while it was at the Press.

“ To which I must add, that there is now in
 “ Custody of a *Gentleman of Distinction, both for*
 “ *Merit and Quality* *, a History of the Rebellion,
 “ of the first *Folio* Edition, scored, in many Places,
 “ by Mr. *Edmund Smith, of Christ-Church, Oxon.*
 “ Author of that excellent Tragedy, *Phædra* and
 “ *Hippolytus*; who himself alter’d the Manuscript
 “ History, and added what he has there mark’d,
 “ as he confess’d with some of his last Words, be-
 “ fore his Death. These Alterations, written with
 “ his own Hand, and to be seen by any one that
 “ knows it, may be publish’d, on another Occa-
 “ sion, with a farther Account of this Discovery.
 “ In the mean time, for the Satisfaction of the
 “ Public, I insert a Letter, entire which I receiv-
 “ ed since the last Paragraph was written.

To Mr. ——— *

S I R,

“ A ccidentally looking on some of the Sheets of
 “ your History of *England*, during the Reigns
 “ of

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* *George Duckett, Esq;* one of the Commissioners of
 Excise.

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“ of the Royal House of *Stuart*, at the Bookseller’s,
 “ I find that you mention the History of Lord *Clarendon*, wherein you justly question the Genuineness of that Book ; in order to put the Matter
 “ out of doubt, I here send you the following
 “ Account.

“ Mr. *Edmund Smith*, a Man very well known
 “ to the learn’d World, came down to make me
 “ a Visit at * * *, about *June*, 1710, where he
 “ continu’d till he died, about six Weeks after.

“ As our Conversation chiefly ran upon Learning and History, you may easily think that *Clarendon*’s was not forgotten : Upon mentioning
 “ that Book, he frankly told me, that there had
 “ been a fine History written by Lord *Clarendon*,
 “ but what was publish’d under his Name was only
 “ Patchwork, and might as properly be call’d, the
 “ *History of AL-SMALL and ATTERBURY*: For,
 “ to his Knowledge, ’twas alter’d ; nay, that he
 “ himself was employ’d by them to interpolate and
 “ alter the Original.

“ He then ask’d me, whether I had the Book by
 “ me ? If I had, he would convince me of the Truth
 “ of his Assertion, by the very printed Copy : I
 “ immediately brought him the *Folio* Edition ; and
 “ the first Thing he turn’d to was the Character
 “ of Mr. *Hampden*, where is that Expression : He
 “ had a Head to contrive, a Heart to conceive, and
 “ a Hand to execute any Villany.† He then declar’d

† The Words are much softer in the History, where, instead of a *Heart to conceive*, we find, a *Tongue to persuade* ; and instead of the Word *Villany*, that of *Mischief* ; as the Citation is, in another Part of this Extract truly made. The unknown Writer of this Letter, i. e.,
 Col.

“ red, that it was foisted in by those Reverends. Sir,
 “ I have only to add this, that he not only under-
 “ lined this Passage, as a Forgery, but gave, during
 “ the short Time he liv’d with me, the same Re-
 “ mark to some Hundreds more.

I am, Sir, &c. ||

In a second Passage said to be taken from page 227 of the History itself, Mr. Oldmixon is represented as expressing himself thus :

“ In the Character of this great and excellent
 “ Man, Mr. Hampden, which we could wish had
 “ escap’d his (Lord Clarendon’s) Drawings, or the
 “ Drawings of those clumsy Painters, into whose
 “ Hands his Work fell, there is something so very
 “ false and base, that such Coin could only come
 “ from a College Mint. (*In a Word, what was*
 “ *said of Cinna, might well be applied to Hamp-*
 “ *den; he had a Head to contrive, and a Tongue to*
 “ *persuade, and a Hand to execute any Mischief.*
 “ *His Death, therefore, seem’d to be a great Deli-*
 “ *verance to the Nation.*)

“ There are not Words to express the Infamy
 “ of this Slander and Imposture, nor the unparall’d
 “ Wickedness of those Doctors, who foisted so horrid
 “ a Reflection into that Character. The Person who
 “ did it was Mr. Edmund Smith, of Oxford, Au-
 “ thor of *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, a Tragedy;
 “ who, at his Death, confess’d to the Gentleman,
 “ in whose House he died, that, among a great
 “ Number

Col. Duckett, while he is charging others with the Crime of falsifying Lord Clarendon’s History, should have taken care to stand clear of it himself.

|| George Duckett.

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“ Number of *Alterations* and *Additions*, which he
 “ himself made, in the *History of the Rebellion*, by
 “ Order of Dr. Aldrich, Dr. Atterbury, and Dr.
 “ Smallridge, *successive Deans of Christ-Church*, this
 “ very *Saying of Cinna*, applied to Mr. Hampden,
 “ was one; and when he read it to one of those
 “ *Doctors*, he clapp’d him on the Back, and cried,
 “ with an *Assèveration*, *It will do*. The Confes-
 “ sion Mr. Smith made, and the Remorse he ex-
 “ press’d for being concern’d in this Imposture,
 “ were his last Words.”

A great Part of the first of these Passages, including the Letter, is translated *verbatim* into French, and publish’d in a Journal, intituled, *Bibliothèque Raisonnée des Ouvrages des Savans de l’Europe, pour les Mois de Juillet, Aoust, Septemb. 1730. Tome 5me, 1re Partie. A Amsterdam, chez les Wetsteins & Smith 1730. Art. 5. Page 154, &c.*

After which the *Journalist* adds the following *Reflexion*.

Cette decouverte fait peu d’Honneur aux trois Theologiens qui sont nommez dans la Lettre, & qui ont pourtant tenu un grand rang dans l’Angleterre, & dans la Republique des Lettres. Comme Mr. ATTERBURY, ci-devant Evêque de Rochester, l’un des trois est encore vivant, il ne sera pas apparemment insensible a une accusation si grave; & le Public attend de lui éclaircissmens que l’intérêt seul de sa reputation semble en exiger. S’il se tait, dans cette rencontre, il n’y a point de doute que la falsification est prouvée; & quand mesme il ne ce tairoit pas, il faut que les éclaircissmens soient bien forts pour détruire ces faits.

This

This Discovery does little Honour to the three Divines named in the Letter, &c. As Mr. Atterbury, heretofore Bishop of Rochester, one of the three, is still living, he will not probably be insensible of so grievous an Accusation; and the Publick expects from him such Accounts of it, as even the Interest of his own Reputation seems to require. If he is silent on this Occasion, the Falsification is prov'd; and should he not be silent, what he shall say, to clear up this Matter, must be very strong, to destroy the Credit of such a Testimony.

Being called upon in this publick Manner, I think my self oblig'd to declare, that the foregoing Account, in all its Parts, as far as I am any Ways concern'd, is entirely false and groundless; for I never saw my Lord Clarendon's History in Manuscript, either before, or since the Edition of it; nor ever read a Line of it, but in Print. It was impossible, therefore, that I should deal with Mr. Smith in the Manner represented, with whom (as far as I can recollect) I never exchanged one Word in all my Life; and whom I know not that I ever saw, till after the Edition of that History. If therefore he express'd himself to this Purpose, in his last Moments (as I charitably hope he did not) he wronged me extremely, and died with a Lie in his Mouth.

This Vindication of the Truth and my self, is necessary, since I happen to survive the two other worthy Persons mentioned. Were they alive, they would, I doubt not, be equally able and ready to clear themselves from so foul an Aspersion. As to one of them, Dr. Smallridge, the late Bishop of Bristol, no Suspicion of this Kind can possibly rest on his Memory, because he was not any Ways concerned in preparing that History for the Press; but as much a Stranger to the Contents of it, as I my self was, till it came forth

forth in Print. I speak with the more Assurance on this Head, because my great Intimacy with him, as my Contemporary, both at *Westminster* and *Christ-Church*, gave me all the Advantages requisite towards knowing the Truth of what I say: With Dr. *Aldrich*, the third Person accus'd, I was acquainted more at a Distance: However, being called upon in the Manner I am, I will also add what has come to my Knowledge, with regard to the Share He and Others had in the Publication of that History.

The revising of the Manuscript (written, as I have heard, not very correctly) was committed to the Care of Bishop *Sprat*, and Dean *Aldrich*, by the late Earl of *Rochester*, who himself assisted in that Revision, from the Beginning to the End of the Work: So that any Changes, made in it, must have had the Consent of those three Persons. They were Men of Probity and Truth, and incapable of conspiring in a Design to impose on the Publick. I can cite nothing, that is material in this Point, from the Mouth of the *Earl*, with whom I rarely convers'd; but the *Bishop* and the *Dean*, to whom I severally succeeded in the Deaneries of *Christ-Church* and *Westminster*, and in the See of *Rochester*, have occasionally more than once assured me, that no Additions were made to the Manuscript History: And even the *Earl*, in his Preface to the first Volume (for his I take it to be, tho' no Name is affix'd to it) has publicly protested his Innocence in this Respect, where he declares, that *They who put forth the History* (he means himself and his Brother, as appears from what follows) *durst not take upon them to make any Alterations in a Work of this Kind, solemnly left with them to be published, whenever it should be published, as it was delivered to them.*

Could he, and the other two Persons by him employed,

ployed, be supposed to have made any Additions, notwithstanding such Assurances to the contrary, yet their good Sense (if not their Integrity) would have prevented, at least, their re-touching those *Characters*, which are allowed to be the most distinguished and most beautiful Part of the Work, and to have something of Original in them, that is not to be imitated. The After-strokes of any less able Pencil, intermix'd with those of the first masterly Hand, would soon be discovered: And yet I am persuaded, the most discerning Eye can find out no Traces of such a Mixture; no, not in the Character of Mr. *Hampden*, even in those Words, at the Close of it, against which Mr. *Oldmixon* so warmly declaims; they are perfectly in the Stile and Manner of my Lord *Clarendon*; they contain nothing new in them, but only sum up, in short, what he had scattered through different Parts of the two first Volumes. Let the Reflections there made be never so severe, they may naturally be supposed, in the Warmth of Composition, to have come from the Pen of an Historian, who had himself with Zeal opposed Mr. *Hampden*'s Measures, and both seen and felt the fatal Consequences of them: But that the Editors of his History, no Ways concern'd in those Transactions, should, 60 Years afterwards, coolly and deliberately make such a needless Insertion, is not to be imagin'd.

The Complaint, on this and other Heads, should have been brought against these Editors, while it was capable of being thoroughly examin'd; at present, it comes a little too late, unless it were better supported: Their very Characters, to those who knew them, and the Nature of the Evidence, to those who did not, will be judg'd a sufficient Confutation of it: For, pray, what is this Evidence? It consists in an *Hear-say from a Person, superior to all Suspicion*, it seems,

seems, but too *Illustrious to be named*: In an Appeal to another very honourable Person, to a Reverend Doctor now living, and to a Gentleman of Distinction, both for Merit and Quality; none of whose Names are thought fit to be owned: The only one produced in the Case, is that of Mr. Smith, the Author of an excellent Tragedy; but certainly not an Author of Rank and Weight enough to blast the Credit of such an excellent History: Of what Use can this Testimony be to his Purpose (even supposing the Account of it exact) when it is undoubtedly false, as to two of the three Persons it is levelled at, Dr. Smallridge and myself; and may therefore be justly presumed alike false, as to the third, Dr. Aldrich? Mr. Smith appears to have been so little in the Secret of the Edition of that Book, as not to have known the Hands thro' which it passed; and is not therefore to be relied upon in his Accounts of any other Circumstances relating to it, especially with regard to Dr. Aldrich, his Governor at *Christ-Church*; for whom his personal Assertion, and the true Reasons of it, are too well understood to need explaining. I forbear saying any Thing harsh of one, not able to answer for himself; but many, now alive, who knew them both, know how improbable, and altogether incredible it is, that Mr. Smith should have had the least Share in Dr. Aldrich's Confidence, on so nice, or, indeed, on any Occasion. The Gentleman, who seems to be convinced of the Truth of Mr. Smith's Assertions, by his having pointed out and underlined the Passages, in Print, which he said he was employed (by the three successive Deans) to interpolate and alter, in Manuscript, must surely have been very willing to be convinced; otherwise, he would not have taken a mere Assertion for a Proof, in such a Case, and from such a Person. The Story of this Death-bed Declaration slept for a-
bout

about twenty Years ; near thirty have passed since the History of the Rebellion was published (I mean the first Part of it) and not a few, since the Death of every Person that either was, or is falsely said to have been, concerned in that Publication, my self only excepted. I might, probably, at the Distance of *Montpelier*, where I was when Mr. *Oldmixon* wrote, never have heard of what he lays to my Charge (Intelligence of that Kind being, as he knows, not very open to me) or, should it reach me, I might yet, in my present Circumstances, be supposed not over-sollicitous to appear in the Disproof of it. The Delay of the Accusation thereof, if without Design, was not without its Advantages ; and had it been deferr'd a little longer, till I was not only out of the Way, but out of the World, it had still a fairer Chance towards being uncontradicted, and consequently credited. I have lived to hear this idle Tale, and to bear Witness against it: There is no Vanity in hoping, that, old as I am, I shall outlive the Belief of it. An *Holland* Journal gave me the first Notice how I had been treated, and by that Means an Opportunity of vindicating my self ; which I was the rather determined not to decline, because I suffered in Company with others, Men of great Note and Merit, thro' whose Sides the Authority of a noble and useful Part of our *English* History was struck at. Where I only am aspersed and wronged, I can, I thank God, more easily practise Patience, and submit to Indignities and Injuries in Silence. A foreign Writer has used me, in this Case, with greater Civility, and Temper, than Mr. *Oldmixon*, whom I know not that I have ever offended. I forgive him his ill Words, and his hard Thoughts, and only desire him for the future not to indulge himself in ill-natured Relations of this Kind, without better Vouchers. His Attack on me,
and

and on the Dead, who he thought might be insulted with equal Safety, is no Proof of a generous and worthy Mind ; nor has he done any Honour to his own History, by the fruitless Pains he has taken to discredit that of my Lord *Clarendon* ; which, like the Character of its Author, will gain Strength by Time ; and will be in the Hands and Esteem of all Men, when Mr. *Oldmixon*'s unjust Censure of it will not be remember'd, or not regarded.

FR. ROFFEN.

Before I leave speaking of the abovemention'd learned Prelate, I shall take the Liberty to add, that he was an excellent Poet, and compos'd several fine Pieces both in *Latin* and *English*.

Among his *Latin* Compositions, his elegant Translation of Mr. *Dryden*'s *Absalem and Achitophel* is deservedly celebrated. He was of great Service to Mr. *Pope* as a friendly Critick ; always, like Dean *Swift*, taking the Liberty to condemn any Thing in his Writings, which they thought would prove any Way prejudicial to that Reputation he had acquir'd : They both often us'd to repeat to him a Distich out of the Children's Poet, Mr. *Withers*, who furnish'd the Infant World with Emblems like those of Mr. *Quarles*, no less famous, but rather an honest Man than the other. These, if they were no Poets, often spoke the Truth ; and their Writings were always recommended to all under twelve Years of Age, especially Female, by the three beforementioned great Wits :

Thy Credit keep, 'tis quickly gone ;
Got by many Actions, lost by one.

This Lesson well learn'd by the Bishop himself, or well remember'd, for Dr. *Francis Atterbury* had done many

many laudable Actions, had sav'd him many a heavy Sigh, sav'd him from a Thousand Fears he afterwards went through, and from all the Confusion arising from Guilt, Conviction, and Punishment.

But I forget that I am speaking of him as a Poet :
The four following short Poems we shall find Room for :

HORACE, Ode 9. Book III.

A Dialogue between *Horace* and *Lydia*.

Horace.

W Hilst I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer Youth, reclin'd
On your soft Bosom, sunk to Rest,
Phraates was not half so blest.

Lydia. Whilst you ador'd no other Face,
Nor lov'd me in the second Place,
My happy celebrated Fame,
Outshone ev'n *Ilia's* envy'd Flame.

Horace. Me *Chloe* now possesses whole,
Her Voice and Lyre command my Soul :
Nor would I Death itself decline,
Could her Life ransom'd be with mine.

Lydia. For me young lovely *Calais* burns,
And Warmth for Warmth my Heart returns.
Twice would I Life with Ease resign,
Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

Horace. What if sweet Love, whose Bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the Yoke ;
Should banish'd *Chloe* cease to reign,
And *Lydia* her lost Power regain ?

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O

Lydia.

Lydia. Tho' *Hesp'rus* be less fair than he,
 Thou wilder than the raging Sea,
 Lighter than Down, yet gladly I
 With thee would live, with thee would die.

HORACE, *Ode 3. Book IV.*

To his Muse, by whose Favour he acquires immortal Fame.

HE, on whose Birth the *Lyric Queen*
 Of Numbers smil'd, shall never grace
 The *Isthmian* Gauntlet, nor be seen
 First in the fam'd *Olympic Race*.
 He shall not after Toils of War
 And taming haughty Monarch's Pride,
 With lawrell'd Brows conspicuous far,
 To *Jove's Tarpeian* Temple ride.
 But hem the Streams that warbling flow,
 Rich *Tyber's* flowery Meads along,
 And shady Groves (his Haunts) shall know
 The Master of the *Æolian* Song.
 Thy Sons of *Rome*, majestick *Rome*!
 Have fix'd me in the Poet's Choir,
 And Envy now, or dead, or dumb,
 Forbear to blame what they admire.
 Goddesses of the sweet-sounding Lute,
 Which thy harmonious Touch obeys,
 Who canst the finny Race, tho' mute,
 To Cygnet's dying Accents raise;
 The Gift it is, that all with Ease
 My new unrival'd Honours own;
 That I still live, and living please,
 O Goddess! is thy Gift alone.

*In OBITUM Egregii Juvenis ******

SHIRLEY.

I.

DUM te canoræ turba sciens lyræ,
Urgent adeptum flebilibus modis,
Hoc dulcis umbra, ne recuses
Officium tenuis Camænæ.

II.

Cui se favebit Phœbus amior,
Tot illa Famæ, chare Puër, tuæ
Apponet annos, quod caducæ
Mors adimit properata vitæ.

III.

Non hic fideles quod bene feceris,
Chartæ filebunt, te Pudor & Fides,
Commendat, integrique mores,
Et decorans benè nata virtus.

IV.

Præsens fugacem sistere spiritum
Heu! nulla Virtus, nec Pietas moram,
Pudorve, febri luctuosæ
Attulit indomitæque morti.

V.

Quid illa velox profuit indolēs
Aut mens virilis? Omnium breve,
Virtutis ævum! præcociſque
Ingenii fragiles honores.

VI.

Sic mille flores inter amabiles
Narcissus horti gloria verticem
Attollit altè, mox reclinem
Sternit humi pluvialis Auster.

EPIGRAM on his Mistress's FAN.

F *Lavia*, the least and slightest Toy
 Can with resistless Art employ :
 This Fan in meaner Hands would prove
 An Engine of small Force in Love ;
 Yet she, with graceful Air and Mien,
 Not to be told, or fairly seen,
 Directs its wanton Motions so,
 That it wounds more than *Cupid's* Bow ;
 Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame ;
 To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.

As well as a short Inscription in *Latin* with a Design to have it inscrib'd on *Dryden's* Monument, which is all that is to be said of him, and yet nothing more than he deserves :

Johanni Drideno.

Cui Poesis Anglicana,
 Vim suam, ac Veneres debet ;
 Et siquâ in Posterum augebitur laude,
 Est adhuc debitura :
 Honoris ergo P. &c.

If only *Dryden's* Name was fix'd below, and his Busto above, he made these Lines, which he did not think improper to be grav'd just under the Name :

This *Sheffield* rais'd, to *Dryden's* Ashes just,
 Here fix'd his Name, and there his lawrel'd Bust.
 What else the Muse in Marble might express,
 Is known already ; Praise would make him less.

Or,

of ALEXANDER POPE, *Esq*; 197

Or, Thus :

More needs not where acknowledg'd Merits reign
Praise is impertinent, and Censure vain.

But it was not grav'd on his Monument, nor any
Thing but
Under his Busto

I. Dryden.

Natus 1632, Mortuus Maii 1. 1700.

And below that :

Joannes Sheiffeld, Dux Buckinghamiensis posuit.

There are a few Lines of his wrote in his Exile,
which breathe a true Spirit of Knowledge and Moral
Philosophy :

Whate'er the Soul of Nature has design'd,
And wrought on Matter, is th'Effect of Mind ;
The Form of Substance is the Former's Art,
Hence Beauty and Design that strike the Heart ;
There's nought in simple Matter to delight,
'Tis the fair Workmanship that takes the Sight.
The beautiful Effect of Mind alone,
Is comely, and in all Things comely shown.
Where Mind is not, there Horror need must be,
For Matter formless, is Deformity.

After his Fall, he was very severely handled by
several Writers, and said to have been always known
to be a bad Man, and unworthy the great Charge
committed to him as a Bishop.

The Anonymous Writer to Mr. *Pope* mention'd
before says :

Then did our Altars all polluted stand,
Stain'd with Oblations from his curs'd Hand.

'Tis certain he was an Enemy to his Country and in the Pretender's Interest, but as we cannot say from what Motive or how perswaded, we will leave it here, and treading lightly over the Ashes of the Dead, proceed to speak of Dr. *Swift* that *English Rabelais*, one of the great Admirers of our Poet and his Works, more especially his Translation of *Homer*. He us'd to say most Undertakers translated the ancient Poets to Death, but he had translated *Homer* to immortal Life; that now there was no Danger of *England* losing Ground in Religion or Poetry, since she had the Scriptures and *Homer* in the Vulgar Tongue. But no Body was more free with his Faults; the Dean had something in Nature that would expose, tho' privately, not publicly and maliciously, the least Blot that could be made. To this rectifying and purging Temper, Mr. *Pope* is very much indebted, who alter'd, on the Dean's Advice, (for he was continually making Queries to him) three or four Hundred Places in the *Iliad*; some in the Sense, some in the Notes, and some few (but fewest there) in the Versification. Our Poet remember'd his own Distich:

Trust not yourself; but your Defects to know,
Make Use of ev'ry Friend and ev'ry Foe.

This made the *Iliad* appear to so very great an Advantage; being rectified and touch'd by those, who were able to lead Thousands of Readers on their bare Recommendation; and it was very natural for they themselves to approve of what had been alter'd to their Judgment.

Mr. *Pope* used to send hearty Sighs after the Dean, who was so great a Wit, that the Loss of his Conversation

versation to one who had so much of it, was impossible to be born without Regret. He was born in Ireland of English Parents, and educated in Trinity-College near Dublin. He left Ireland as soon as he had taken Orders, and coming into England, Mr. Giles Jacobs, in his Lives and Characters of the English Poets, (who gives wretched lame Accounts of every Body) says, *he was inform'd* he was entertain'd some Time by the famous Sir William Temple: Be that as it may, he was receiv'd into the Family of the late Earl Berkeley, in the Quality of a Chaplain, and attended his Lordship at the Time he was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland. Mr. Giles Jacobs says, *he had been told* he was intimate with the late Lord Halifax, but on the Turn of Affairs the Lord Oxford drew him into his Interest. It is certain he became a mercenary Pen for the Court, wrote the *Examiner*, and several other State Papers with a prodigious Deal of Spirit, and such a Mixture of Pleasantry, that he won a great many over from the other Party; for there was none on the other Side able to oppose him. He entertain'd the Town with many humorous Pieces; some of which, nay most of them, coming out with a Name, or with a feign'd one, or in some occasional Paper. He was never imitated with any tolerable Success; tho' when he wrote the Description of the Morning in Town, he requested the little Imitators not to pretend to describe the Evening, at the same Time mentioning some of the Thoughts likely to occur to them on the Subject by Way of Prevention:

A Description of the Morning in Town.

NOW hardly here and there a Hackney-Coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy Morn's Approach.

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Now *Betty* from her Master's Bed had flown,
 And softly stole, to discompose her own.
 The slip-shod 'Prentice from his Master's Door
 Had par'd the Dirt, and sprinkled round the Floor,
 Now *Moll* had whirl'd the Mop with dextrous Airs,
 Prepar'd to wash the Entry and the Stairs.
 The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace
 The Kennel Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.
 The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,
 'Till drown'd in shriller Notes of Chimney sweep.
 Duns at his Lordship's Door began to meet ;
 And Brick-dust *Moll* had scream'd thro' Half the Street.
 The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,
 Duly let out at Night to steal for Fees.
 The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands ;
 And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

This, and his Description of a City Shower, are two excellent little Pieces of Wit and Humour.

It would take up too much Room and Time to mention the many Things he has wrote in Prose and Verse, and the many Beauties in them ; yet some we cannot help taking Notice of. The *Tale of a Tub* (which it is said he does not yet own) can be No-body's writing but his : Dean *Swift* speaks thro' the whole Work, but never more (for there 'tis impossible to mistake him for Any-body else) than when he strikes his Satire at the real Presence in the Sacrament. “ It will (says our Tub Tale-teller) be no
 “ difficult Part to persuade the Reader that so many
 “ Discoveries met with great Success in the World ;
 “ tho' I may justly assure him, that I have related
 “ much the smallest Number ; my Design having
 “ been only to single out such as will be of most
 “ Benefit for publick Imitation, or which best serv'd
 “ to

“ to give some Idea of the Reach and Wit of the
“ Inventor.”

He had been speaking of Pardons, Bulls, &c. And therefore it need not be wonder'd if by this Time Lord *Peter* was grown exceeding rich: But alas! he had kept his Brain so long and so violently upon the Rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little Ease. In short, what with Pride, Projects, and Knavery, poor *Peter* was grown distracted, and conceiv'd the strangest Imaginations in the World. In the Height of his Fits (as it is usual with those who run mad out of Pride) he would call himself God Almighty, and sometimes Monarch of the Universe.

I have seen him (says my Author) take three old high crown'd Hats, and clap them all on his Head, three Stories high, with a huge Bunch of Keys at his Girdle, and an angling Rod in his Hand; in which Guise, whoever went to take him by the Hand, in the Way of Salutation, *Peter* with much Grace, like a well educated Spaniel, would present them with his Foot, and if they refus'd his Civility, then he would raise it as high as their Chops, and give them a damn'd Kick on the Mouth, which hath ever since been called a Salute; whoever walk'd by without paying him their Compliments (having a wonderful strong Breath) he would blow their Hats off into the Dirt. Mean Time, his Affairs at home went upside down, and his two Brothers had a wretched Time; where his first *Bontade* was to kick both their Wives, one Morning out of Doors, and his own too; and in their Stead, gave Orders to pick up the three first Strolers could be met with in the Street. A While after he nail'd up the Cellar Door, and would not allow his Brothers a Drop of Drink to their Victuals. Dining one Day at an Alderman's in the City, *Peter* observ'd him expatiating, after the Man-
ner

ner of his Brethren, in the Praises of his Sirloin of Beef: *Beef*, said the Magistrate, is the Quintessence of *Partridge and Quail*, and *Venison*, and *Pheasant*, and *Plumb-pudding*, and *Custard*.

When *Peter* came home, he would needs take the Fancy of cooking up this Doctrine into use, and apply the Precept, in default of a Sirloin, to his brown Loaf: *Bread*, said he, dear Brothers, is the Staff of Life; in which Bread is contained, inclusive, the Quintessence of *Beef*, *Mutton*, *Veal*, *Venison*, *Partridge*, *Plumb-pudding*, and *Custard*; and to render all compleat, there is intermingled a due Quantity of *Water*, whose Crudities also corrected by *Yeast*, or *Barm*, through which Means, it becomes a wholesome fumented Liquor, diffus'd through the Mass of the Bread.

Upon the Strength of these Conclusions, next Day at Dinner, was the brown Loaf served up in all the Formality of a City Feast: Come, said *Peter*, fall too, and spare not, here's excellent good *Mutton*; or hold, now my Hand is in, I'll help you; at which Words, with much Ceremony, with Fork and Knife, he carves out two Pieces of a Loaf, and presents each on a Plate to his Brothers: The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord *Peter's* Conceit, began with very civil Language to examine the Mystery: My Lord, said he, I doubt, with great Submission, here may be some Mistake: What, says *Peter*, you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this Jest your Head is big with: None in the World, my Lord; but unless I am very much deceived, your Lordship was pleas'd, a While ago, to let a Word or two fall about *Mutton*, and I would be glad to see it, with all my Heart: How, said *Peter*, appearing in a great Surprise, I do not comprehend this at all—Upon which, the

the younger interposing to set the Business right; *My Lord*, said he, *my Brother*, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the Mutton you promised us to Dinner. Pray, said *Peter*, take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of: If you there don't like your Piece, I will carve you another, though I took that to be the choice Bit of the whole Shoulder. What, then *my Lord*, replied the first, it seems this is a Shoulder of Mutton, all this while. Pray, Sir, says *Peter*, eat your Victuals, and leave off your Impertinence, if you please; for I am not disposed to relish it at present: But the other could not help being over provok'd at the affected Seriousness of *Peter's* Countenance: By G—d, *my Lord*, said he, I can only say, that to my Eyes, and Fingers, and Teeth, and Nose, it seems to be nothing but a Crust of Bread. Upon which the second put in his Word: I never saw a Piece of Mutton in my Life, so nearly resemble a Slice from a Twelve-penny Loaf. Look ye, Gentlemen, cries, *Peter*, in a Rage; to convince you what a Couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful Puppies you are, I will use but this plain Argument: By G—d it is true, good, natural Mutton, as any in Leadenhall Market, and G—d confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise.

Such a thundering Proof as this left no Room for Objection: The two Unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their Mistake as hastily as they could. Why truly, said the first, upon more mature Consideration. Ay, says the other interrupting him, now I have thought better on the Thing, your Lordship seems to have a great deal of Reason. Very well, said *Peter*, here Boy, fill me a Glass of Claret; here's to you both with all my Heart. The two Brethren, much delighted to see him appeas'd so readily, return'd their most humble Thanks, and said they would be glad
to

to pledge his Lordship. *That you shall, said Peter ; I am not a Person to refuse you any Thing that is reasonable ; Wine moderately taken is a Cordiol, here is a Glas a-piece for you ; 'tis true natural Juice of the Grape, none of your damn'd Vintners Brewings.*

Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry Crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful ; for it would do them no Hurt. The two Brothers after having perform'd the usual Office in such delicate Conjunctions, of staring a sufficient Period at Lord *Peter*, and each other ; and finding how Matters were like to go, resolv'd not to enter on a new Dispute, but let him carry the Point as he pleas'd ; for he was now got into one of his mad Fits, and to argue or expostulate farther would serve to render him a Hundred Times more untractable.

I have chose this Quotation, it being a Passage particularly mark'd by Mr. *Pope* ; who doubtless was well inform'd whether the Dean wrote it or no.

There is one Thing worthy Notice, that though it is so very keen a Satire on Popery, our Poet never in Writing or Conversation, endeavour'd to lessen its Value with the Town, or strove to make any Opposition to the Arguments in it ; perhaps, through Friendship to the Author, or that he thought he should gain no Credit by setting himself against a Piece that was quite full of fine Strokes of Wit and Satire, and read with Approbation and Applause by every Body.

Gulliver's Travels, Verses on his own Death, Baucis and Philemon, Cadenus and Vanessa, and a great Number more of beautiful Compositions stand as lasting Proofs of his prodigious great Genius, his Wit so lively and extensive, his Learning solid not superficial,

superficial, averse to all Pedantry, a Scourge of Pedants, a Scourge of Vanity and Folly, wise himself, who always acted consistent with Prudence, never dishonestly; true to the Party who rais'd him, wrote for Hire, but wrote Truth and what he esteem'd for the Good of the Nation. He wrote what he would have wrote unpaid, and was an Honour to the Priesthood without the least Bigotry. He has nor has had no Equal in the Church; the highest Dignity he has arriv'd to has been to be made Dean of *St. Patrick's*. When the Ministry chang'd he left off all Thoughts of Courts; he declar'd, he could not serve a Party in Opposition to all the Obligations he had to a contrary one. With very little Trouble and Application he might have been made a Bishop; and the highest Dignities that could have been conferr'd on him would not have exceeded his Deserts. Residing in *Ireland* altogether, the personal Conversation between him and *Mr. Pope* fail'd, and that by Letters was but little in Comparison of the continual Exchange of Sentiments they were us'd to: A Correspondence by Letters is seldom carried on with overhasty Replies on either Side, somethieg or other intervening and preventing even where the greatest Friendships are still surviving. This the Dean complains of to *Mr. Pope* in a Letter dated 1723.

Returning from a Summer Expedition of four Months on account of my Health, I found a Letter from you, with an Appendix longer than yours from Lord *Bolingbroke*. I believe there is not a more miserable Malady than an Unwillingness to write Letters to our best Friends, and a Man might be Philosopher enough in finding out the Reasons for it; one Thing is clear, that it shews a mighty Difference
betwixt

betwixt Friendship and Love, for a Lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his Mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your Civility makes you say, that I am still remember'd by my Friends in *England*, I am in the right to keep myself here—*Non sum qualis eram*. I left you in a Period of Life when one Year does more Execution than three at yours, to which if you add the Dulness of the Air, and of the People, it will make a terrible Sum. I have no very strong Faith in you Pretenders to Retirement, you are not of an Age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad Fortune enough, to go into a Corner, and form Conclusions *de contemptu mundi* & *fuga sæculi*, unless a Poet grows weary of too much Applause, as Ministers do of too much Weight of Business.

Your Happiness is greater than your Merit, in chusing your Favourites so indifferently among either Party; this you owe partly to your Education and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I suppose *Virgil* and *Horace* are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Constitution of Church and State, than a Christian at *Constantinople*; and you are so much the wiser and happier, because both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your Notions of Friendship are new to me, I believe every Man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first Place in my Friendship, but they are not in the Way: I am condemned to another Scene, and therefore I distribute it in Pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow Prisoners if I were condemned to a Goal. I can
tolerate

tolerate Knaves much better than Fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a Friendship among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: They are seldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the World before them. I think it was so among the Poets in the Time of *Augustus*; but Envy, and Party and Pride have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large Tribe: Under the Name of Poets and Scriblers, I suppose you mean the Fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the World.

I would describe to you my Way of living, if any Method could be call'd so in this Country. I chuse my Companions among those of least Consequence and most Compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling Subjects: But riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty four Hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty Years ago, and have several Things to finish which I put off to twenty Years hence; *Hæc est vita solutorum, &c.* I send you the Compliments of a Friend of yours, who hath passed four Months this Summer with two grave Acquaintance at his Country-house, without ever once going to *Dublin*, which is but eight Miles distant; yet when he returns to *London*, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Operas, and the Coffee-house, as any Man there. I am now with him for a few Days.

You must remember me with great Affection to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Congreve*, and *Gay*—I think there are no more *eodem Tertio's* between you and me except Mr. *Jervas*, to whose House I address
this,

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for Want of knowing where you live; for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord *Peterborow*, or he with you? I am ever,
&c.

Our Poet address'd the *Dunciad* to him, about which inimitable Satire we shall hereafter have Occasion to speak very largely, as it will lead us into the Characters of Mr. *Pope's* Antagonists as well as Friends.

Of Dean *Swift*, we shall say little farther, there being collected by a Person of Veracity most Particulars of his Life, which at a proper Time will find their Way to the Publick View, and shew as great a Man in his Way as ever liv'd, and as good a Man, as we must expect in the Situation he was plac'd. He was always a Stranger to all Plots and Contrivances against the Government, and expecting no farther Preferment, made himself easy; in but narrow Circumstances; has been of very considerable Service to the People of *Ireland*, and tho' many of his Writings were such as were only calculated for the Time they were wrote in; there are still enough besides, which shall only lose their Fame and his when the *English* Tongue shall no longer be understood.

Were we only to mention the many Admirers of the Translation of the *Iliad* we might fill a large Volume, and the Reader may be assur'd they were the greatest Part of all who had any Taste for Poetry or Learning; but as we have characteriz'd one or two, and shall take Occasion to speak of others as we pass along, we will now only add a few Memoirs, (not to take Attention too long from our principal Character) of one whose Name will always sound sweet in the Ears of all those who have Souls

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NICHOLAS ROWE ESQ.

to be charm'd with the highest Dramatick Characters, or the Love of Liberty. It will not be difficult to guess that I am going to speak of Mr. *Rowe*, he was in the Number of Mr. *Pope's* select Friends. Whenever Mr. *Pope* gave any of his Verses into his Hands, and receiv'd them from him again, he us'd to say they were like Gold three times tried in the Fire; for their Esteem of each other (each being Counsellor to each) was reciprocal. Mr. *Rowe* held Mr. *Pope* in the highest Esteem, Mr. *Pope* had a very great Regard both for the Person and Writings of Mr. *Rowe*, and oftentimes pass'd whole Days in his Company. He had a natural Sweetness and Affability, that it was impossible not to be obliged by something in the Tone of his Voice so soft and winning, that every Body us'd to be sorry when he left off speaking. He was of an open communicative Temper, and discours'd very freely; not lavish of Speech, but exceeding generous: No Man was better belov'd by all Degrees and Stations; but his greatest Intimacy among the Quality was with the Earl of *Warwick*, his Wife being so dear to the Countess, that they were in a Manner inseparable.

His Tragedies, excepting *Otway's*, move more than any other Poets of that Age. The applauded *Tamerm lane*, tho' it has Numbers of exceeding fine Verses, is thought by many very good Judges (not the Multitude) to be his worst Tragedy; for besides its being a flattering Picture, unlike a Prince then living, and a Party Play, the Love Scenes between the General *Axalla* and *Selima*, are very tedious and tiresome, besides being ill tim'd; for when he should have been in the Field at the Head of his Soldiers, he is making long Similies, and telling very tender Love Stories, even to whining; nay, she is not behind

hand with him, they seem to strive to out-whine one another.

He was in the Country with Mr. *Pope* in the Beginning of the Year 1716; and during his Stay, which was about a Week, their Conversation chiefly ran upon a Subject for a new Tragedy. The Death of King *Charles* the First was first spoke of, but it was thought too recent; that the Characters of the present Age would be touch'd in those of their Families then engaged in that Affair, and perhaps some Offence in the free Speeches of the Republicans given to the Crown; so that was set aside. This Subject has since been so mangled, (tho' it might make a very great Figure on the Stage) that we have few worse Plays, allowing it that Name. The Author has (and it was a very good Stratagem) introduc'd the King's Children taking their last Leave of him; which, and which alone, mov'd the Spectators, and would have done so had they not spoke a Word.

Mr. *Pope* advis'd him to rescue the *Queen of Scots* out of the Hands of *Banks*, as he had done by the *Lady Jane Gray* before; which Mr. *Rowe* said he would consider of; but if he should undertake such a Thing he would by no Means introduce *Queen Elizabeth*; for he said where *Queen Elizabeth* appears, all the Queens or Heroines upon Earth would make but little Figure.

Other Subjects were talk'd of, but what Mr. *Rowe* himself seem'd most inclin'd to was the Rape of *Lucretia*; nor was it any Objection that Mr. *Thomas Heywood*, who was a third or fourth Rate Poet, and an Actor in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth* and King *James* the First, had wrote on the same Plot.

It is very great Pity that his ill Health and short Time of Life (for he liv'd but little above two Years
after

after) hinder'd him from putting his Design in Execution. Some few Verses he had wrote for the Character of *Lucretia*, but as they did not receive the last Correction from his Hand, as well as many Lines being unfinish'd, we shall omit them in his Respect to his justly acquired Fame: There might be seen in them what makes Mr. *Rowe* merit to be call'd what Mr. *Amburst* calls him in his Poem on the Death of Mr. *Addison*, inscrib'd to the Earl of *Warwick*, viz. *Soft complaining Rowe*.

Scarce had our tender Sorrows ceas'd to flow
For courtly *Garth*, and soft complaining *Rowe*:
Like *Ovid* witty, one in one conspire,
Otway's prevailing Art and *Lucan*'s Fire:
Both these together drain'd our lavish Eyes;
Will not two Poets in a Year suffice?
Shall Twelve short Months an Age's Woes engross,
And *Addison* compleat the Nation's Loss?

The Death of Mr. *Rowe* affected Mr. *Pope* very strongly, for Mr. *Rowe* had been of great help to him, was one who took a great deal of Pains to get him Reputation, and by his Praise procur'd him no little Fame. Sometime after his Death Mr. *Pope* writing to a Friend says:

Poor *Parnelle*, *Garth*, *Rowe*! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the Death of the last: *Parnelle* was too much in my Mind, to whose Memory I am erecting the best Monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small Part of what he left behind him, but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he was buried at *Chester*, or *Dublin*; or what care has been, or is to be taken for his Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my Devoirs to Mr. *Rowe*; I am writing this very Day his

Epitaph for *Westminster Abbey*——After these, the best natured of Men, Sir *Samuel Garth*, has left me in the truest Concern for his Loss. His Death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint or a Philosopher famous: But ill Tongues, and worse Hearts, have branded even his last Moments, as wrongfully as they did his Life with Irreligion. You must have heard many Tales on this Subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. *Garth*.
I am, &c.

Mr. *Rowe* was born at *Little Berkford*, in the County of *Bedford*. He is descended from the Family of the *Rowes* of *Lamerton* in *Devonshire*, and is the only surviving Son of *John Rowe*, Esq; Serjeant at Law. He was first placed to a private School at *Highgate*; and afterwards put under the Care of the Reverend Dr. *Busby*, in *Westminster-School*; from whence he was removed to the *Middle-Temple*, where, after a considerable Progress in the Study of the Law, he was called to the Bar, and attained a Reputation suitable to his Merit; but he early quitted those dry and laborious Studies, to pursue the more pleasing Bent of his Genius in polite Literature.

He was, in the late Reign, near three Years Under Secretary to the Duke of *Queensborough* and *Dover*, Principal Secretary of State; and since his Majesty's Accession, he has conferred on him the Places of Clerk of the Council to his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, Poet-Laureat to his Majesty, one of the Land Surveyors of the Customs in the Port of *London*, and Secretary of the Representations to the Lord High Chancellor of *Great Britain*.

Mr. *Rowe* was easy and instructive in his Conversation, polite in his Manners, and perfectly sincere in his Professions

Professions of Friendship. In his Writings there is a Beauty of Expression, a masterly Wit, a nervous Strength, and a Diction more exactly Dramatick than any other modern Author. His Talent was Tragedy, and he has obliged us with the following Performances:

I. *The ambitious Step-Mother*; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. Dedicated to the Earl of *Jersey*.

II. *TAMERLANE*; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. Dedicated to the Marquis of *Harrington*, now Duke of *Devonshire*. This Play was wrote in Compliment to King *William III*. It was first received (and continues still to be acted) with very great Applause.

III. *The Fair Penitent*, a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. Dedicated to the Dutches of *Ormond*.

IV. *The Biter*; a Comedy of three Acts, performed at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

V. *ULYSSES*; a Tragedy, acted at the Queen's Theatre in the *Hay-Market*. Dedicated to the Earl of *Godolphin*.

VI. *The Royal Convert*; a Tragedy, acted at the Queen's Theatre in the *Hay-Market*. Dedicated to *Charles Earl of Halifax*.

VII. The Tragedy of *JANE SHORE*; written in Imitation of *Shakespear's* Stile, acted at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*. Dedicated to the Duke of *Queensborough* and *Dover*.

VIII. *The Tragedy of Lady JANE GRAY*; acted at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*. Dedicated to her Royal Highness the Princess of *Wales*.

All Mr. *Rowe's* Tragedies have succeeded, and indeed they cannot be too much applauded. They are now printed in two Volumes in *Duodecimo*, with

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a general Dedication to *Edward Henry* Earl of *Warwick* and *Holland*. Besides these, and his other poetical Writings, he has given us an excellent Translation of *Lucan*.

To this Gentleman's Life, I may further add, that when he had just got to be easy in his Fortune, and was in a fair Way to make it better, Death swept him away, and in him deprived the World of one of the best of Men, as well as one of the best Genius's of the Age. He died like a Christian and a Philosopher, in Charity with all Mankind, and with an absolute Resignation to the Will of God. He kept up his good Humour to the last, and took Leave of his Wife and Friends, immediately before his last Agony, with the same Tranquility of Mind, and the same Indifference for Life, as though he had been taking but a short Journey. So that his last Moments confirm'd the Justness of his Thought, in these excellent Lines in his *Tamerlane*, speaking of Death's dark Shades,

Seem, as we journey on, to lose their Horror ;
At near Approach the Monsters, form'd by Fear,
Are vanish'd all, and leave the Prospect clear.

He died the 6th Day of *December*, 1718. in the 45th Year of his Age, and was buried the 19th of the same Month in *Westminster-Abbey*, in the Isle where many of our *English* Poets are interred, over against *Chaucer* ; his Corps being attended by a select Number of his Friends, and the Dean and Choir officiating at the Funeral. Besides his Dramatick Works, he has written,

I. A

- I. *A Poem on the Duke of Marlborough's Victories.*
This is an excellent Piece.
- II. *An Ode for the New Year 1717.*
- III. *Pythagoras's golden Verses.* Done from the
Greek. Inserted in the Translation of Dacier's *Life*
of that Philosopher.
- IV. *Poems on several Occasions.*
- V. *His Translation of Callipœdia.*
- VI. *Lucan's Pharsalia.* Translated into English
Verse, with Notes. Published by Dr. Wellwood (ac-
cording to Mr. Rowe's Request in his Sickness) short-
ly after his Decease. Dedicated to the King, by his
Widow, at his Desire, Folio. This Poet was a great
Lover of Liberty, which inclined him to the Transla-
tion of *Lucan*; and to give you a Taste of his hand-
ling that Subject, I shall here insert some of his
Verses from this Performance. In one Place *Cato*
animates his Forces, with this short Speech, for Li-
berty and Virtue.

Fellows in Arms! Whose Bliss, whose chiefest Good
Is *Rome's* Defence, and Freedom bought with Blood;
You, who to die with Liberty, from far
Have followed *Cato* in this fatal War,
Be now for Virtue's noblest Task prepar'd——

Virtue, that scorns on Cowards Terms to please,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Ease;
But then she joys, then smiles upon her State,
Then fairest to herself, then most compleat,
When glorious Danger makes her truly Great.
So *Lybia's* Plains alone shall wipe away
The foul Dishonours of *Pharsalia's* Day;

}

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So shall your Courage now transcend that Fear :
You fled with Glory there, to conquer here.

Pompey's parting with his Wife *Cornelia*, in the fifth Book, is extremely moving ; and his last Speech, at the Head of his Soldiers, before his engaging with and Defeat by *Cæsar*, in the seventh Book, is excellent ; where he thus begins :

The Time to ease your groaning Country's Pain,
Which long your eager Valour fought in vain ;
The great deciding Hour at length is come,
To end the Strivings of distracted *Rome* :
For this one last Effort exert your Pow'r,
Strike Home to Day, and all your Toils are o'er.
Let none the fav'ring Gods Assistance fear,
They always make the juster Cause their Care.
The flying Dart to *Cæsar* shall they guide,
And point the Sword at his devoted Side :
Our injur'd Laws shall be on him made good,
And Liberty establish'd in his Blood.
Cou'd Heav'n, in Violence of Wrath, ordain
The World to groan beneath a Tyrant's Reign ;
It had not spar'd your *Pompey's* Head so long,
Nor lengthen'd out my Age to see the Wrong.
All we can wish for, to secure Success,
With large Advantage, here, our Arms possess :
See, in the Ranks of ev'ry common Band,
Where *Rome's* illustrious Names for Soldiers stand.
Cou'd the great Dead revisit Life again,
For us, once more, the *Decii* wou'd be slain ;
The *Curii*, and *Camilli*, might we boast,
Proud to be mingled in this noblest Host—
Think, from the Summit of the *Roman* Wall,
You hear our loud-lamenting Matrons call ;

Think

Think with what Tears, what lifted Hands they sue,
 And place their last their only Hopes in you.
 Imagine kneeling Age before you spread,
 Each hoary Reverend Majestick Head ;
 Imagine *Rome* herself your Aid implor'd,
 To save her from a proud imperious Lord.
 Think how the present Age, how that to come,
 What Multitudes from you expect their Doom :
 On your Success dependant all rely,
 These to be born in Freedom, those to die.
 Think you behold (were such a Posture meet)
 E'en me, your *Pompey*, prostrate at your Feet.
 My self, my Wife, my Sons, a suppliant Band,
 From you our Lives and Liberties demand ;
 Or conquer you, or I to Exile born,
 My last dishonourable Years shall mourn
 Your long Reproach, and my proud Father's Scorn. }
 From Bonds, from Infamy, your Gen'ral save,
 Nor let this hoary Head descend to Earth a Slave.

Thus, while he spoke, the faithful Legions round,
 Strait at the fatal Signal—— &c.

Mr. *May* likewise translated *Lucan*, and publish'd it in eight Books, in the Year 1635, but his Performance does not reach the Spirit or Sense of *Lucan*. The Language and Versification are yet worse, and fall infinitely short of the lofty Numbers and Propriety of Expression, in which Mr. *Rowe* excels.

Mr. *Rowe* wrote the Life of *Shakespeare*, prefix'd to his Works ; some Account of Monsieur *Boileau* and his Writings, annex'd to the Translation of *Lutrin* ; and an *Essay concerning the Manner of Living with Great Men* ; written in Imitation of Monsieur *Bruyere*, and inserted in the Translation of his his Works ; all done in Prose.

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The following is Mr. *Rowe's* Epitaph, wrote by Mr. *Pope*, and taken from the Monument in *Westminster Abbey*.

Upon the Pedestal under his Busto.

To the Memory of

Nicholas Rowe, *Esq;*

Who died in 1718, aged 45.

And of

Charlotte, his only Daughter,
The Wife of *Henry Fane*, *Esq;*

Who inheriting

Her Father's Spirit,

And amiable in her own

Innocence and Beauty,

Died in the 22d Year of her Age.

On the Monument below.

Thy Reliques, *Rowe* ! to this sad Shrine we trust,
And near thy *Shakespear* place thy honour'd Bust :
Oh next him skill'd to draw the tender Tear,
For never Heart felt Passion more sincere :
To nobler Sentiments to fire the Brave ;
For never *Briton* more disdain'd a Slave.
Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless Rest ;
Blest thy Genius, in thy Love too blest !
And bless that timely from our Scene remov'd,
Thy Soul enjoys that Liberty it lov'd.

To these, so mourn'd in Death so lov'd in Life,
The Childless Parent, and the Widow'd Wife,
With Tears inscribes this monumental Stone,
That holds their Ashes and expects her own.

One

One Thing more I beg Leave to add in this Poet's Praise ; he understood a greater Variety of and could change the Harmony of his Lines, more than any other Poet that ever wrote in our Language ; for Instance, take those few Lines spoken by *Jane Shore* :

Such is the Lot unhappy Women find,
And such the Curse entail'd upon our Kind,
That Man, the lawless Libertine may rove,
Free and unquestion'd thro' the Wilds of Love ;
But Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,
If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule,
If strongly charm'd she leave the thorny Way,
And in the softer Paths of Pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, Reproach, and endless Shame,
And one false Step entirely damns her Fame :
In vain with Tears her Loss she may deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before, &c.

These Lines, properly accented, will shew a vast Number of beautiful Changes in the Harmony ; which most of our present Writers of Verse are either intirely ignorant of, or else totally neglect.

It is Matter of Wonder, that having such an Example before them as Mr. *Pope* for Beauty, if not so great a Variety of Numbers, the modern Composers should be so deficient in their Numbers, that except Dr. *Young*, Mr. *Hart*, and two or three more, there is scarcely a Possibility of reading (without making Prose of them) any of their unharmonious stiff Lines. This Fault (which reigns at present, and seems to have got such a Footing, that it will not be easily thrust out) is just Cause of great Complaint. I think among almost three Thousand Lines of a certain Tragick Poet, (who has great Friends and Interest, and wrote once out of four Poems one that deserves

deserves Praise) there are not ten Lines but what are stiff, harsh, ill sounding, and without natural Musick. I spare a Quotation of about twenty following one another, so put together, that many Works of our best Prose Writers have more Harmony than can be found there; yet this Gentleman has a moderate Share of Learning, has read most of our *English* Poets, and does not want Sentiments; but he never diversifies his Characters, and knows nothing of Numbers: Mr. *Pope* seem'd to have them in his Nature, and so beautiful, that tho' he had not an infinite Change of them he never tires.

I was speaking of his Translation of the *Iliad*, where he has given full Proof of what is above asserted, and there were very few dissatisfied with the Performance; those who were, chiefly Poets, or Pretenders to Poetry, they join'd their Forces together, and produc'd a little Book which they call'd the *Popiad*, where they have endeavoured to point out some Passages as Faults; and that we may seem wholly impartial, we will give a large Quotation from that Work.

WE cannot more regularly begin the *Popiad*, than by shewing what wretched Work Mr. *Pope* has made with the *Iliad*. The Scribler of a late Paper, that now rests in Peace, called the *Censor*, is thus pleased to extol this Translation of *Homer*; *I know not which I should most admire*, says he, *the Justness of the Original* (where I suppose he means, the *Justness* of the *Original* expressed in the *Translation*) *or the Force and Beauty of the Language, or the sounding Variety of the Numbers*. He may admire which he pleases: But the Truth of the Matter is, that there is in this Translation neither the *Justness* of the *Original*, even where the *Original* is just; nor any Beauty

Beauty of Language, nor any Variety of Numbers. Instead of the Justness of the Original, there is Absurdity and Extravagance. Instead of the beautiful Language of the Original, there is Solecism and barbarous *English*.

Indeed it is impossible for any Translator to express the poetical Language of *Homer*. By the Advantage of the Language in which he wrote, he had several Ways of rendering his Language poetical, which a Translator can never have; as the frequent Use of compounded and decomposed Words; the Use of Words which were as it were at one and the same Time both *Grecian* and foreign; as being confined in their vulgar Use to some particular Part of *Greece*; as likewise the Use of Words which were purely Poetick, and which were seldom or never used in Prose; the contracting or lengthening the Words which he used, and the frequent transposing of Syllables; and lastly, the altering the Terminations of Words, by Means of the different Dialects. But a Translator of *Homer* has but one Way of rendering his Diction poetical; and that is, the frequent Use of Figures, and above all Figures, of Metaphors. And therefore, wherever in the late Translation of *Homer*, there is no Use of Figures, there we may justly conclude the Diction is Prosaick; tho' at the same Time, the Diction of the Original, in that very Place, even without Figures, may be truly Poetical. Now, there are, modestly speaking, 20 Lines where there is no Figure, for one that is Figurative; and consequently there are twenty prosaick Lines, for one that is poetical. Indeed, the Translator, by his Want of Genius, and by his writing figuratively, where the *Grecian* has writ plainly, he has often made his Diction the very Reverse of that of the Original: Where the *Original* is pure, the
Translation

Translation is often barbarous ; often obscure, where the Original is clear and bright ; often flat and vile, where the other is great and lofty ; and often, too often affected and unnatural, where the Original is simple and unaffected ; as it is frequently stiff and awkward, where the Original is easy, graceful, and numerous. In short, this is not *Homer's Iliad*, but the *Popiad*, and is so far from expressing the Beauty of *Homer's Language*, that it makes him speak *English* as awkwardly as other Foreigners do. So that Mr. *Pope* with a most comical and unparallel'd Assurance, has undertaken to translate *Homer* from *Greek*, of which he does not know, one Word, into *English*, which he understands almost as little. And from hence it proceeds, that instead of making him *English* he sometimes makes him *Irish* ; and one would swear, that he had a Hill in *Tipperary* for his *Parnassus*, and a Puddle in some Bog for his *Hippocrene*.

But because it may be said that this is only Talking, I will prove all this from the very Lines, which Mr. *Censor* has brought to show the Excellence of this Translation ; which he will show he says from the two Similitudes of the Motion of the *Grecian Army*, in the Second Book of the *Ilias* :

The scepter'd Rulers lead ; the following Host,
Pour'd forth in Millions, darkens all the Coast.

Now where is the Justness of the Original in these two Lines ? Tho' *Homer* is said to nod sometimes, yet 'tis hard if he snores so like a Sot, as to give the Lye to his own Calculation which he makes in this very Book, by which Calculation it appears, that the Army of the *Grecians* did not amount to above a Hundred Thousand in all. And if any one happens to answer this, That their Numbers are augmented by Poetical Licence ; to that I reply, that no Poetical

cal Licence ever extended to such an Augmentation of Numbers, as to make a Poet give the Lye to his own Calculations; or to make us believe, that 2 and 3 makes 6. Never human Army yet consisted of Millions. No Place upon Earth can contain such Numbers congregated, but what at the same Time will starve them. But let us proceed:

As from some rocky Cleft the Shepherd fees,
Clust'ring in Heaps on Heaps, the driving Bees.

Now where is the Justness of the Original here again? For while the Bees drive they cannot possibly cluster.

Rolling and black'ning, swarms succeeding Swarms,
With deeper Murmurs, and more hoarse Alarms.

Here again there is nothing of the Justness of the Original; since but one Swarm of Bees can come from one Cleft of a Rock.

Dusky they spread, a close embodied Crowd,
And oe'r the Vale descends the living Cloud.

The first Line here presents us with a Contradiction in Terms; for while the Bees are a close embodied Crowd, how can they possibly spread? Besides, what does the Translator mean by a close embodied Crowd? What Tautology, what Fustian is this? As if every Crowd was not close. And what does he mean by embodied? What Idea to the Mind does that Word clearly and distinctly present? In short, Crowd is nothing but a Botch, and a meer Crambo to Cloud. For who ever heard of a Crowd of Bees? A Crowd of any Thing implies Confusion; but it appears by the following Lines of *Virgil*, that Bees when they swarm are under Command, and, by Consequence, not without Order; no more than the *Grecian* Army,
when

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when it poured itself forth, as Mr. *Censor* says, in Millions.

*At cùm incerta volant cœloque examina ludunt,
Contemnuntque favos, & frigida tecta relinquunt ;
Instabiles animos ludo prohibebis inani.
Nec magnus prohibere labor : tu regibus alas
Eripe : non illis quisquam cunctantibus altum
Ire iter, aut castris audebit vellere signa.*

For the last Line of the aforesaid Simile :

And o'er the Vale descends the living Cloud :

There is neither Sense, nor *English* in it. To descend to, or into, to descend on, or upon, is *English*, but to descend o'er, is barbarous, as will appear plainly, by taking away the Contraction of the Preposition, and changing the Metaphor for the common Name : And then the Line will run thus :

A Swarm of Bees descends over the Vale.

What Sense is here? What clear Idea of any Thing? or of any particular local Motion? Where is this boasted Beauty of the Language? Where is the Justness of the Original? *Homer*, indeed, does compare the Motion of the *Grecian* Army, to the Motion of a Swarm of Bees; but he does it with a beautiful Simplicity; nor does he use any such pertinent Metaphor, as living Cloud, which can serve for nothing but to distract the Mind of the Reader, and to divert it from the Idea which the Poet design'd to lay before it of the Motion of the *Grecian* Army.

As we have already shewn that *Homer* speaks very bad Sense and very bad *English*, we shall next show, that he is turn'd errant *Teague*, and talks downright *Irish*. Speaking of the *Grecian* Army assembled :

As

Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean Roars.

Now did ever any Mortal before compare a *Murmur* to a *Roar*? *Homer* has nothing of this *Murmur* in him. He only says,

Κινῆθη δ' ἀγυρὴ ὡς κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης πόντου
Ικαρίοιο.

The Assembly was moved like the vast Waves of the *Icarian Sea*.

Now was there ever such a Translator as *Pope*, or such an Admirer as the Censor? But what shall we say? *Boileau*, thus answers,

—*Ainsi qu'en sots Auteurs,
Notre siècle est fertile en sots Admirateurs.*

i. e. As the Age is fruitful in scribbling Fools; 'tis still more fertile in admiring Blockheads.

But because some of the Favourers of this Translation, may say in its Behalf, that Mr. *Censor*, by an Ideot-Zeal, and a Sympathy with every thing that is stupid, may have mistaken a *Bull* for a *Beauty*; and a *Bull* which is not to be paralleled in the whole Translation; I will present the *Censor* with a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, and with a Touch of *Tipperary*, for his Stroke of *Kilkenny*. Let him turn to the 431st Verse of his Second Book, and he will find these Lines:

The Monarch spoke, and strait a Murmur rose,
Loud as the Surges when the Tempest blows,
That dash'd on broken Rocks, tumultuous Roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony Shore.

Now, who ever heard such a noisy, roaring, thundering Murmur in *England*? 'Tis an *Irish*

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Murmur most certainly; or, if Mr. *Censor* will obstinately maintain this *Murmur* to be a *Roar*, we will grant him this, that it is the Roaring of an *Irish Bull*. But *Homer* was too dull to think of this *murmuring Roar*. He only said,

————— Ἀργεῖοι δ' μεγ' ἴαον.

The *Grecians* sent forth a great Cry.

There is a Passage in the First Book of *Homer*, where *Agamemnon* says thus to *Achilles*:

Since *Apollo* deprives me of my *Chriseis*, I
Shall send her away in one of my Ships, attended
By some of my Subjects; but I shall come my
Self to your Tent, and take *Chriseis* by Force from
You, that you may know how much my Pow'r is
Greater than yours, and that no one may presume
For the future to pronounce himself equal to me.

This is the naked Meaning of *Homer*. For I have not Time enough upon my Hands, to endeavour to show him with his Harmony, and the rest of his Ornaments. Now how does the Translator render the latter Part of this Passage, why even thus:

And hence to all our Host it shall be known,
That Kings are subject to the Gods alone.

Was there ever such an unfortunate Interpretation; Had he studied to blunder ten Years, he could never have done it worse. For he makes *Agamemnon*, to whose Command so many Kings were subject, say this to *Achilles*, a King himself, who had been so many Years subject to his Command; and at the very Time that he threatens him with the Power which the Subjection of so many Kings gave him, the Translator makes him declare, that those Kings
are

are wholly independant of him, and that he has nothing to do with *Achilles*.

There are other Passages of this Nature, some of which are downright Boggisms, and others compos'd of such uncouth, unlick'd Stuff, that *Lintot* may be justly affirmed to buy more Bears, and sell more Bulls, between the two *Temple Gates*, than all the Stockjobbers put together do in *Exchange-Alley*.

But because *Mr. Pope's* Subscribers may say with some Colour, that 'tis not fair to cull out a Passage here and there to the Disadvantage of the Whole; let us consider the first 100 Lines of this Translation, and see how many Errors he has been guilty of, against the Justness of the Original, and the Propriety of his native Language.

The Errors of this Translator begin with his Work.

The Wrath of *Peleus* Son, the direful Spring
Of all the *Grecian* Woes, O Goddess sing.

Homer says thus :

O Goddess sing the pernicious Wrath of
Achilles, which brought numerous Woes
To the *Grecians*.

Now by saying all, instead of numerous, is clearly shown, that he understands neither his Author's Language, nor his Subject: For by the Spring of all the *Grecian* Woes, he must either mean, the Spring of all the Woes which the *Grecians* ever felt while they were a Nation, many Years before *Achilles* was born, and many Years after he died, which is monstrous; or he must mean, the Spring of all the Woes which they felt at the Siege of *Troy*, which is extravagant, since the Quarrel between *Achilles* and

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Agamemnon is not supposed to have happened till the tenth Year; or he must mean, that the Wrath of *Achilles* was the Spring of all the *Grecian* Woes, of which it was the Spring; which is ridiculous; or, lastly, that it was the Spring of all the Woes which the *Grecians* felt during the Time of the poetical Action, which is false; for the very first *Grecian* Woe, which both the Original, and the Translation mention, and which was infinitely the greatest of them all, viz. the Plague, is so far from springing from the Wrath of *Achilles*, that the Wrath of *Achilles* manifestly sprung from that.

As the two first Lines show that he understands no *Greek*, the next two prove that he knows no *English*.

That Wrath which hurl'd to *Pluto's* gloomy Reign,
The Souls of mighty Chiefs untimely slain.

Let us resolve this Couplet to Prose, and see if we can find, *disjecti membra poetæ*. O Goddess, sing the pernicious Wrath of *Achilles*, that Wrath which hurl'd the Souls of mighty Chiefs to the gloomy Reign of *Pluto*. Now I appeal to any impartial Person, if hurling Souls to the gloomy Reign of *Pluto*, be not most abominable Fustian. Hurling of Souls is downright Burlesque and ridiculous; and I never either saw, or heard of the Expression before, unless once, in a Copy of Verses, by the Earl of *Rocheſter*, the most farcical, as well as the most obscene, that ever was writ, viz.

—Blood and Slaughter was decreed.— [of Seed.
Hurling Souls, at one another, wrapt in flaky Clots

Reign signifies the Duration of Imperial Power with one or more particular Person: But here it is made to signify Place, which it cannot do by any just Figure

gure whatever: There being no Resemblance nor Proportion between Place and Duration.

There is so much to be observ'd upon the Lines between the 6th and the 11th, and the Observations will be so dry, that we shall let them alone 'till another Opportunity, and at present pass to the 11th and 12th Lines, viz.

Latona's Son a dire Contagion spread,
And heap'd the Camp with Mountains of the Dead.

Here the Translator, by rendering figuratively what *Homer* writes with so much Simplicity, becomes both extravagant, absurd, and affected; and corrupts the Original. *Homer* says only,

————— ὀλέκοντο ὃ λαί.

The People perish'd.

This is very absurd. For could it enter into any one's Head but this Translator's, that the *Grecians* would suffer the Bodies of Men who had died of the Plague, to lye rotting in their Camp, in Heaps? which was the Way not only to be infected, but downright poisoned. Does not *Homer* say in effect, that the Bodies of the Dead were burned as fast as they died.

Ἄϊε' ὃ πυρὰι νεκρῶν καίῳ το θαμναί.

There were always a great many Fires with dead Bodies burning.

And the Translator says,

For nine long Nights thro' all the dusky Air,
The Fire's thick flaming shot a dismal Glare.

Besides, to heap the Camp, does not seem to be *English*, and to heap the Camp with Mountains, is

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vilely low, and monstrously absurd. A Heap is infinitely less than a Mountain; there must be a great many Heaps to make one Mountain; whereas this Translator makes a great many Mountains go to one Heap.

The King of Men his reverend Priest defy'd,
And for the King's Offence the People dy'd.

Instead of defy'd, we have in *Homer*, dishonour'd, *ἡτίμωσ*. By the *English* Translation one would think, *Agamemnon* sent the old Priest a Challenge. O wicked, wicked Rhyme! what Errors, what Blunders, art not thou the Occasion of, in lazy and ignorant Poetafters!

For *Chryses* fought with costly Gifts to gain
His captive Daughter from the Victor's Chain.

To gain his captive Daughter from the Victor's Chain, is neither *English*, nor Grammar. Nor was the Word Chain fit to be us'd by the Translator, when he spoke of a Lady, for whom he would insinuate at the same Time, that *Agamemnon* had a violent Passion. I know very well, that his Patrons will say here, that the Word Chain is a Metaphor, but no Metaphor is to be us'd, that presents an indecent Idea. What *Homer* says here is, that *Chryses* went to the *Grecian* Fleet, and carried an immense Ransom with him for the Redemption of his Daughter.

But O! relieve a wretched Parent's Pain,
And give *Chryseis* to these Arms again.

This is the Language of a Lover, and by its Levity and Affectation, corrupts the Simplicity and Gravity of the Original, and destroys the Character of *Chryses*; of whom it is very unbecoming, either

as a Man in Years, a Father, or a Priest. *Homer* says only,

Set free my Daughter.

Nor ask presumptuous what a King detains.

This Line is obscure, and the Meaning of it, according to true Construction, is very different from what the Translator intends. For the Meaning of it, according to true Construction, is, that the Priest should not presume to ask what it is that the King detains; whereas the Translator means, that *Chryses* should not presume to recover what the King is resolved to keep. Ver. 42.

And Age dismiss her from my cold Embrace,
In daily Labours of the Room employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the Bed she once enjoy'd.

This is an Infidelity, and an Affectation, contrary to the Modesty of *Homer*, and of the Muse, that Virgin Goddess, who is supposed to make the Relation. The Translator pretends to justify these Lines in his tenth Observation upon the first Book, where speaking of the different Signification of the Participle *ἐπιβάσσει*, which signifies either making the Bed, or partaking it; he declares for the latter Sense, contrary to the Opinion of *Eustathius*, and *Madam Dacier*, because the one, says he, is a Bishop, and the other a Lady. For that *Agamemnon* was not studying here for Civility of Expression, says he, appears from the whole Tenor of his Speech; and that he designed *Chryseis* for more than a Servant Maid. may be seen by some other Things that he said of her, as that he preferred her to his Queen *Clytemnestra*. To which I answer, that speaking is one Thing, and designing another; and let *Agamemnon* design *Chryseis* for what the Translator pleases, he

speaks of her with Modesty, as may appear not only from the whole Tenour of his Speech, but from the whole Tenour of the *Ilias* and *Odysséis*; which puts me in Mind of an Observation of *Rapin*: They are, for the most Part, says he, only your little Genius's, that appear wanton or impious in their Writings. *Homer* and *Virgil*, says he, are always modest: They have always shewn themselves as severely virtuous, as the most rigid Philosophers. And the Muses of true Poets, are as chaste and modest as Vestals. To proceed:

And gloomy Darknes roll'd around his Head.

What can the Translator mean by gloomy Darknes rolling around the Head of any one? *Homer* has nothing like this: He only says that *Apollo* descended resembling the Night. Nor does gloomy Darknes rolling around the Head, give a clear Idea of any Thing.

Conven'd to Council all the *Grecian* Train.

The *Grecian* Train for *Grecian* Army, is something odd, and pretty near to Burlesque. And 'tis the rather to be taken Notice of, because I believe he has made Use of the same Word in the same Sense an Hundred Times. One would swear, by his Translation, that *Agamemnon* was nothing but some *Exchange-Alley* Stock Jobber, who had the Honour to command a Company of Train Bands.

If broken Vows this heavy Curse have laid,
Let Altars sinoak, and Hecatombs be paid.

Was ever any Thing so flat, and so Prosaic as these two Lines, instead of the noble sounding Verse of *Homer*? Let us but take away the Rhyme, and they will appear in their true Light: If broken Vows
have

have laid his heavy Curse, let Altars smook, and let Hecatombs be paid. What does he mean by broken Vows laying a heavy Curse, without mentioning either Person or Place, where, or on whom they have laid it? And as for paying of Hecatombs, it looks as if *Achilles* suspected that *Apollo* had drawn a Bill upon them for so many Oxen, which had been protested; which puts me in Mind of a Bill of Exchange of *Don Quixot*, Pay at Sight, to the Bearer, three Asses. *Homer* says here, Let us consult somebody who may inform us, whether the Wrath of *Apollo* proceeds from the Non-performance of our Vows, or from our Neglect of Sacrifice.

First give thy Faith, and plight a Prince's Word,
Of sure Protection by thy Power and Sword.

Calchas says this to *Achilles*. But I cannot think that *give thy Faith* is *English*; no more is *plight a Prince's Word*. But what abominable Stuff is plight a Prince's Word of sure Protection. *Homer* makes *Calchas* speak plainly. Do you, says he to *Achilles*, enter into an Engagement to me, and solemnly swear.

For I must speak what Wisdom would conceal,
And Truths invidious to the Great reveal:
Bold is the Task, when Subjects grown too wise,
Instruct a Monarch where his Error lies.

Homer is so far from having any Thing of this, that it is quite contrary to his Meaning.

For I must speak what Wisdom would conceal,
What! would it be Wisdom to conceal those Truths which by the Will and Inspiration of his God he discovers. That in a Priest is a fine Wisdom truly. And that

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that this is the Case, the Translator owns in the 498th Verse of his first Book.

A Prophet then inspir'd by Heaven arose,
And points the Crime, and thence derives the Woes.

But let us proceed,

Bold is the Task, when Subjects grown too wise,
Instruct a Monarch where his Error lies.

Here Mr. *Pope* makes a Priest, before all the Princes of the Army assembled in Council, boast of a Wisdom superior to them all. The *Calchas* of *Homer* makes no such glorious Boast of himself; all that he says is, that when a King or a Man in Power is thoroughly incens'd against an inferior Person, though perhaps he may stifle his Passion, and conceal his Resentment for the present, yet he never fails of being reveng'd at last.

For tho' we deem the short-liv'd Fury past,
'Tis sure the Mighty will revenge at last.

What short-liv'd Fury? This must be very obscure to those who have no Knowledge of the Original, which indeed is very clear. *Homer* makes *Calchas* speak plainly. I believe, says he, the Man will be grievously offended at what I shall say, who has a great Command over all the *Grecians*, and whom the Army obeys. And when a King is very much incens'd, &c.

Nor Vows unpaid, nor slighted Sacrifice.

Would not any one believe, who considers the true Signification of these Words, that *Calchas* meant Sacrifice which the *Grecians* had offer'd, and which the Gods had slighted, instead of Sacrifice which the *Greeks* had omitted, and for which Omission *Achilles* suspected

suspected that *Apollo* had sent the Pestilence among them?

But he our Chief provok'd, the raging Pest.

Homer makes *Calchas* say, *Apollo* does not complain neither of the Non-Performance of Vows, or of the Omission of Sacrifice; but of the Affront offer'd to his Priest by *Agamemnon*. Whereas the Translator makes *Calchas* point at *Agamemnon*. But he our Chief. The Priest had Reason to desire the Protection of *Achilles*, since he was resolv'd to put so flagrant an Affront upon the King of Men.

And then, can any Thing be more low and creeping than the Word Pest? Who ever read the Word Pest for Plague, in any good *English* Poet? I have heard of Pest-house indeed, but never of Pest alone. Nor should we have heard of it here, if it had not been an Half and an aukward Rhyme to Priest. Indeed Priest and Pest have of late Years answered pretty well to each other. What makes the Word more base and more infamous, that it is perpetually in the Mouths of *French* Footmen and Taylors.

'Till the great King, without a Ransom paid,
To her own *Chryses* send the black-ey'd Maid.

Would not any one think by the first Line, that it is *Agamemnon* who is to pay the Ransom to *Chryses*? If it had not been for the Sake of this wicked Rhyme, the Translator would have said, without receiving a Ransom. As for the Expression of the Great King, *Homer* says nothing of it; nor was *Agamemnon* so far Paramount to the other Princes, as to deserve that Appellation. I never heard of that Expression in any *Greek* Author, either in Verse or Prose, 'till it was us'd for the King of *Persia*, after the *Persian* Monarchy began to grow formidable to *Greece*. Black-ey'd Maid in the 124th Line is very low,

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low, if it is not Burlesque. Perhaps the Translator will say, that Black-ey'd Maid is a literal Translation of *ΕΑΚΩΤΙΔΑ*, and that so Mr. *Dryden* and the vulgar *Latin* have render'd it: I grant it, but the *Greek* Word has a much nobler and more charming Signification than that. But suppose it had no other Signification than that, is the Translator to know at this Time of Day, that Words which have the same Signification, may be very noble in one Language and very mean in the other?

Perhaps, with added Sacrifice and Pray'r,
The Priest may pardon, and the God may spare.

Homer makes *Calchas* say nothing of the Priest's pardoning. *Homer* was an honest old Pagan, of a Religion much less absurd, and much less an Imposition upon the Understandings of Mankind than Popery. For the Heathens, who taught that one God could beget another, and afterwards devour him, would never have swallow'd that monstrous Absurdity, of a Mortal's making a God, and swallowing him down at a Mouthful. But perhaps our Translator thought, with some Reason, that since by the first fifty Lines of this Translation, he had made *Homer* talk like an Ass, he might afterwards be allow'd to make him talk like a Papist.

Is Heav'n offended, and a Priest profan'd,
Because my Prize, my beauteous Maid I hold,
And heav'nly Charms prefer to proffer'd Gold?
A Maid unmatch'd in Manners, as in Face;
Skill'd in each Art, and crown'd with ev'ry Grace.
Not half so dear were *Clytemnestra's* Charms,
When first her blooming Beauties fill'd my Arms.
Yet if the Gods demand her, let her fail;
Our Cares are only for the Publick Weal:

Let

Let me be deem'd the fatal Cause of all,
 And suffer rather than my People fall.
 The Prize, the beauteous Prize, I will resign,
 So dearly valu'd, and so justly mine.
 But since for common Good I yield the Fair,
 My private Loss let grateful *Greece* repair;
 Nor unrewarded let your Prince complain,
 That he alone has fought and bled in vain.

By the foregoing Lines, the Translator has alter'd the Character of *Homer*, destroy'd that of *Agamemnon*, corrupted the Simplicity and Majesty of the Original, offended against Probability, Decorum, and good Sense. There is not one of these amorous Expressions in *Homer*, which he is pleas'd to put into the Mouth of *Agamemnon*. His Reluctance to part with *Chryseis* proceeds from his Pride and his Avarice, and not from his Passion; which is plain from his demanding an Equivalent for *Chryseis*, which 'tis impossible in Nature that a passionate Lover can do for his Mistress. *Achilles* in his Reply, imputes his Reluctance and his Demand of an Equivalent, to his Pride and Avarice, instead of attributing it to so scandalous a Motive as Passion. *Agamemnon* ought to have been us'd like a Mad Dog, if he had given the least Hint that it was his Passion that was the Cause of his reluctant parting from a Whore, (as Mr. *Pope* supposes her to be either a profest one, or a Probationer) whose Detention would be the utter Ruin of the Army which he commanded, and before which he spoke. Indeed, the insisting upon his Honour and upon his Right, might appear necessary to them for the Preservation of his Authority, as the Preservation of that was necessary for the due Discharge of his Offices. But the least Mention of Passion had been

been most abominable, and had rendered *Homer* the most impertinent of all Writers. Thus far the combined Writers of the *Poëiad*.

But Mr. *Pope*, in his Preface, not speaking of Madam *Dacier*, that very learned *French* Lady, with so much Regard as she thought her Due, drew on him a little of her Resentment; for she expected a Compliment from him, for the Light she had given him into *Homer*, by her fine *French* Translation and Criticism; endeavouring not to appear angry, she, much exceeding our *English* Criticks, makes him sensible of some Mistakes in his Judgment, concerning the *Greek* Poet, and his immortal *Iliad*.

UPON the finishing (says she) of the second Edition of my Translation of *Homer*, a particular Friend sent me a Translation of Part of Mr. *Pope's* Preface to his Version of the *Iliad*. As I do not understand *English*, I cannot form any Judgment of his Performance, though I have heard much of it. I am indeed willing to believe, that the Praises it has met with are not unmerited, because whatever Work is approved by the *English* Nation, cannot be bad; but yet I hope I may be permitted to judge of that Part of the Preface which has been transmitted to me, and I here take the Liberty of giving my Sentiments thereon. I must freely acknowledge, that Mr. *Pope's* Invention is very lively, though he seemsto have been guilty of the same Fault into which he owns we are often precipitated by our Invention, when we depend too much upon the Strength of it: As Magnanimity, says he, may run up to Confusion and Extravagance, so may great Invention to Redundancy and Wildness.

This has been the very Case of Mr. *Pope* himself; nothing is more over-strained or more false than the Images in which his Fancy has represented *Homer*;
sometimes

sometimes he tells us, that the *Iliad* is a wild Paradise, where if we cannot see all the Beauties, as in an order'd Garden, it is only because the Number of them is infinitely greater. Sometimes he compares him to a copious Nursery, which contain the Seeds and first Productions of every Kind; and lastly, he represents him under the Notion of a mighty Tree, which rises from the most vigorous Seed, is improved with Industry, flourishes and produces the finest Fruit, but bears too many Branches, which might be lopped into Form, to give it a more regular Appearance.

What! Is *Homer's* Poem then, according to Mr. *Pope*, a confused Heap of Beauties, without Order or Symmetry, and a Plat whereon nothing but Seeds, nor nothing perfect or formed is to be found; and a Production loaded with many unprofitable Things, which ought to be retrenched, and which choak or disfigure those which deserve to be preserved?

The most inveterate Enemies to *Homer*, never said any Thing more injurious, or unjust, against that Poet.

As I have defended him, with pretty good Success, against the Cavils of so many ignorant Censors, who have condemned him because they did not understand him. I find myself again obliged to defend him against one of greater Penetration, and may therefore do him more Injury in the Minds of unlearned Readers, tho' at the same Time he pretends to have a great Veneration for him.

Mr. *Pope* will pardon me then if I here oppose these three Comparisons, which to me appear very false, and entirely contrary to what the greatest antient and modern Criticks, ever thought.

To the Point then, the *Iliad* is so far from being a wild Paradise, that 'tis the most regular Garden, and laid out with more Symmetry than any ever was.

Monfieur

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Monfieur *le Noſtre*, who was the firſt Man of the World in his Art, never obſerved in his Gardens a more perfect or more admirable Symmetry than *Homer* has obſerv'd in his Poems. Every Thing therein is not only in the Place it ought to have, but every Thing is made for the Place it hath. He preſents you at firſt with that which ought to be firſt ſeen, he places in the Middle what ought to be in the Middle, and what would improperly be at the Beginning or End, and he removes what ought to be at a greater Diſtance, to create the more agreeable Surprize ; and, to uſe a Compariſon drawn from Painting, he places that in the greateſt Light which cannot be too viſible, and ſinks, in the Obſcurity of the Shade, what does not require a full View ; ſo that it may be ſaid, that *Homer* is the Painter who beſt knew how to employ the Shades and Lights, and it was this wonderfully beauteous Order which *Horace* admired in his Poems, and on which he founded his Rules for the perfecting of the Art of Poetry.

The ſecond Compariſon is as unjuſt : How could Mr. *Pope* ſay, “ that one can only diſcover Seeds “ and the firſt Productions of every Kind in the “ *Iliad*.” Every Beauty is therein to ſo great a Perfection, that the following Ages could add nothing to thoſe of any Kind ; and the Antients have always propoſed *Homer* as the moſt perfect Model in all Kinds of Poetry.

The third Compariſon is compoſed of the Errors of the two former ; *Homer* had certainly an incomparable Fertility of Invention, but his Fertility is always check'd by that juſt Senſe, which made him reject every ſuperfluous Thing which his vaſt Imagination could offer him, to retain only what was uſeful or neceſſary. Judgment guided the Hand of this admirable Gardiner, and was the Pruning Hook he employ'd

employed to lop off every uselefs Branch; he has done what *Horace* directs,

Inutilesque falce ramos amputans Feliciores inserit.

Mr. *Pope* had done us a great Piece of Service, if he had pointed out the uselefs Branches that ought to be lopp'd off from this Tree. The Symmetry which ought to be given to that wild Garden to render it more regular, and the Perfection which is wanting to the several Beauties, he says *Homer* has only sketched out; it would be very happy for the present Age, and glorious to *England*, to have produced so perfect a Critick.

Now I have defended *Homer*, I must also defend myself against a Criticism he has made upon a Part of my Preface; where speaking of the Manners of *Homer's* Heroes, so like those of the Patriarchs, I have said, I find these antient Times so much the finer, as they the less resemble our own. Upon this Mr. *Pope* exclaims, who can be so prejudiced in their Favour as to magnify their Felicity, when a Spirit of Revenge and Cruelty reigned through the World, when no Mercy was shewn but for the Sake of *Lucre*, when the greatest Princes were put to the Sword, and their Wives and Daughters made Slaves and Concubines? Mr. *Pope* sure mistook me!

When I said so, could I mean that the Manners of these heroical Times were perfect and without fault! Were they so in more happy Times! Were there no Tokens then of Cruelty or Revenge! Were there no Captives made! Were there no Kings put to the Sword! Were there no Concubines seen amongst them! And since the Christian Religion has taught a more perfect Morality, was there never a Spirit of Revenge and Cruelty seen among Christians! Do they make no more Prisoners of War! And do

Fable, the Composition of Things, and says, very justly, that is the Soul of the Poem.

The second Error, which is not less material, is, when speaking of poetical Manners, Mr. *Pope* says, As there is more Variety of Characters in the *Iliad*, so there is of Speeches, than in any other Poem. Every Thing in it has Manners (as *Aristotle* expresses it) that is, every Thing is acted or spoken. Nothing can be more repugnant to the Doctrine of that Philosopher; he never said that any one Thing has Manners, that is, that it is either acted or spoken. He says, on the contrary, that there are Discourses without Manners, and that in his Time there were many Tragedies without Manners, and yet there were both Action and Discourse in these Dramas; this is a sure Sign that Manners are neither Actions nor Discourse, since Discourses and Actions may be without Manners. What are Manners then, according to *Aristotle*? Manners, says he, are what discover the Inclination of the Person who speaks, and the Side he will take upon any Accident wherein it would not be easy to find him out; therefore all Discourses that do not let you at first discover what he that speaks will resolve himself to do, are without Manners. It is astonishing, that Mr. *Pope* has not understood a Thing which is so clearly explained in *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, and in my Prefaces to the *Odyssey*. I refer that learned Man to these two Works, wherein he may satisfy himself concerning this Point.

The Faults I blame him for are so trivial, that they ought not to hinder the *English* Nation from expecting from this new Poet the great Advantages that are to be hop'd for from a Reformer of *Homer*. So bright a Man will not confine himself to perfect only the Art of Epick Poesy, that would be a trifling Matter: No, he will perfect the Art of Politicks,
 much

much more valuable and more important than that of Epick Poesy. A Man capable to correct *Homer*, will be able to form the Manners of Men; *Alcibiades* was of that Opinion, for a Grammarian having made his Brags before him, that he had in his Closet an *Homer* corrected with his own Hand, What! Friend, said he, art thou capable to correct *Homer*, and dost thou waste thy Time in teaching Children? Why dost thou not apply thyself to form the Manners of Men?

Of what infinite Consequence then will Mr. *Pope* be to a State, since he can reform *Homer*?

Anne le Fevre Dacier.

This fair Enemy puzzled our Translator of *Homer* more than all the others; he confess'd that he had receiv'd great Helps from her, and only thought she had (through a prodigious and almost superstitious Fondness for *Homer*) endeavour'd to make him out to be without any Fault or Weakness, and to stamp a Perfection on his Works which is no where to be found: However, he wrote her a very obliging Letter, where he confess'd himself exceedingly sorry that ever he should have done or wrote any Thing to displease so excellent a Wit; and she, on the other Side (according to the Goodness and Frankness of her Disposition) protested to forget it; so that there remain'd no Heart-burnings nor Animosities between these two great Admirers and Translators of *Homer*.

We will leave speaking of *Homer's Iliad* without one Quotation from it, it being impossible to give a satisfactory Idea of the Whole by any small Part of it; so we refer the Reader to it, as well as to the *Odysey*, which our Poet also translated.

Tho' Mr. *Pope* had in most of his Writings been

opposed, as well as in the Translation of the *Iliad*; been called illiterate, a Fool, an Ape, an Ass, a Boy, a Monster, and every Thing abusive, he did not think it worth his Time to answer any single Blockhead, yet; was loath to let them go without some Correction; and having sufficient Ground-work to go upon, begins, and at Times finishes a most compleat Satire, and calls it the *Dunciad*; where without the least Mercy (being thereto most scandalously provok'd) he lashes the whole Body of Dunces, and among them some (who had espoused their Party) who were not Dunces.

He address'd it, as was said before, to Dean *Swift*, who calls it *Pope's* Master-piece: It was a Thing calculated as if on Purpose for the Ear of that glorious Wit: Satire was his Food, his particular Delight, liv'd in him, he knew less how to praise: It could not well be address'd to Any-body else, without doing him Wrong. It is wrote very much in the Spirit of Mr. *Dryden's Mac Flecknoe*; but as it is more general, (that being chiefly confin'd to one Character) so it is more pleasing; not but *Dryden's* Satire is full as keen, and exceeding poetical, but wanting Subject is rather too short.

Those who are immortaliz'd in our Poet's *Dunciad*, had been (doubtless very wisely) the first Aggressors: They had tried 'till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other. No Body was either concern'd or surpriz'd, if this or that Scribbler was prov'd a Dunce; but every Body was curious to read what could prove Mr. *Pope* one, and was ready to pay something for such a Discovery. The ill Success in that transported them to personal Abuse, either of himself or Friends, (which he could perhaps less easily forgive) and furnish'd him with Materials for the best Satire, and the truest in our Language;

Language; except the *Rehearsal*, which having another Design, that of reforming the Stage and keeping off Absurdities from it, has another Cast, and is to be consider'd by itself.

To prove what has been said, that Mr. *Pope* was most scandalously provok'd, we shall inform the Reader, that no less than sixty-two different Libels, Books, Papers, and Papers of Verses, were publish'd against him; in which he was abus'd, before the Publication of the *Dunciad*, by Mr. *Dennis*, Mr. *Gildon*, *Thomas Burnet*, and *G. Duckett*, Esqrs. Mr. *Preston*, Mrs. *Centlivre*, ——— *Griffin*, a Comedian, *Joseph Gay*, *Bez. Morris*, *Leonard Welsted*, *Thomas Cooke*, Mrs. *Elizabeth Haywood*, ——— *Oldmixon*, (Author of what he calls *A critical History of England*, and others call a *Heap of Scandal and Lies*) *Jonathan Smedley*, the *British Journal*, the *Daily Journal*, *James Moore Smith*, Mr. *Theobald*, *Edward Roome*, Mr. *Ralph*, (whose Name I am sorry to see among them, he being a Duncie only in writing against the *Dunciad*, where he was never mentioned, but by that Means got in, his Name being inserted in a new Impression) *E. Curl*, a Book-feller, Mr. *Foxton*, Mr. *Thomas*, *Mathew Concanen Ward*, and others about his Strain.

So that it appears, that he bore with this Rabble Rout of Writers a long Time before he made them look more ridiculous than they had made themselves; tho' at last Mr. *Pope* did no more than he had always done, that was laugh at them.

The greatest Hurt those Poetasters and Pseudo-Criticks did him, was pretending to fix Things on him of which he was not Author. The lowest Ballads, Treatises meddling with State-affairs, or the Protestant Church; Satire on Lords and Ladies, Raillery on Wits and good Authors, Squabbles with Booksellers, or even

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full and true Accounts of Monsters, Poisons, and Murders; of any hereof there was nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other Season been to him ascribed: If it bore no Name, then he lay concealed; if it did, he father'd it on that Author, to be yet better concealed; if it resembled his Style, then it was evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set Purpose; even direct Oppositions have equally been suppos'd in him inherent.

To support the Action of the *Dunciad*, a Person must be fix'd on to agree with the Design; one capable of being a Party Writer, a dull Poet, and a Critick. This *Phantom* in the Poet's Mind must have a Name, and accordingly he calls him *Tibbald*; but Mr. *Cibber* afterwards making him angry, he displaces the *Phantom*, and leaves the Throne of Dullness vacant for the *Laureat*, thus humorously in Prose:

By AUTHORITY.

BY Virtue of the Authority in Us vested, by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, We have revis'd this Piece; where finding the Style and Appellation of King have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the Name of *Tibbald*; and apprehending the same may be deem'd in some Sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an Insult on that Legal Authority, which has bestow'd on another Person the Crown of Poesy; We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this Work; and do declare the said Throne of Poesy from hence-forth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the *Laureat* himself.

And

And it is hereby enacted, That no other Person do
presume to fill the same.

OC. Ch.

The Throne thus supposed to be fill'd, let us proceed to speak of the *Dunciad* more particularly. In the First Book is contain'd, The Proposition of the Subject; the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of *Dulness*, and Cause of the Continuance thereof. The beloved Seat of the Goddess is describ'd, with her chief Attendants and Officers, her Functions, Operations, and Effects. Then the Poem hastes into the Midst of Things, presenting her on the Evening of a Lord Mayor's Day, revolving the long Succession of her Sons, and the Glories past, and to come. She fixes her Eye on *Bays* to be the Instrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is describ'd pensive in his Study, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire from the old Age of the present Monarch *Settle*. Wherefore debating whether to betake himself to Law or Politicks, he raises an Altar of proper Books, and (making first his solemn Prayer and Declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful Writings. As the Pile is kindled, the Goddess beholding the Flame from her Seat, flies in Person and puts it out, by casting upon it the Poem of *Thule*. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds all her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries; then announcing the Death of *Settle* that Night, anoints, and proclaims him Successor.

The Satire begins thus:

The mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The *Smithfield* Muses to the Ears of Kings,
I sing.

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I sing. Say you her Instruments, the Great,
Call'd to this Work by *Dulness*, *Jove*, and *Fate*;
You, by whose Care, in vain descry'd and curst,
Still *Dunce* the Second reigns like *Dunce* the First.

This last Line alludes to a Verse of Mr. *Dryden's*,
not *Mac Flecknoe*, as it is ignorantly said in the *Key*
to the *Dunciad*, but in his Verses to Mr. *Congreve* :

And *Tom* the Second reigns like *Tom* the First.

Let us cite two Lines spoke of the Goddess *Dulness*,
to introduce the Address of the whole Poem to
Dean *Swift* ; which is a fine Acknowledgement of
his Merit, and no Compliment :

Still her old Empire to restore she tries ;
For born a Goddess, *Dulness* never dies.

O thou, whatever Title please thy Ear,
Dean, *Drapier*, *Bickerstaff*, or *Gulliver* !
Whether thou chuse *Cervantes's* serious Air,
Or laugh and shake in *Rablais's* easy Chair ;
Or praise the Court ; or magnify Mankind ;
Or thy griev'd Country's Copper Chains unbind ;
From thy *Bæotia* tho' her Pow'r retires,
Mourn not my *Swift* at ought our Realm acquires :
Here pleas'd, behold her mighty Wings out-spread,
To hatch a new *Saturnian Age* of Lead.

There is nothing can exceed the Description of the
College of *Dulness* in the City, nor the satirical
Turns against the several Persons there nam'd and
hinted at ; but for *Bays* and his Library, if they do
not outshine the rest, (where all shines, they serve
best our present Purpose, which is to draw short
Pictures of all who have appear'd either for or against
our Satirist, either in publick Print or private Life.

Bays,

Bays, form'd by Nature, Stage and Town to blefs,
 And act and be a Coxcomb with Success,
Dulness with Transport eyes the lively Dunce;
 Rememb'ring she herself was *Pertness* once.
 Now (Shame to *Fortune*!) an ill Run at Play,
 Blank'd his bold Visage, and a thin third Day;
 Swearing, and supperless the Heroe sate,
 Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate;
 Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the Ground,
 Sinking from Thought to Thought, a vast Profound!
 Plung'd for his Sense, but found no Bottom there;
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on in meer Despair.
 Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
 Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
 Nonsense precipitate like running Lead,
 That slip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-Zags of the Head;
 Ale, that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
 Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
 Next o'er his Books his Eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing Memory of all he stole;
 How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug.
 Here lay poor *Fletcher's* half-eat Scenes, and here
 The Frippery of crucify'd *Moliere*.
 There hapless *Shakespeare*, yet of *Tibbald* fore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on outside Merit but presume,
 Or serve, like other Fools to fill a Room;
 Such with their Shelves as due Proportion hold,
 Or their fond Parents dress'd in Red and Gold;
 Or where the Pictures for the Page atone,
 And *Quarles* is fav'd by Beauties not his own.
 Here swells the Shelf with *Ogylby* the Great;
 Then stamp'd with Arms, *Newcastle* shines compleat.
 Here

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Here all his suffering Brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the Martyrdom of Jakes and Fire:
A *Gothick* Library! Of *Greece* and *Rome*,
Well purg'd, and worthy *Settle*, *Banks*, and *Broome*;
But high above more solid Learning shone,
The *Classicks* of an Age that heard of None;
There *Caxton* slept, with *Wynkin* at his Side,
One clasp'd in Wood, and one in strong Cow-hide;
There, sav'd by Spice, like Mummies, many a Year,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful Front extends,
And here the groaning Shelves *Philemon* bend.

Nicholas de Lyra, or *Harpfield*, was a very voluminous Commentator, whose Works, in five large Folios, were printed in 1472.

Philemon Holland was Doctor in Physick; he translated so many Books, that a Man would think he had done nothing else; infomuch, that he might be call'd Translator-general of his Age. But the *Caxton* mentioned in the Verses above, was a Printer in the Time of *Edward IV.* *Richard III.* and *Henry VII.* *Wynkin de Ward*, his Successor, in that of *Henry VII.* and *VIII.* The former translated into Prose *Virgil's Æneis* as a History, of which he speaks, in his Proem, in a very singular Manner, as of a Book hardly known, as follows.

“ A F T E R dyuerse Werkes, made translated
“ and achieued, hauyng, noo Werke in hande
“ I sitting in my studye where as laye many dy-
“ uerse paunflettes and bookys. happened that to
“ my hande came a lytyl booke in frenshe. whyche
“ late was translated oute of latyn by some clerke
“ of fraunce whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made
“ in latyn by that noble poete & grete clerke *Vyr-*
“ gyle)

“ gyle) whiche booke I sawe over and redde there-
 “ in. How after the generall destruccyon of the
 “ grete *Troye*, *Eneas* departed berynge his olde fa-
 “ der *Anchises* upon his sholders, his lytyl son *Iolas*
 “ on his hande. his wyfe wyth moche other people
 “ followyng, and how he shipped and departed wyth
 “ alle thyftorye of his aduantures that he had *er be*
 “ *cam to his achieuement of the conquest of ytalie* as
 “ all alonge shal be shewed in this present booke.
 “ In whiche booke I had grete plasyr. by cause of
 “ the fayr and honest termes and wordes in frenshe
 “ Whyche I neuer sawe to fore lyke. ne none so
 “ playfuant ne no so wel ordred. which booke as
 “ me seemed sholde be moche requysyte to noble
 “ men to see as wel for the eloquence as the histo-
 “ ryes. How wel that many hondred yerys passed
 “ was the sayd booke of *Eneydos* wyth other werkes
 “ made and lerned dayly in scolis specyally in *ytalie*
 “ and other Places, whiche historye the said *Vyrgyle*
 “ made in metre, And whan I had aduysed me in
 “ this sayd booke. *I delybered and concluded* to
 “ translate it into englyshe. And fortwhyth toke
 “ a penne and ynk and wrote a leef or tweyne,
 “ which I ouersawe again to correcte it, and whan I
 “ sawe the fayr and straunge termes therein, I doubt-
 “ ed that it sholpe not please some gentylmen which
 “ late blamed me sayeng that in my translacyons I
 “ had ouer curyous termes which could not be vn-
 “ derstande of comyn peple, and desired me to vse
 “ olde and homely termes in my translacyons. And
 “ fayn wolde I satysfye euery man, and so to doo
 “ toke an olde booke and redde therein, and cer-
 “ tainly the englyshe wes so rude and brood that I
 “ coude not wele vnderstande it. And also my
 “ lorde *Abbot of Westmynster* ded do shewe to me
 “ late, certayn euydences wryton in olde englyshe
 “ for

“ for to reduce it in to our englyshe now vsed, and
 “ certaynly it was wryton in suche wyse that it was
 “ morelyke to dutche than englyshe I coudenot reduce
 “ ne brynge it to be understoonden, and certaynly
 “ our langage now vsed varyeth ferre from that
 “ whiche was vsed spoken whan I was borne, For we
 “ englyshemen, ben borne vnder the domynacyon
 “ of the mone. which is neuer stedfaste, but euer
 “ wauerynge, wexynge one season, and waneth &
 “ dyscreaseth another season, And that comyn en-
 “ glyshe that is spoken in one shyre varyeth from a-
 “ nother. In so much that in my dayes happened
 “ that certayn marchants were in a ship in Tamyse
 “ for to haue sayled over the see into Zeland, and
 “ for lacke of wynde thei taryed atte forlond. and
 “ wente to lande to refreshe them And one of them
 “ named *Sheffelde* a mercer cam in to an hows and
 “ axed for mete. and specyally he axyd after eggys
 “ And the good wyf answerede, that she cude speke
 “ no frenshe. And the marchant was anggy. for
 “ he also cude speke no frenshe. but wolde haue
 “ hadde eggys, and she vnderstoode hym not, And
 “ thenne at laste another sayd that he wolde haue
 “ eyren, then the goode wyf sayd that she vnderstode
 “ hym wel, Loo what shold a man in thyse dayes
 “ now wryte. eggys ore yren, certaynly it is harde
 “ to playse euery man, by cause of dyuersite &
 “ change of langage. For in these dayes euery man
 “ that is in ony reputacyon in his contre, wyll vtter
 “ his comynycacyon and maters in suche maners &
 “ termes, that fewe men shall vnderstonde them,
 “ and som honest and grete clerkes haue ben wyth
 “ and desired me to wryte the most curyous termes
 “ that I coud finde, And thus bytwene playn rude,
 “ & curyous I stande abashed. but in my Judg-
 “ mente, the comyn termes that be dalyli vsed ben
 “ lyghter

“ lyghter to be vnderstonde than the olde and ancy-
 “ ente englyshe, And for as moche as this present
 “ booke is not for a rude *vplondish* man to labour there-
 “ in, ne red it, but onely for a clerke & a noble gen-
 “ tylman that feleth and vnderstondeth in faytes of
 “ armes in loue & in noble chyualrye, Therefore
 “ in a mean betwene bothe I haue translated & reduced
 “ this sayd booke into our englyshe not ouer rude ne cu-
 “ rious but in suche termes as shall be vnderstanden
 “ by goddys grace accordynge to my cople. And
 “ yf ony man wyll enter mete in redyng of hit, and
 “ fyndeth suche termes that he can not vnderstande
 “ late hym goo rede and lerne *Vyrgyll*, or the pytles
 “ of *Ouyde*, and ther he shall see and vnderstonde
 “ lyghtly all, Yf he haue a good redar & enformer,
 “ For this booke is not for euery rude and vncon-
 “ nynge man to see, but to clerkys & very gentyle-
 “ men that vnderstande gentylnes and scyence.
 “ Thenne I praye alle theym that shall rede in this
 “ lytyle treatys to holde me for excused for the tran-
 “ slatyng of hit. For I knowleche my self igno-
 “ rant of connyng to enpryse on me so hie and no-
 “ ble a werke, But I praye Master *John Skelton* late
 “ created poete laureate in the vnyuersitye of *Oxen-*
 “ *ford* to ouersee and correcte this sayd booke. And
 “ t’addresse and expowne whereas shall be founde
 “ faulte to theym that shall requyre it. For hym I
 “ knowe for sufficyent to expowne and englyshe e-
 “ uery dyffyculte that is therein, For he hath late
 “ translated the epytlys of *Tulle*, and the booke of
 “ *Dyodorus Syculus*. and diuerse other werkes out
 “ of latyn in to englyshe not in rude and olde lan-
 “ gage. but in *poloyshed and ornat* termes craftely,
 “ as he that hath redde *Vyrgyle*, *Ouyde*, *Tulle*, and
 “ all the other noble poetes and oratours, to me un-
 “ known: And also he hath redde the ix muses and
 “ vnderstande

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“ vnderstande theyr musicall scyences. and to
 “ whom of thym eche scyence is appropred. I sup-
 “ pose he hath dronken of Elycons well. Then I
 “ praye hym & suche other to correcte adde or my-
 “ nyshe where as he or they shall fynde faulte, For
 “ I haue but folowed my cotype in frenshe as nygh
 “ as me is possyble, And yf ony worde be sayd
 “ therein well, I am glad. and yf otherwyse, I
 “ submytte my sayd booke to theyr correctyon,
 “ Whiche booke I presente vnto the hye born my
 “ tocomynge naturall & souerayn lord *Arthur* by the
 “ grace of God Prynce of *Walys*, Duke of *Corney-*
 “ *wall*. & Erle of *Chester* first bygotten Son and
 “ heyer vnto our most dradde natrall & souerain
 “ lorde & most chrysten kynge of *Englonde* and of
 “ *Fraunce* & lorde of *Irelonde*, byseeching his noble
 “ grace to receyve it in thanke of me his moste hum-
 “ ble subget and seruant, And I shall praye unto al-
 “ myghty God for his prosperous increasyng in
 “ vertue, wysedom, and humanyte that he may be
 “ egal with the most renomed of alle his noble pro-
 “ genytours. And so to lyue in this present lyf,
 “ that after this transitorye lyfe he and we alle may
 “ come to euerlastyng lyf in heuen, *Amen*.

At the End of the Book.

“ Here fynyssheth the boke of *Eneydos*, compyled
 “ by *Vyrgyle*, which hathe ben translated out of *latyn*
 “ in to *frenshe*, and out of *frenshe* reduced in to *en-*
 “ *glyshe* by me *Willm. Caxton*, the xxij daye of
 “ *Iuyn*. the yere of our lorde. M. iiij C lxxx.
 “ The fythe yere of the Regne of kyng *Henry* the
 “ feuenth.”

Our Satyrist sticks close to *Bays*, and puts into
 his Mouth an Invocation to *Dulness*, making him
 promise,

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promise, that as the Muse began with her, so it shall end with her: Likewise, reflecting with Pleasure upon Sir *Fopling's* Perriwig; for the first visible Cause of the Passion of the Town for *Bays*, was a fair flaxen full-bottomed Perriwig, which he tells us, he wore in his first Play of the *Fool in Fashion*: It attracted, in a particular Manner, the Friendship of Colonel *Brett*, who wanted to purchase it: "What-
 " ever Contempt (says he) Philosophers may have
 " for a fine Perriwig, my Friend, who was not to
 " despise the World, but to live in it, knew very
 " well, that so material an Article of Dress, upon
 " the Head of a Man of Sense, if it became him,
 " could never fail of drawing a more particular Re-
 " gard and Benevolence, than could possibly be hop'd
 " for, in an ill made one. This, perhaps, may soften
 " the grave Censure which so youthful a Purchase
 " might otherwise have laid upon him. In a Word,
 " he made his Attack upon this Perriwig, as your
 " young Fellows generally do upon a Lady of Plea-
 " sure, first by a few familiar Praises of her Person,
 " and then a civil Enquiry into the Price of it; and
 " we finished our Bargain over a Bottle." See his
 Life, Octavo, Page 303. This remarkable Perri-
 wig usually made its Entrance upon the Stage in a
 Sedan, brought in by two Chairmen, with infinite
 Approbation of the Audience.

This important Wig is now handed down to ever-
 lasting Fame, which was endeavoured at before by
 the Laureat himself, in his Apology for his own
 Life.

In the last Edition of the *Dunciad*, there are se-
 veral other Alterations and Additions in Augmenta-
 tion of his Character.

Mr. *Bays*, under that or some other Name, will
 often occur to us, so that for the Remainder of this

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first Book, we desire the Reader to observe, in what Manner he came by his Elasticity and Fire ; that he was once thought to have wrote a reasonable Play ; to observe a general Character given of his Verse, and Prose, and in what Manner his Conversation was extensive and useful ; that he was once designed for the Church, where he should have been a Bishop ; since became inclined to write for the Minister of State, but determines to stick to his other Talents.

—————Still, still, remain
Gibberian Forehead, and *Gibberian* Brain ;
 This brazen Brightness, to the Squire so dear ;
 This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer ;
 This arch Absurd, that Wit and Fool delights ;
 This Mess, tofs'd up of *Hockley-Hole* and *White's*.
 Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreath his
 At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town. [Crown,

He is represented at the End of this Book as actually enthron'd ; the first Book concludes thus :

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed Head
 With Mystick Words, the sacred *Opium* shed.
 And lo ! her Bird, a Monster of a Fowl !
 Something betwixt a Heideggre and Owl,
 Perch'd on his Crown. All hail ! and hail again,
 My Son ! the promis'd Land expects thy Reign.
 Know, *Eusden* thirsts no more for Sack or Praise,
 He sleeps among the Dull of antient Days
 Safe, where no Critick's damn, no Duns molest,
 Where wretched *Withers*, *Ward*, and *Gildon* rest,
 And high born *Howard*, more majestick Sire,
 Impatient waits 'till *H——y* grace the Choir,
 Yet, yet, a While at Court my *H——y* stay !
 See, *Cibber* enters, haste and turn the Key.

Lift

Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come !
 Sound, sound the Viol, be the Cat-call dumb !
 Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine ;
 The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join !
 And thou, his Aid de Camp, lead out my Sons,
 Light arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.
 Let Bawdry, *Billingsgate*, two Sisters dear,
 Support his Front, and Oaths bring up the Rear :
 And under his, and under A——r's * Wing,
 Gaming and *Grub-Street*, skulk behind the King.

O when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
 And I a nursing Mother rock the Throne !
 'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,
 Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law !
 Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned Band,
 And suckle Armies, and dry nurse the Land ;
 'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
 And all be Sleep, as at an Ode of thine.

S 2

She

—— Under A——r's * Wing
 Gaming and *Grub-Street*, skulk behind the King.

When the Statute against Gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by antient Custom, plays at *Hazard* one Night in the Year; and therefore a Clause was inserted, with an Exception, as to that Particular. Under this Pretence, the Groom Porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the Summer the Court was at *Kensington*, which his Majesty being accidentally acquainted of, with a just Indignation, prohibited, it is reported; the same Practice is yet continued, wherever the Court resides, and the *Hazard* Table there, open to all the profess'd Gamesters in Town.

Greatest and justest SOVEREIGN ! know you this ?
 Alas ! no more than *Thames* calm Head can know
 Whose Meads his Arms drown, or whose Corn o'erflow.
Donne to Queen Elizabeth.

She ceas'd: Then swells the Chapel Royal Throat,
 God save King *Cibber* mounts in every Note:
 Familiar *White's* God save King *Colley* cries;
 And God save *Colley Drury-Lane* replies.
 To *Needham's* quick the Voice triumphal rode,
 But pious *Needham* dropp'd the Name of God;
 Back to the *Devil* the last Ecchoes roll,
 And *Coll!* each Butcher roars at *Hockley-Hole*.

So when *Jove's* Block descended from on high,
 (As sings thy great Fore-father *Ogilby*)
 Look, Thunder to the Bottom shook the Bog,
 And the hoarse Nation croak'd, God save King *Log*.

Why Mr. *Pope* reflects on Mr. *Eusden* * (who never, that I heard of, had given him any Cause of Offence, I cannot tell) but am apt to think it was seeing the Lawrel bestow'd on a Man, who was neither a Scholar nor a Poet. Mr. *Cooke*, in his *Battle of the Poets*, faith of him:

Eusden, a lawrell'd Bard, by Fortune rais'd,
 By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

If he had any Beauty of Mind, he darken'd it by Hard-drinking; and having done a great Wrong to a Family of no obscure Name, left behind him a Character of such a Nature, that it had better be forgot than remember'd. Mr. *Pope* gives him a Lash or two, allowing him and *Daniel De Foe* a Distich between them in one Place; which was tackling two Persons together of very different Talents, for *Daniel De Foe* had Parts; but he distinguishes them very justly, comparing *De Foe* to Mr. *Pryn*, and Mr. *Eusden* to Sir *Richard Blackmore*, a little to the Injury of the latter. He speaks of *Dulness*:

She saw old *Pryn* in restless *Daniel* shine,
 And *Eusden* eke out *Blackmore's* endless Line.

Mr.

* This Mr. *Eusden* was a Clergyman.

Mr. *Eusden* had begun to translate *Tasso Jerusalem*, without understanding the *Italian*; and by the Help of Dictionaries and the old Version finish'd, as he call'd it, a great many Books; but dying, left them with the Lady, whose Acquaintance cost them both their good Names. This Lady's Brother (still bearing an Affection for his Sister) hoping thereby to make up Part of her mis-spent Fortune, consulted a learned *Italian* residing in *England*, hoping with his Assistance and that of some good *English* Poet to compleat the Work, and make very considerable Profits of it, dividing the Gain in Thirds; but when the *English* Poet saw it, he (understanding the Original) soon found so many Mistakes in the Sense, such a Meanness and Want of Spirit, (rather worse than two other Attempts that were made about that Time upon the same Book, tho' without the least Success, and stopping at three or four Books) such a Sleepiness and Lameness in the Rhyme, (for it was in Rhyme) that it would be less difficult to translate it anew, than botch up such wretched Stuff; besides, that he would by no Means touch it, but to do it in Blank Verse, and was only willing to undertake it in his own Name, and at a certain Price, shewing the Danger he should run to mix his Fame with Mr. *Eusden's*; which so discouraged the Gentleman who had taken this Affair into his Head, that he dropp'd the Thoughts of it; and it is very possible it may remain in Manuscript, 'till it comes into Hands that know what Use it ought to be put to.

To see such a one as *Eusden* preferr'd to the Laurel was enough to give the Spleen to any Man, when so many Gentlemen of Merit much superior would have been glad to have accepted the Honour. This *Eusden* no sooner died, but his Place of Laureat was fill'd up by Mr. *Cibber*, who, notwithstanding he

has let some Things call'd Odes escape him, that are only Subjects of Contempt and Laughter, has or has had very good Notions of the Comic Style; and if the *Careless Husband* be indeed his, as who else pretends any Claim to it? let us confess that this one Comedy fixes Merit sufficient on him to fill the Place he is in: He is a chearful spirited Companion, has been an excellent Comedian, and has given Pleasure to Thousands; a Man without Malice, and a Sufferer by being too good-natur'd.

Mr. *Pope*, as Mr. *Gibber* follow'd *Eusden* as Laureat, mention'd them together; but by the Praise he gives the *Careless Husband*, it is plain he does not put them on a Level:

All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,
It is and it is not the Voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it give the Bays,
And yet deny the *Careless Husband* Praise.

In short, the whole Town were of one Mind in Respect to *Eusden*, and no Man was fitter for the *Dunciad*.

Mr. *Oldmixon*, who was very far from being of Mr. *Pope*'s Party, as will appear, in his *Arts of Logic and Rhetorick*, Page 413, 414, affirms; "That
" of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none
" comes up to some Verses of this Poet; which
" have as much of the Ridiculum and the Fustian
" in them as can be well jumbled together; and are
" of that Sort of Nonsense, which so perfectly con-
" founds all Ideas, that there is no distinct one left
" in the Mind." Further he says of him; "That
" he hath prophesied his own Poetry shall be sweeter
" than *Catullus*, *Ovid*, and *Tibullus*; but we have
" little Hope of the Accomplishment of it from
" what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. *Oldmixon* has not spar'd a Reflection; "That the
" putting

“ putting the Lawrel on the Head of one who wrote
 “ such Verses, will give Futurity a lively Idea of the
 “ Judgment and Justice of those who bestow’d it.
 “ *ibid.* Page 417.” But the well known Learning
 of that noble Person, who was then Lord Chamber-
 lain, might have screen’d him from this unmannerly
 Reflection : Nor ought Mr. *Oldmixon* to complain so
 long after, that the Lawrel would have better be-
 come his own Brow or any others ; it were more de-
 cent to acquiesce in the Opinion of the Duke of
Buckingham upon this Matter :

—In rush’d *Eusden*, and cried who should have it,
 But I, the true Laureat, to whom the King gave it ?
Apollo begg’d Pardon, and granted his Claim ;
 But vow’d that ’till then he ne’er heard of his Name.

The same Reason we suppose induc’d Mr. *Pope* to
 enter upon his List of Dunces Mr. *Tate*, who was
 born and educated in *Ireland*, and Laureat in Queen
Anne’s Reign, and the Beginning of the late King’s :
 He was a cold, tame Writer, of no Invention, but
 sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by
 Mr. *Dryden* : In his Second Part of *Abraham and*
Achitophel are above two Hundred Lines together of
 that great Hand, which strongly shine thro’ the Infi-
 pidity of the rest. He died in the *Mint* exceeding
 poor, being very much incumber’d with Debts, and
 had had for several Years the Patronage of the Earl of
Dorset.

Nor shall we find any Person’s Name mention’d
 as a Dunce in this Satire, but what must be allowed
 such ; except they had offended Mr. *Pope*, and with
 such he takes the Opportunity to quit Scores.

One, tho’ almost the meanest our Satirist has con-
 descended to take Notice of, was *Edward Ward*,

Not fail with *Ward* to Ape and Monkey Climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler Rhymes.

A very voluminous Poet in Verse, by himself imagined to be *Hudibrastic*; but he is best known by the *London Spy*. Mr. *Jacob* says, in his *Lives of the Poets*, that he kept a Publick-House in the City, and with his Wit, Humour, and good Liquor, (Ale) afforded his Guests a pleasurable Entertainment, especially those of the High Church Party, *Page 225, Vol. 2.* Great Numbers of his Works were yearly sold into the Plantations. *Ward*, in a Book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this Account to be a very great Falstity, protesting, that his Publick House was not in the City but in *Moorfields*. Another *Ward* Mr. *Pope* mentions in his Third Book;

As thick as Eggs at *Ward* in Pillory.

John Ward, of *Hackney*, Esq; Member of Parliament, being convicted of Forgery, was first expell'd the House, and then sentenc'd to the Pillory on the 17th of *February*, 1727. Mr. *Curl* looks upon the Mention of such a Gentleman in a Satire, as a great Act of Barbarity. *Key to the Dunc. 3d Edit. Page 16.* And another Author thus reasons upon it. *Durgen, octav. Page 11, 12.* “ How unworthy is it of
“ *Christian* Charity, to animate the Rabble to abuse
“ a worthy Man in such a Situation? It was in vain!
“ he had no Eggs thrown at him; his Merit pre-
“ serv'd him. What cou'd move the Poet thus to
“ mention a brave Sufferer, a gallant Prisoner, expo-
“ sed to the View of all Mankind! It was laying
“ aside his Senses, it was committing a Crime for
“ which the Law is deficient not to punish him!
“ nay, a Crime which Man can scarce forgive, nor
“ Time

“ Time efface ! Nothing surely could have induc’d
 “ him but being bribed to it by a great Lady.”

But take *Durgen’s* Author’s own Words ; who has
 thought himself able to make Reprisals on Mr. *Pope*,
 for those two Lines, which have set his Verses below
 the Value even of bad Tobacco :

Nor is the *Twickenham* Bard entirely free
 From mercenary Throws of Obloquie ;
 The Lust of Mammon led him once astray,
 And made him tag Scurrility for Pay ;
 If false, then let him clear up the Mistake,
 And to the following Queries answer make.

Who, for the Lucre of a golden Fee,
 Broke thro’ the Bounds of Christian Charity,
 To animate the Rabble, to abuse
 A Worthy, far above so vile a Muse ?
 Tho’ all in vain, for Merit kept him free
 From your intended base Severity :
 What envious Lady brib’d thee to express
 Her Fury, in the Days of his Distress ?
 And caus’d thy Muse to execrate so poor
 A Libel on so brave a Sufferer ?
 What Power, but Gold, could stupify thy Brain,
 And make thee act so far below a Man,
 As with inglorious Scandal to pursue
 A gallant Pris’ner, when expos’d to View ?
 A cruel Insult at so wrong a Time,
 That should by Law be punish’d as a Crime :
 ’Tis strange so wise a Bard should lay aside
 His Senses, and be led by female Pride,
 Into a Fault so permanent and great,
 That Man can scarce forgive, or Time forget.
 But Gold and Beauty makes the wisest Fools,
 For these, the pious Christian breaks his Rules,
 And Poets for the same, we find, turn Womens
 Fools.

This

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This *Durgen* Author, or Mr. *Ward*, not knowing himself Dunce sufficient to claim a Place in the *Dunciad*, is very angry to find himself there, and endeavours to make Mr. *Pope* appear unjust, malicious, and false to his Word, for this Reason, *Durgen* prefaces to the Reader, as follows :

“ The only Excuse made in the Preface to the
 “ *Dunciad*, for the scurrilous Liberties taken by the
 “ Author of that invidious Poem, is, that no Man
 “ living is attacked therein, who had not before
 “ printed and published against this particular Gentleman, meaning the Author. This Apology,
 “ at first Sight, may seem to the friendly Reader no
 “ less than reasonable ; but, in short, his unguarded
 “ Assertion, tho’ express’d in positive Terms, without the least Exception, happens to fall under the
 “ Misfortune of being utterly false ; for the Author
 “ of the following Poem, in Answer to his general
 “ Charge, does solemnly protest, that he never, till
 “ now, ever wrote a Line that could give to the
 “ little Gentleman the minutest Provocation ; therefore thinks himself at Liberty, without a Breach
 “ of good Manners, to return him a Scratch for
 “ his Bite, for a Man may love Peace and yet be
 “ obliged to enter into a Quarrel.

“ I have little to say in Behalf of the following
 “ Poem, nor have I the Vanity to put it in Competition with the *Dunciad*, which, as its Preface
 “ confesses, is partly stiled an heroick Poem, from
 “ the high Courage of the Writer ; and therefore, since, to show his Valour, he has been so
 “ frolicksome as to surprize me with an unexpected
 “ Insult, I thought myself obliged to give him a
 “ *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, lest I should be thought a
 “ Coward.”

He

He might have seen in the Preface to the *Dunciad*, that, besides those who had printed or published any Scandal against our Author, he confesses to have taken in a few, whose Dulness or Scurrility, all Mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a Place in the *Dunciad*: If Mr. *Ward* would have taken the Trouble to have read his own Works, he might have found a Cure for his Admiration; so many Obscenities, abusing whole Bodies of Men, (especially the *Dissenters*) intermeddling with State Affairs, though understanding nothing of them, and in Families where Misfortunes had happened, or Disgraces thro' Weakness of Wives, Husbands, or Children, blowing a foolish Trumpet to the Town, and making a Jest of private Calamities, for the Sport of Transports, Felons, Indians, Creolians, and some neglected Tories, that had little other Pleasure, except a Cup of his pleasurable Ale.

But as he sold pretty good Liquor, and was flattered by some old Malecontents, that us'd his House on Credit, it would have been very difficult to have made him sensible of this——So out comes *Durgen*, not without some Assistance from * another Hand; the Verse, though low, being something above his Strains, he appeals to the Town, that though he might have wrote ill, yet it was wrong in Mr. *Pope* to satirize him: But hear *Durgen*.

Suppose a Bard superlatively bright,
In Parts superior to the rest that write,
Great in the wild Opinion of the Town,
And flatter'd till much greater in his own,
Puff'd up with vain Applause and Self-Conceit,
Those poor deceitful Props to human Wit,
Which bear him up, pursuant to his Aim,
Till lodg'd upon the feeble Wings of Fame,
Whence

* Mr. *Pope* is of Opinion it was *Jemmy Moore*.

Whence he looks proudly downward for a Time,
 Despising all the rest that deal in Rhime;
 And, as from lofty Elms, the Rook or Crow
 Mute on the lesser Birds that perch below,
 He squirts down frothy Satires with Contempt,
 As if himself from Scandal was exempt,
 Or that no injur'd Mortal durst oppose,
 The Dart he levels, or the Dirt he throws,
 Describing Men like Monsters, tho' compleat
 In Stature, Manners, Countenance and Wit;
 When if he could but with impartial Eyes,
 Behold himself, he would himself despise.
 So strange a Figure, and so quaint a Face,
 Reflected truly by a *Venice* Glass,
 Must make him, Negro-like, the Mirrour break,
 And hate the Substance for the Shadow's Sake.
 But hold, my angry Muse, bear not too hard,
 Defects in Nature always should be spar'd,
 We know ill Manners merits no Applause,
 Yet when a cow'rdly Adversary draws
 Unlawful Arms, to wound another's Fame,
 'Tis lawful, in Defence, to use the same.

Nay, being back'd a little, he pushes on, and ventures to set up for a Finder out of Blemishes, and deals in Irony; he is not contented to make our Author in the Wrong, but to expose him he turns Critick himself.

In Verse, how lofty is a *curling Spire*?
 Yet all must own the *frighted Sky* much higher.
 A *Silver Sound*, tho' not, perhaps uncouth,
 Is common, and in e'ery Fidler's Mouth.
 An *aukward Grace*, is something very rare,
 Like a fine Curtsey from a dancing Bear.

A nectar'd Urn may signify a Bowl
Of Punch, or of some richer Liquor full,
Such as our *Durgen* drinks, to reinspire
His lab'ring Muse, when she begins to tire.
But as for *Adamantine Lungs*, ads death,
A Man would wonder how they draw their Breath.
Apollo's Sons must own these Diamond Lights
Deserve to be esteem'd the Flight of Flights.

Besides these he takes the Liberty of many more
Lines; but thinking, or his Friend for him, that
their Bolt was shot, he begins to change his Note a
little, and mingle Complaint, Praise, and Satire all
together, as far as his, her's, or their Skill (for I
know not who it was) would permit.

'Tis strange a Bard of such exalted Wit,
For sacred Hymns and Heav'nly Anthems fit,
Should in his Anger lavishly bestow
A Stile so lofty on a Theme so low;
As if his Numbers, which so smoothly glide,
Like Streams unruffl'd by the Wind or Tide,
Were meant as Balsam to relieve or heal
The Blows he gives us and the Smart we feel:
But from soft Words small Benefit we reap,
His Balm's too mollient and his Stabs too deep,
Does only thro' the mangl'd Cutis flow,
Just skins the Wound, but heals it not below.
With Laud, sometimes, his Satire he allays,
But still his Scandal's greater than his Praise;
Some Wits, perhaps, he'll sparingly approve,
Yet crown with Malice his dissembled Love,
Speak smoothly first in Favour, but at last,
Will all their Virtues with their Crimes o'ercast,
And seldom does one fawning Line impart,
But when some Mischief's broiling in his Heart.

Thus,

Thus, as the skilful Fisherman, for Sport,
 Tickles the very Trout he means to hurt;
 Or, as the crafty Boxer, when he's vext,
 Shakes Hands one Moment, and assaults the next.
 So proud invidious Poets, that delight
 In snarling Satire, to exert their Spight,
 Like Bears, oft' hug their Foes before they bite. }

This plain Satire, as mean and inconsiderable as it may seem, was one of the best that appear'd against our Author: 'Tis written with more Humility and good Humour than is common to Authors who have been publickly satiris'd, it being certainly a very unpleasing Thing for a Man to have the Product of his Study and Understanding call'd ugly or vile, and the little Fondling almost strangled. This, however, work'd so far upon Mr. *Pope*, that he afterwards let him alone; either that he thought he had done enough barely to mention him, or else, that he was not great enough for him to lead in Triumph.

It ought not to be said, that if Any-body wrote in Opposition to Mr. *Pope*, he never fail'd to make them, either in the *Dunciad* or elsewhere, the Subject of his Satire and Ridicule; he did not desire all the World to be of his Mind; he did not expect it; we can give an Instance of his *Essay on Man* (that is the two first Epistles) being us'd very freely, long before he wrote his last *Dunciad*; and so far was he from writing any-thing then, to take away from the Fame of the Author, that he declar'd he never would; that the Author had us'd him like a Gentleman, and was (on what without Doubt appeared reasonable to him) on the other Side of the Question; in Regard to which, at many Times, and on many Points, he hardly had known himself which Way to lean.

Than

Than himself, No-body could be more sensible of the Impossibility of bringing People's Minds to the same Standard. He had seen (only speaking of Poetry) Trash preferr'd to his finest Writings, meerly by the Resolutions of his Adversaries to admire nothing he should write; where, one should think, all must by Force see the Beauty: It requires no Reasoning to convince, no Difference of Faith or Philosophy, yet how many consent not? How much more in Things of difficult Speculation, where each Man almost has his own Mode of thinking, and either can not or will not understand any Thing out of that Way: Every Man pretends to desire to be going to the same Place, and yet all go different Ways, enquire of and follow different Guides, and foolishly oftentimes enquire of the Blind. But the *Dunciad* calls us back.

We have heard Mr. *Pope* nick-nam'd *Durgen* by Mr. *Edward Ward*, for uncharitably abusing *John Ward*, Esq; of *Hackney*, and thinks nothing could have induc'd him to it but a Bribe from a great Lady, to whom this brave, honest, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no Offence, but Perjury, proved in open Court.

Mr. *Dennis* did not let our Author come off with such cool Usage as the *London-Spy*, he flew into such extravagant Flights at his other Works, and spit such venomous Speeches, and called such opprobrious Names, that he gains the Title of *Mighty Madman* in the Satire:

Behold—flow *Philips* creep like *Tate's* poor Page,
And all the mighty Mad in *Dennis* rage.

And in the Third Book:

Ah! *Dennis*, *Gildon*, ah! what ill-starr'd Rage
Divides a Friendship, long confirm'd by Age?

The

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The Reader, who has been made sensible what a constant Attendance Mr. *Dennis* paid to our Author, and all his Works, will wonder, perhaps, that he should not be touch'd more in this Poem, as he was threatened to be; but to speak Truth, notwithstanding this Critick's Petulancy and lasting Malice, Mr. *Pope* look'd on him with some Esteem, and often paid Respect and Obedience to his Judgment: Beside, that he (more generously than all the rest) set his Name to such Writings as he printed against him: He was also a very old Man at this Time, he must have been above threescore, and happily liv'd many Years after; so that we make no more Mention of Mr. *Dennis*, who, with a better natural Temper, the same Degree of Criticism, and being a little better Poet, could but have been equall'd by any Poet.

Before the last Edition of the *Dunciad*, the King of the Dunces was *Tibbald*, elected and crowned; but now, he being forced to recede, *Bays* standing directly against him, he is brought down to be nothing but a private Dunce.

'Twixt *Plautus*, *Fletcher*, *Shakespear*, and *Corneille*,
Can make a *Cibber*, *Tibbald*, or *Ozell*.

Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or *Theobald* (as written) was bred an Attorney, and Son to an Attorney; he was Author of some forgotten Plays, Translations, and other Pieces. He was concern'd in a Paper called the *Censor*, and a Translation from *Ovid*, as we learn from Mr. *Dennis*'s Remarks on *Homer*, Page 9 and 10. "There is a notorious I-
" deot, one *Hight Whacum*, who, from an Under-
" Spur-Leather of the Law, is become an Under-
" strapper to the Play House, who has lately bur-
" lesqu'd the *Metamorphosis* of *Ovid*, by a vile
Translation,

“ Translation, &c.” In the next Page, “ This Fellow is concerned in an impertinent Paper call’d the *Censor*.”

The Reason Mr. *Pope* struck so home at Mr. *Tibbald* was, because there was more than a Supposition of his Writing an Essay on the *Art of a Poet’s sinking in Reputation: Or, a Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry*. Where he saith, that if he is not shrewdly abused; Mr. *Pope* made it his Practice to cackle to both Parties in their own Sentiments, and many other very disobliging Things. He endeavoured to restore *Shakespear*, and like others, either Editors, or pretended Menders, has in some Places explain’d him very well, and in others, left him worse than he found him: The great Cause of the Bickering between our Author and him was, that each were explaining that inimitable Poet: Upon the Whole, it were to be wished the Original Text of *Shakespear* had never been altered under any Pretence whatsoever, and much to be lamented that such as Laureat *Tate* and *Charles Johnson* should pretend to it.

However, this Mr. *Tibbald* fills up little Space now, in Comparison of what he did, when he sat high on the sleepy Throne of *Dulness*, and therefore, of Consequence, demands fewer Remarks, so that we will drop this *quondam* Monarch, not knowing, whether on his vanishing from the Royal Seat, any of his former *Dulness* left him or not.

In the same Line with Mr. *Cibber* and Mr. *Tibbald*, is inserted the Name of Mr. *Ozell*, who translated *Homer* with Madam *Dacier’s* Notes, Mr. *Toland* and Mr. *Gildon* publicly declared, *Ozell’s*, as it was prior, so it was superior to *Pope’s*, which was the Occasion of this Lash. The said Mr. *Gildon* violently attacked Mr. *Pope* in several Pieces, particularly, in an anonymous Pamphlet of the Life

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of Mr. *Wycherly*, printed by *Curl*: In another, called *The new Rehearsal*, and a third, entitled *The compleat Art of Poetry*, in two Volumes, and others. He was a Writer of Libels in the last Age, and was bred at St. Omer with the Jesuits, but renounced Popery, and afterwards published *Blount's* Books against the Divinity of *Christ*; the Oracles of Reason, with other Deistical and Freethinking Pieces. He squandered away his Fortune before he was twenty three Years of Age, and most of his paternal Estate was wasted, wrote some bad Plays, but was modest enough to publish them without his Name, and tho' he assumed the great Name of a Critick, he nods among the Dunces, but has a good Name among all School-Boy Poets, for his compleat Dictionary of Rhymes.

Before we leave the first Book of the *Dunciad*, we shall re-assert that it bears a great Similitude to *Mac Flecknoe*, and when we come to consider what a prodigious Veneration our Satirist had for Mr. *Dryden*, it will be no Wonder to see him imitate him, for imitate him he did, though he exceeded him as well in the Copiousness of his Subject, as in the Sharpness of his Pen; and that our Comparison may not seem wholly groundless, please to look over the ensuing Quotations from the elder Poet:

Close to the Walls which fair *Augusta* bind,
 (The fair *Augusta* much to Fears inclin'd)
 An antient Fabrick, rais'd t' inform the Sight,
 There stood of Yore, and *Barbican* its hight:
 A Watch-Tower once, but now, so Fate ordains,
 Of all the Pile an empty Name remains.
 From its old Ruins Brothel-Houses rise,
 Scenes of lewd Loves, and of polluted Joys.
 Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets
 And, undisturb'd by Watch, in Silence sleep. [keep,
 Near

Near these a Nursery erects its Head,
 Where Queens are form'd, and future Heroes bred;
 Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
 Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
 And little *Maximins* the Gods defy. }
 Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
 Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear.
 But gentle *Simkin* just Reception finds
 Amidst this Monument of vanish'd Minds:
 Pure Clinches, the suburban Muse affords;
 And *Panton* waging harmless War with Words.
 Here *Fleckno*, as a Place to Fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his *Shadwell's* Throne.
 For antient *Decker* prophesied long since,
 That in this Pile should reign a mighty Prince, }
 Born for a Scourge of Wit, and Flail of Sense:
 To whom true Dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
 But Worlds of Misers from his Pen shou'd flow;
 Humorists and Hypocrites it shou'd produce,
 Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.

It would be easy, in many Respects, to make a Parallel between these two Gentlemen; but Mr. *Dryden* was very unhappy in his OEconomy, and was obliged to write for his Bread, at hired Prices from Play-Houses, and Booksellers, so that his Works were sometimes made publick in a Week after they were wrote, whereas Mr. *Pope* would keep a Piece Years by him, and have the Approbation of all whose Judgments he depended upon, before he would let the publick Eye pass over it, and after that, in fresh Editions, he was still polishing, beautifying and altering.

The Contents of the second Book of the *Dunciad*, are, The King being proclaimed, the Solemnity is grac'd with publick Games and Sports of various

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Kinds, (not instituted by the Hero, as by *Æneas* in *Virgil*, but for greater Honour by the Goddess in Person) in like Manner as the Games *Pythia*, *Isthmia*, &c. were antiently said to be by the Gods, and as *Thetis* herself appearing according to *Homer, Odysf.* 24. proposed the Prizes in Honour of her Son *Achilles*. Hither flock the Poets and Criticks, attended (as is but just) with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her Disport, to propose Games to the latter, and setteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which the Booksellers contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers Accidents: Next the Game for a Poetess; then follow the Exercises for the Poets, of Tickling, Vociferating, Diving: The first holds forth the Arts and Practises of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and Fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Authors. Lastly, for the Criticks, the Goddess proposes (with great Propriety) an Exercise not of their Parts but their Patience; in hearing the Works of two voluminous Authors, one in Verse, and the other in Prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various Effects of which, with the several Degrees and Manners of their Operation, are here set forth: 'Till the whole Number, not of Criticks only, but of Spectators, Actors, and all present fall fast asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the Games.

Further, to prove that Mr. *Pope* had *Mac Flecknoe* in his Thoughts, he begins this Book with making mention of that Hero of Mr. *Dryden's*:

High on a gorgeous Seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt Tub, or *Flecknoe's Irish* Throne.

But not insisting longer upon our Parallel, we shall pass on with our *Dunciad*, and take Care not to forget *Henley's* gilt Tub.

The

The Pulpits of Dissenters are usually call'd Tubs, but that of Orator *Henley* was covered with Velvet, and adorned with Gold : He had also a fair Altar, and over it this extraordinary Inscription ; *The Primitive Eucharist* ; for he fell off from the Establish'd Church, and drove and drives a sepearte Trade. The Freedom he takes with the God he oft'nest bows before, tho' he should pray twenty Times a-day, (who was said to be the Son of *Semele*) drew from our temperate Author the following tart Rebuke :

—*Henley* lay inspir'd beside a Sink,
And to mere Mortals seem'd a Priest in Drink.

Where the Word *seems* presents us with an excellent Moral, a Lesson to all Men who may happen to see a reverend or more reverend Person in the like Situation, not to determine too rashly.

This Orator has a Talent almost peculiar to himself in the Management of his Voice and Action, which he affects to a Degree which shews himself very fond of it, (as is no Wonder) of what he has so long studied. He made a set Discourse or Oration one Day on the Text in the Acts of the Apostles, *And Paul stretched forth his Hands*; from whence he endeavoured to justify himself, and merited the other two Lines Mr. *Pope* has judiciously wrote about him :

Imbrown'd with native Bronze lo! *Henley* stands,
Tuning his Voice and balancing his Hands.

He preach'd on the *Sundays* Theological Matters, and on the *Wednesdays* upon all other Sciences. Each Auditor paid one Shilling. He declaim'd some Years unpunish'd against the greatest Persons, and occasionally did our Author that Honour. *Welsted*, in *Oratory Transactions*, No. 1. publish'd by *Henley* himself, gives the following Account of him :

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“ He was born at *Melton Mowbry* in *Leicestershire*; from his own Parish School he went to St. *John’s* College in *Cambridge*. He began there to
 “ be uneasy, for it shock’d him to find he was com-
 “ manded to believe against his Judgment in Points
 “ of Religion, Philosophy, &c. for his Genius lead-
 “ ing him freely to dispute all Propositions, and call
 “ all Points to Account, he was impatient under
 “ those Fetters of the free-born Mind.—Being
 “ admitted to Priest’s Orders, he found the Exami-
 “ nation very short and superficial, and that it was
 “ not necessary to conform to the *Christian* Religi-
 “ on in order either to Deaconship or Priesthood.”
 He came to Town, and after having for some Years
 been a Writer for Booksellers, he had an Ambition
 to be so for Ministers of State. The only Reason he
 did not rise in the Church we are told was, “ the
 “ Envy of others, and a Disrelish entertain’d of him,
 “ because he was not qualify’d to be a compleat Spa-
 “ niel.” However, he offer’d the Service of his
 Pen, in one Morning, to two great Men of Opini-
 ons and Interest directly opposite; by both of whom
 being rejected, he set up a new Project, and stiled
 himself *The Restorer of antient Eloquence*. He thought
 “ it as lawful to take a Licence from the King and
 “ Parliament at one Place as another; at *Hickes’s*-
 “ *Hall*, as at *Doctors-Commons*; so set up his Orato-
 “ ry in *Newport-Market*.” There (says his Friend)
 “ he had the Assurance to form a Plan which no
 “ Mortal ever thought of: He had Success against
 “ all Opposition; challeng’d his Adversaries to fair
 “ Disputations, and none would dispute with him;
 “ writ, read and studied twelve Hours a-day; com-
 “ pos’d three Dissertations a-week on all Subjects;
 “ undertook to teach in one Year what Schools and
 “ Universities teach in five; was not terrify’d by
 “ Mena-

“ Menaces, Insults, or Satires, but still proceeded,
 “ matured his bold Scheme, and put the Church and
 “ all that in Danger.” WELSTED, *Narrative* in
Orat. Transact. No. 1.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turn'd
 his Rhetorick to Buffoonry upon all publick and pri-
 vate Occurrences. All this passed in the same Room,
 where he broke Jest, and sometimes that Bread
 which he call'd the *Primitive Eucharist*.—— This
 wonderful Person struck Medals, which he dispersed
 as Tickets to his Subscribers: The Device, a Star
 rising to the Meridian, with this Motto, AD SUMMA,
 and below, INVENIAM VIAM, AUT FACIAM.

Some of those Lay-Subjects were very full of Ri-
 baldry: Once having advertis'd, that the following
Wednesday he intended to make an Oration on *Mar-
 riage*, he drew after him a considerable Number of
Ladies and *Gentlemen*, chiefly *Butchers Daughters* and
'Prentices out of the City, and a few *Sneerers*; when
 he had that prodigious Presence of Brass, without
 changing Countenance, to tell the Ladies, “ *That*
 “ *he was afraid that oftentimes, as well as now, they*
 “ *came to CHURCH in Hopes to get Husbands, rather*
 “ *than be INSTRUCTED by a Preacher.*” But he
 intreated of them, “ *not to set their Affections too*
 “ *much upon THINGS that were BELOW.*” This
 Man had an Hundred Pounds a-Year given him for a
 weekly Paper of unintelligible Nonsense, called the
 HYP-DOCTOR.

We shall not lose the Opportunity of saying, that
 tho' our Poet was a Papist, he occasionally glanc'd
 his Satire towards *Rome*.

Not with more Glee, with Hands pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet Hats wide waving circled round,
Rome in her *Capitol* saw *Querno* sit,
 Thron'd on seven Hills, the *Antichrist* of Wit.

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Which Lines allude to *Camillo Querno*, Native of *Apuglia*; who hearing of the great Encouragement which *Leo X.* gave to Poets, travelled to *Rome* with a Harp in his Hand, and sung to it twenty Thousand Verses of a Poem called *Alexias*; he was introduc'd as a *Buffoon* to *Leo*, and promoted to the Honour of the Lawrel; a Jest the Court of *Rome* and the Pope himself enter'd into so far, as to cause him to ride on an Elephant to the *Capitol*, and to hold a solemn Festival on his Coronation; at which, 'tis recorded, the Poet himself was so transported as to * *weep for Joy*.

He was ever after a constant Frequenter of the Pope's Table, drank abundantly, and pour'd forth Verses without Number †.

But of all the Phantoms ever yet rais'd by any Pen, never was so diverting a one as that of the Poet, which the Goddess *Dulness* sets up, and which the Book-sellers contend to overtake.

A Poet's Form she plac'd before their Eyes,
And bad the nimblest Racer seize the Prize;
No meagre, Muse rid Mope, adust and thin,
In a dun Night-Gown of his own loose Skin,
But such a Bulk as no twelve Bards could raise,
Twelve starveling Bards of these degen'rate Days.
All as a Partridge plump, full fed, and fair,
She form'd this Image of well-bodied Air,
With pert flat Eyes she window'd well its Head,
A Brain of Feathers, and a Heart of Lead.
And empty Words she gave, and sounding Strain,
But senseless, lifeless! Idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky Hit,
A Fool so just a Copy of a Wit;

* See the Life of Colley Cibber, Chap. 6, P. 149.

† PAULUS JOVIUS. *Eclog. Virg. doct.* Chap. lxxxii.

So like, that Criticks said and Courtiers swore,
A Wit it was, and called the Phantom, *More*.

This *More* was very fond of having the Reputation of being acquainted with Poets, and Men of Parts, and industriously, and with patient waiting for an Opportunity, at last got into Mr. *Pope*'s Company. *Curl*, in his Key to the *Dunciad*, affirmed this to be *James More Smith*, Esq; and it is probable that some might fancy Mr. *Pope* oblig'd to represent this Gentleman as a Plagiary, or pass for one himself: The Case is this, that Gentleman had been shown by Mr. *Pope*, some Part of that Epistle of *The Characters of Women, to a Lady*. Where, among a great many others equally excellent, are found these Lines:

A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cares;
Fair to no Purpose, artful to no End,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.

There is no Reader so little able to distinguish, but must, at first Sight, perceive those Lines not to be of a Piece with the contemptible Stuff in which they are inserted: In short, he got them from Mr. *Pope*, and reading them, and shewing them about, boasted that they were Part of his new Comedy, *The Rival Modes*: Mr. *Pope* hearing of it, I believe when requested to make use of them, did not give him an absolute Denial: Let us join to this, what is written by the said Mr. *James More Smith*, in a Letter to our Author himself, who had informed him a Month before that Play was acted, *January 27, 1726-7*, that "these Verses, which he had before
" in a Manner given him Leave to insert in it,
would

“ would be known for his, some Copies being got
“ abroad.”

He desires, nevertheless, that since the Lines had been read in his Comedy to several, Mr. *Pope* would not deprive it of them, accordingly they remained there, but could not save the Play, nothing could do that. After the dreadful Damnation of the Play, as nothing could be found but those five fine Lines, that might with any Degree of Patience be read, *More* begins to take them to himself, and a Letter comes out in the *Daily Journal*, Part of it in these Words: “ Upon reading the second Volume of
“ *Pope's* Miscellanies, I found five Lines which I
“ thought excellent, and happening to praise them,
“ the Gentleman produc'd a modern Comedy (the
“ *Rival Modes*) publish'd last Year, where were the
“ same Verses to a Tittle.”

Surely, if we add the Testimonies of the Lord, of the Lady to whom the said Verses were originally address'd, of *Hugh Bethel*, Esq; and others, who knew them to be our Author's, long before the said *More Smith* compos'd his Play together with the Verses themselves, that speak loud against the pretended Author, it is to be hop'd the Ingenious that affect not Error, will rectify their Opinion by the Suffrage of so honourable Personages. Having been very abusive in the *Daily Journal*, concerning the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, he ventures to say, it was a very dull and unjust Abuse of an excellent Person, who wrote in Defence of our Constitution, and who has been dead many Years. Verily this also seems to be most untrue; it being known to divers, that these Memoirs were written at the Seat of the Lord *Harcourt* in *Oxfordshire*, before that excellent Person Bishop *Burnet's* Death, and many Years before the Appearance of that History of which they
are

are pretended to be an Abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. *Moore* had such a Design, and was himself the Man who prest Dr. *Arbuthnot* and Mr. *Pope* to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our Author when that History came forth, with Intention to turn them to such Abuse. But being able to obtain from our Author but one single Hint, and either changing his Mind, or having more Mind than Ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his Acquaintance. A noble Person there is, into whose Company Mr. *Pope* once chanc'd to introduce him, who well remembreth the Conversation of Mr. *Moore* to have turned upon the "Contempt he had for the
" Work of that Reverend Prelate, and how full
" he was of a Design he declared *himself* to have,
" of exposing it." This noble Person is the Earl of *Peterborough*.

Here, in Truth, should we crave Pardon of all the foresaid Right Honourable and Worthy Personages, for having mentioned them in the same Page with such Weekly riff-raff Railers and Rhymers; but that we had their own ever-honoured Commands for the same, and that they are introduced not as Witnesses in the Controversy, but as Witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Some Time before he had borrowed of Dr. *Arbuthnot* a Paper, called *An Historico-Physical Account of the South Sea*; and of Mr. *Pope*, the *Memoirs of a Parish-Clerk*, which, for two Years he kept, and read to Dr. *Young*, *Fettiplace Bellers*, Esq; and many others, as his own, which was attested by the said Gentlemen. This Mr. *Fettiplace Bellers* was an intimate Acquaintance of Mr. *Pope's*, and much esteemed by him; he had Learning, and true Sense,
was)

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was an exceeding good Judge of Poetry, and wrote several Things himself, in a very good Taste; he had a Gallantry that became him, an innocent Gallantry that might become any Man, and was a perfect Admirer of Chastity in a Woman, of which a short Letter to Mr. *Turner* (another Well-wisher and Vindicator of Mr. *Pope's*) at *Bath*, remains as a Proof.

S I R,

Aug. 1723.

AT this Season, *London* ceases to be the Metropolis of Pleasure; the few of the polite World that remain here, become inconsiderable by their Scarceness. *Valentine*, the vainest Thing alive, calls the Town his Retreat, and continues in it only to preside over the Scarcity of Fools. Pretty Miss *D*—— exposes her Reputation to a Thousand daily Sollicitations; it is possible she may as yet retain her Virtue, if so, she is certainly weary of her Profession. Greatly opposite, my Friend, is the Character of the Lady you enquire after; whom I have not been able to see these six Weeks, save at her Devotions on the Sabbath, where she was too deeply (tho' most unfashionably) engag'd, for me to claim any Part of her Attention. I know you expect a Rapture when I speak of her, but I assure you her Virtue awes and suppresses every idle Thought; she is a Pattern to form an Angel by, and seems as though she would revenge on all Mankind, the Devastations they have committed on her Sex; nothing has appeared worth Notice since your last; I have however sent you something that has been handed about here, I suppose intended as a Satire upon yourself; you'll smile to see all the Rage of *Parnassus* dwindled to this gentle Hum, with which, my dear Friend, I shall conclude.

Yours, &c.

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of ALEXANDER POPE, Esq; 285

The following are the Verses mentioned in the Letter.

To the AUTHOR * of an *Epistle to Mr. POPE*; occasioned by his *Epistle to the Earl of BURLINGTON*.

I.

WHILE to our *Second JONES's* Praise,
The Bard officiously severe,
Attempts a Monument to raise,
What Rhyming *Ape* in mimic Lays,
Applauds the servile Sonneteer.

II.

Forgets *Palladio's* grand Design,
His bending Arch, his rising Pile:
Tells how *Apostle Pope* can shine,
And prostitutes his venal Line
To the malicious *Pigmy's* Smile.

III.

Thus when return'd from *Powell's* Show,
Mamma asks *Jack* what pleas'd his Eyes;
Though *Danube's* Streams in Ribbons flow
Though *Alps* rise white with Paper Snow,
To him in vain they rise and flow.

IV.

Master forgets the noblest Thing,
The Hero's Strut and haughty Tone,
Raves of the Crumpt-Back Puppet-King,
His ribbald Joke, his smutty Sting,
And deifies a *Punch* alone.

This Gentleman (*Mr. Bellers*) was of *Cown Allins* in *Gloucester-shire*, not far from *Cirencester*, and has one Sister living, who is Wife to *Mr. Ingram*, a very considerable wholesale Linnen-Draper in *Cheapside*; a Gentlewoman

* *Mr. Jos. Turner*. It was printed in Folio, 1732.

tlewoman of great Prudence, and uncommon good Qualifications.

But not to leave our Plagiary, who to these very discerning Gentlemen would have impos'd those Pieces before mention'd for his own, being ask'd for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another Copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift*, and *Pope's* Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems he was so far mistaken as to confess his Proceeding by an Endeavour to hide it; unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of *Apr.* 3, 1728.) "That the Contempt which he and others had for "those Pieces," (which only himself had shewn, and handed about as his own) "occasioned their being lost, and for that Cause only not return'd." A Fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the Publisher of it.

This young Gentleman's whole Misfortune was too inordinate a Passion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very strong Instance, attested by *Mr. Savage*, Son of the late *Earl Rivers*; who having shewn some Verses of his in Manuscript to *Mr. Moore*, wherein *Mr. Pope* was called *first of the tuneful Train*, *Mr. Moore* the next Morning sent to *Mr. Savage* to desire him to give those Verses another Turn, viz. "That "Pope might now be the *first*, because *Moore* had "left him unrival'd in turning his Stile to Comedy." This was during the Rehearsal of the *Rival Modes*, his first and only Work; the Town condemn'd it in the Action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest Motto,

Hic cæstus, artemque repono.

The smaller Pieces which we have heard attributed to this Author, are,

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of ALEXANDER POPE, Esq; 287

An Epigram on the Bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr. *Evans*.

Cosmelia, by Mr. *Pit*, Mr. *Jones*, &c.

The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine; with a Cl— for a Parson, by Dr. *W*.

The Saw-pit, a Simile; by a *Friend*.

Certain Physical Works, on Sir *James Baker*; and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our Author in the *Daily Journal*.

The Plagiarism of this Person gave Occasion to the following Epigram:

M—re always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles (you think) approving what he writes:
And yet in this no Vanity is shown;
A modest Man may like what's not his own.

And here we shall leave Phantom *Moore*, so call'd in our Satire, as great a Wit, and as honest as we found him.

We appeal to every Reader of Spirit, if Mr. *Pope* had not Provocation sufficient for conjuring up this, not Poet, but Phantom only of a Poet; or whether it would have been just for him to have run away with the Fame of the five Lines before quoted, which have Salt enough in them to season a great Deal of such tasteless Provision, as he has offer'd half dress'd to the Publick; and (if you will permit me a Pun) by the Publick roasted afterwards sufficiently enough.

The Booksellers, in Pursuit of the Phantom excite our Laughter, in particular *Curl*:

—————He said, and run,
Swift as a Bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge *Lintot*, and outstripp'd the Wind.
As when a Dab-chick waddles thro' the Copse
On Feet and Wings, and flies, and wades, and hops:
So

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So lab'ring on with Shoulders, Hands, and Head,
Wide as a Wind-mill was his Figure spread.

This leads us to a Character of much Respect, that of Mr. *Edmund Curl*: Of whom we may say, that he carried on the Trade to Lengths beyond what it ever before arriv'd at. He possess'd himself of a Command over many Authors, and caus'd them to write what he pleas'd; they could not call their very Names their own. He has been taken Notice of by the *Church*, the *State*, and the *Law*, and received particular Marks of Distinction from each.

But how came this extraordinary Person to irritate Mr. *Pope*, and being only a Bookseller, to take up so many Lines and be so often mention'd in this Satire? Reader, thou shalt be acquainted. In the Year 1727 this very Man, this *Curl*, publish'd a Collection of several private Letters of Mr. *Pope* to *Henry Cromwell*, Esq; which he obtain'd in this Manner, viz.

Mr. *Cromwell* and Mr. *Pope* both, as well as a great many others, were very intimately acquainted with one Mrs. *Thomas*, to whom Mr. *Dryden* wrote some Letters giving her the Name of *Corinna*; but now, having no Aversion to go by different Names, she was called *Sapho*. To this Lady of Wit and Pleasure Mr. *Cromwell* had the Indiscretion to lend these Letters; and she falling into Misfortunes, by living too much with those above her visible Income or Possibility of Gain; sold them to Mr. *Curl*, even without the Consent either of Mr. *Pope* or Mr. *Cromwell*, as appears from the following Letter to Mr. *Cromwell*, June 27, 1727, endeavouring to excuse herself:

After

AFTER so long a Silence, as the many and great Oppressions I have sigh'd under has occasioned, one is at a Loss how to begin a Letter to so kind a Friend as yourself. But as it was always my Resolution, if I must sink, to do it as decently (that is silently) as I could: So when I found myself plung'd into unforeseen, and unavoidable Ruin, I retreated from the World, and in a Manner buried myself in a dismal Place, where I knew none, nor none knew me. In this dull, unthinking Way, I have portracted a lingering Death (for Life it cannot be called) ever since you saw me, sequestred from Company, deprived of my Books, and nothing left to converse with but the Letters of my dead, or absent Friends, amongst which latter I always placed yours, and Mr. *Pope's* in the first Rank. I lent some of them indeed to an ingenious Person, who was so delighted with the Specimen, that he importuned me for a Sight of the rest, which having obtain'd, he conveyed them to the Press, I must not say altogether with my Consent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be lost in Oblivion, and no Cause to apprehend the disobliging of any. The Publick, viz. All Persons of Taste and Judgment, would be pleased with so agreeable an Amusement; Mr. *Cromwell* could not be angry, since it was but Justice to his Merit, to publish the solemn and private Professions of Love, Gratitude, and Veneration made to him by so celebrated an Author; and surely Mr. *Pope* ought not to resent the Publication, since the early Pregnancy of his Genius was no Dishonour to his Character. And yet had either of you been ask'd, common Modesty would have oblig'd you to refuse what you would not have been displeased with, if done without your Knowledge; and besides, to end all Dispute, you had been pleased to make me a

free Gift of them to do what I pleased with them : And every one knows that a Person to whom a Letter is address'd, has the same Right to dispose of it, as he has of Goods purchased with his Money. I doubt not but your Generosity will do me the Right of owning by a Line that I came honestly by them. I flatter myself in a few Months I shall be again visible to the World, and whenever thro' good Providence that Turn shall happen, I shall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your oblig'd Servant than, Sir,

*Your faithful, and
most humble Servant,*

E. THOMAS.

P. S. A Letter, Sir, directed to Mrs. Thomas, to be left at my House, will be safely transmitted to her by

E. CURL.

Had these Letters been from Mr. Pope wrote directly to Mrs. Thomas, we can't help thinking but she had an undoubted Right to destroy, keep, or sell them ; but when it appears they were only lent her for Perusal by a Friend, it makes the Affair appear very much in her Disfavour ; yet, if we come to consider of the great Intimacy and Freedom among them, (as such for the Lady's Sake we shall prove) and her pressing Necessities, we think she deserves some Mercy ; but above all in being the Instrument of the Publication of Mr. Pope's Letters and those of his Friends, without which we must unavoidably have wanted many Lights concerning his Life, which we now have ; so that we believe she is so far from being hated for it, that she is by some thought worthy Reward, at least if they hate the Traytress on that Account,

count, I find most People love the Treason. But we shall proceed, and prove that the Lady did not presume to take this Liberty without very great Encouragement: It appears that Mr. *Pope* wrote a Letter to a certain Lady, not difficult to guess, from *Bath*, where he and she both at that Time were; and how he then held this witty Fair in Estimation, let his own Words express:

IF you ask how the Waters agree with me, I must tell you, so very well, that I question how you and I should agree if we were in a Room by ourselves? Mrs. *Thomas* has honestly assur'd me, that but for some Whims which she can't entirely conquer, she would go and see the World with me in Man's Cloaths. Even you, Madam, I fancy (if you would not partake in our Adventures) would wait our coming in at the Evening with some Impatience, and be well enough pleas'd to hear them by the Fire-side: That would be better than reading Romances, unless Lady *M.* would be our Historian; for as she is married, she has probably leisure Hours in the Night-time, to write or do what she will in. What raises these Desires in me, is an Acquaintance I am beginning with my Lady *Sandwich*, who has all the Spirit of the last Age, and all the gay Experience of a pleasurable Life. It were as scandalous an Omission to come to the *Bath*, and not to see my Lady *Sandwich*, as it had been formerly to travel to *Rome* without visiting the Queen of *Sweden*. She is, in a Word, the best Thing this Country has to boast of; and as she had been all that a Woman of Spirit could be, so she still continues that easy and independent Creature that a sensible Woman always will be.

I must tell you a Truth, which is not however much to my Credit. I never thought so much of

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yourself and your Sister, as since I have been four-score Miles Distance from you. In the Forest I look'd upon you as good Neighbours, at London as pretty Kind of Women, but here as Divinities, Angels, Goddesses, or what you will. In the same Manner I never knew at what a Rate I valu'd your Life, 'till you were upon the Point of dying. If Mrs. Thomas and you will but fall very sick every Season, I shall certainly die for you. Seriously I value you both so much, that I esteem others much the less for your Sakes; you have robb'd me of the Pleasure of esteeming a Thousand pretty Qualities in them, by showing me so many finer in yourselves. There are but two Things in the World which could make you indifferent to me, which I believe you are not capable of, I mean Ill-nature and Malice. I have seen enough of you not to over-look any Frailty you could have, and nothing less than a Vice can make me like you less. I expect you should discover by my Conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you should pardon a Thousand Things in me for that one Disposition. Expect nothing from me but Truths and Freedom, and I shall always be thought by you, what I always am,

Your, &c.

Mrs. Thomas fond of such Company, and being, as certainly she was, beautiful, witty, generous, and young, she pass'd whole Days, and often more than Days, with either Mr. Cromwell or Mr. Pope, or both. In the Year 1711, when she was with Mr. Pope, her Person and Company charm'd him so much that he neglected to keep up his Correspondence with his Friends as usual, for which take his own Excuse to the before-mention'd Gentleman, December the 21st.

I am

I AM at this Instant plac'd betwixt two such Ladies, that in good Faith 'tis all I'm able to do to keep myself in my Skin. *He! Monsieur Cromwell! Entendez vous bien.* And now (since you find what a blessed Disposition I am in)

Tell me by all the melting Joys of Love,
By the warm Transports and intrancing Languors,
By the soft Fannings of the wafting Sheets,
By the dear Tremblings of the Bed of Bliss,
By all these tender Adjurations tell me,
Am I not fit to write a Tragedy?

And would not these Lines sound admirably in the Mouth of *Wilks*, especially if he humour'd each Period with his Leg, and stamp'd with just Alacrity at the Cadences? If I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the Delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a Sacrifice I make you at this Time, and that every Moment my Eyes are employ'd upon this Paper, they are taken off from two of the finest Faces in the Universe. But indeed it is some Consolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this Period, I escape some hundred fatal Darts from those unerring Eyes, and about a thousand Deaths, or better, Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dream'd of an absent Friend in these Circumstances; you that are so nice an Admirer of Beauty, or (as a Critick would say after *Terence*) *so elegant a Spectator of Forms?* You must have a sober Dish of Coffee, and a solitary Candle at your Side, to write an Epistle lucubratory to your Friend; whereas I can do it as well with two Pair of radiant Lights, that outshine the golden

God of Day and the silver Goddess of Night, with all the refulgent Eyes of the Firmament.—You fancy now that *Sapho's* Eyes are two of these my Tapers, but 'tis no such Matter, Sir; these are Eyes that have more Persuasion in one Glance than all *Sapho's* Oratory and Gesture together, let her put her Body into what moving Posture she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my Friend, you cou'd never have found so improper a Time to tempt me with Interest or Ambition: Let me but have the Reputation of having these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the Devil, or let *Dennis*, take it for ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to say, my *Pastorals* for one of them, and my *Essay* for the other? I would lay out all my *Poetry* in *Love*; an *Original* for a *Lady*, and a *Translation* for a *Waiting-Maid*! Alas! What have I to do with *Jane Gray*, as long as Miss *Molly*, Miss *Betty*, or Miss *Patty* are in the World? Shall I write of *Beauties murdered long ago*, when there are those at this Instant that *murder me*? I'll e'en compose my own Tragedy, and the Poet shall appear in his own Person to move Compassion: 'Twill be far more effectual than *Bays's* entring with a Rope about his Neck, and the World will own, there never was a more miserable Object brought upon the Stage.

If more should be desir'd, it were easy to produce it, in Proof of the great Regard these Gentlemen had for this *Sapho*; though when Mr. *Cromwell* lent her these Letters, he did not imagine in the least what would be the Consequence, he did not know how soon that Face, by them so much admired, and by all; that genteel Person, and pleasing Woman Companion, was to fly the great Scenes of Life, and retire into an obscure Nook of the World, to
sink

sink to Solitude, and a Condition little above Want, which not only tempted her to print these Letters about which we speak, but those she had received from Mr. *Dryden*, under the Name of *Corinna*, also to *Curl*: The *Dunciad* calls her, for this Reason, *Curl's Corinna*; Things so far gone were not to be recalled at any Rate; for Mr. *Pope* would have given more for those Letters than any Bookseller, merely to suppress some of them, which either thro' Mistake of Judgment he confesses himself to be then wanting in, or else that they were wrote when he was very young, and some of them a little more wanton than he lik'd to appear: But there was no Help for it. Notwithstanding that, he could not avoid Writing to Mr. *Cromwell*, wondring how those Letters, some of them almost forgot by him, should ever get into *Curl's* Hands; Mr. *Cromwell* being then at *Epsom*, and in two Letters from thence, seems more than Half to vindicate and wholly excuse Mrs. *Thomas*, turning the Whole into Compliment to Mr. *Pope*, his Letters say:

Epsom, July 6, 1727.

WHEN these Letters were first printed, I wondered how *Curl* could come by them, and could not but laugh at the pompous Title; since whatever you wrote to me was Humour and familiar Raillery. As soon as I came from *Epsom*, I heard you had been to see me, and I writ you a short Letter from *Will's*, that I long'd to see you, Mr. *D—s* about that Time charged me with giving them to a Mistress, which I positively denied; not in the least, at that Time, thinking of it: But some Time after finding in the News-Papers, Letters from Lady

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Packington, Lady *Chudleigh*, and Mr. *Norris*, to the same *Sapho*, or Mrs. *Thomas*, I began to fear I was guilty. I have never seen these Letters of *Curl*'s, nor would go to his Shop about them; I have not seen this *Sapho*, alias Mrs. *Thomas*, these seven Years; —her writing, *That I gave her them to do what she would with them*, was straining the Point too far: I thought not of it; nor do I think she did then: But severe Necessity, which catches hold of a Twig, has produced all this; which has lain hid, and forgot by me, for so many Years. *Curl* sent me a Letter last Week, desiring a positive Answer about this Matter, but finding I would give him none, he went to Mrs. *Thomas*, and writ a Postscript, in her long romantick Letter, to direct my Answer to his House, but they not expecting an Answer, sent a young Man to me, whose Name it seems is *Patisson*; I told him I should not write any Thing, but I believed it might be so as she writ in her Letter. I am extremely concerned that my former Indiscretion, in putting them into the Hand of this *Pretieuse*, should have given you so much Disturbance; for the last Thing I should do would be to disoblige you; for whom I have ever preserved the greatest Esteem, and shall ever be,

S I R,

*Your most faithful Friend,
and humble Servant,*

HENRY CROMWELL.

To Mr. POPE.

Aug. 1, 1727.

THO' I writ my long Narrative from *Epsom* till I was tired, yet was I not satisfied; left any Doubt should rest upon your Mind. I could not make Proteſtations of my Innocence of a grievous Crime;

Crime; but I was impatient till I came to Town, that I might send you those Letters, as a clear Evidence, that I was a perfect Stranger to all their Proceedings. Should I have protested against it, after the Printing, it might have been taken for an Attempt to decry his Purchase; and as the little Exception you have taken, has served him to play his Game upon us for these two Years; a new Incident from me might enable him to play it for one or two more:—The great Value she expresses for all you write, and her Passion for having them, I believe, was what prevail'd upon me to let her keep them. By the Interval of 12 Years at least from her Possession to the Time of printing them, 'tis manifest that I had not the least Ground to apprehend such a Design: But as People in great Straits, bring forth their Hoards of old Gold, and most valuable Jewels, so *Sappho* had Recourse to her hid Treasure of Letters, and plaid off, not only your's to me, but all those to herself (as the Ladies last Stake) into the Press.——As for me, I hope, when you shall coolly consider the many thousand Instances of our being deluded by Females, since the great Original of *Adam* by *Eve*, you will have a more favourable Thought of the undesigning Error of,

*Your faithful Friend,
and humble Servant,*

HENRY CROMWELL.

This Treatment being extremely disagreeable to Mr. *Pope*, he was advised to re-call any Letters which might happen to be preserved by any of his Friends, particularly those written to Persons deceas'd, which would be most subject to such an Accident. Many of these were returned him.

Some of his Friends advised him to print a Collection

lection himself, to prevent a worse; but this he would by no Means agree to. However, as some of the Letters served to revive several past Scenes of Friendship, and others to clear the Truth of Facts in which he had been misrepresented by the common Scriblers, he was induced to preserve a few of his own Letters, as well as of his Friends. These as I have been told, he inserted in two Books, some Originals, others Copies, with a few Notes and Extracts here and there added. In the same Books he caused to be copied some small Pieces in Verse and Prose, either of his own, or his Correspondents; which, tho' not finished enough for the Publick, were such as the Partiality of any Friend would be sorry to be depriv'd of.

To this Purpose, an Amanuensis or two were employed by Mr. *Pope*, when the Books were in the Country, and by the Earl of *Oxford* when they were in Town.

It happened soon after, that the Posthumous Works of Mr. *Wycherly* were published, in such a Manner, as could no Way increase the Reputation of that Gentleman, who had been Mr. *Pope's* first Correspondent and Friend, and several of these Letters so fully shewed the State of that Case, that it was thought but a Justice to Mr. *Wycherly's* Memory to print a few, to discredit that Imposition. These were accordingly transcribed for the Press from the *Manuscript Books* abovementioned.

They were no sooner printed, but *Edmund Curl* look'd on these too as his Property; for a Copy is extant, which he corrected in order to another Impression, interlined, and added marginal Notes to, in his own Hand.

He then advertised anew the Letters to Mr. *Cromwell*,

well, with *Additions*, and promis'd Encouragement to all Persons who should send him more.

This is a Practice frequent with Booksellers, to swell an Author's Works, in which they have some Property, with any Trash that can be got from any Hand; or where they have no such Works, to procure some. *Curl* has in the same Manner advertised the Letters of Mr. *Prior* and Mr. *Addison*. A Practice highly deserving some Check from the Legislature; since every such Advertisement, is really a *Watch-word* to every *Scoundrel* in the Nation, and to every *Domestick* of a Family, to get a Penny, by producing any Scrap of a Man's Writing, (of what Nature soever) or by picking his Master's Pocket of Letters and Papers.

By these honest Means, Mr. *Curl* went on increasing his Collection; and finding a further Prospect of doing so, he retarded his Edition of Mr. *Cromwell's* Letters till the twenty second of *March* 1434-5.

Curl was tamper'd with, but nothing was to be done with him, he had got fast hold of a valuable Book; nay he us'd such Means by practising with several People, and talking and writing backwards and forwards, that he by Prying, by Art, by Money, got greater Insight into Mr. *Pope's* Correspondence by Letters; so that he rais'd the Stile of his Advertisement, which he publish'd on the 12th of *May*, in these following Words:

THIS Day are published, and most beautifully printed, Price five Shillings, Mr. *Pope's* *Literary Correspondence* for thirty Years; from 1704 to 1734: Being a Collection of Letters, regularly digested, written by him to the Right Honourable the late Earl of *Hallifax*, Earl of *Burlington*, Secretary *Craggs*,

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Craggs, Sir *William Trumbull*, Honourable *J. C. General ******, Honourable *Robert Digby*, Esq; Honourable *Edward Blount*, Esq; Mr. *Addison*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Wycherley*, Mr. *Walsh*, Mr. *Steele*, Mr. *Gay*, Mr. *Jarvas*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Dean *Berkeley*, Dean *Parnelle*, &c. Also Letters from Mr. *Pope* to Mrs. *Arabella Fermor*, and many other Ladies. *With the respective Answers of each Correspondent.* Printed for *E. Curl*, in *Rose-street*, *Covent-Garden*, and sold by all Booksellers.

N. B. The *Original Manuscripts* (of which Affidavits is made) may be seen at Mr. *Curl's* House by all who desire it.

The Persons he practis'd with were *P. T. E. P. R. S. &c.* But *Curl* by not keeping his Word in Bargains made with them, they turn'd against him so far as to publish what follows :

“ **T**O manifest to the World the Insolence of
 “ *E. Curl*, we hereby declare, that neither
 “ *P. T.* much less *R. S.* his Agent, ever did give,
 “ or could pretend to give any Title whatever in Mr.
 “ *Pope's* Letters to the said *E. Curl*; and he is here-
 “ by challeng'd to produce any Pretence to the
 “ Copy whatsoever.—We help'd the said *E. Curl*
 “ to the Letters, and join'd with him, on Condition
 “ he should pay a certain Sum for the Books as he
 “ sold them: Accordingly the said *E. Curl* received
 “ 250 Books; which he sold perfect and imperfect
 “ at five Shillings each, and for all which he never
 “ paid more than ten Guineas, and gave Notes for
 “ the rest, which prov'd not negotionable. Besides
 “ which *P. T.* was perswaded by *R. S.* at the In-
 “ stigation of *E. Curl*, to pay the Expence of the
 “ whole Impression, viz. 75*l.* no Part whereof was
 “ repaid

“ repaid by the said *Curl*. Therefore every Book-
 “ seller will be indemnify’d every Way from any
 “ possible Prosecution or Molestation of the said *E*.
 “ *Curl*: And whereas the said *E. Curl* threatens to
 “ publish our Correspondence, and as much as in
 “ him lies, to betray his Benefactors, we shall also
 “ publish his Letters to us, which will open a Scene
 “ of Baseness and foul Dealing, that will sufficient-
 “ ly show to Mankind his Character and Conduct.”

May 23,
 1735.

P. T. R. S.

For no other Reasons than these Mr. *Curl* is honoured with so many Strokes of the Pen of our Author: But instead of being amended by the said Correction, he has put up the Head of our Satirist to be his Sign, which is an Honour we do not remember to have seen done to any Poet whilst living.

Not they are all Dunces, whose Names are recorded by our Satirist, we find *Congreve*, *Addison*, and *Prior*, to their Praise justly oppos’d to *Breval*, *Bond*, *Bezaleel*, *Morris*. And again very soon,

And we too boast our *Garth* and *Addison*.

Nothing is more remarkable than our Author’s Love of praising good Writers; he has celebrated Sir *Isaac Newton*, Dr. *Barrow*, Dr. *Aitterbury*, Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Walsh*, Duke of *Buckingham*, Mr. *Addison*, Lord *Lansdown*, in a Word, almost every Man of his Time who deserv’d it, even *Gibber* himself, presuming him to be the Author of the *Careless Husband*. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. *Garth*, both as his constant Friend, and as he was his Predecessor in this Kind of Satire. The *Dispensary* attack’d the whole Body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly

doubtedly than that of the bad Poets, if in Truth this can be a Body, of which no two Members ever agreed. It also did what Mr. *Theobalds* says is unpardonable, drew in *Parts of private Character*, and introduc'd *Persons independent of the Subject*. Much more would *Boileau* have incurr'd his Censure, who left all Subjects on all Occasions to fall upon the bad Poets. But certainly next to commending good Writers, the greatest Service to Learning is to expose the bad, who can only that one Way be made of any Use to it. This Truth is very well set forth in these Lines address'd to our Author :

The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
 (Tho' neither Birds of moral Kind)
 Yet serve, if hang'd or stuff'd with Straw,
 To shew us which Way blows the Wind.

Thus dirty Knaves or chatt'ring Fools,
 Strung up by Dozens in thy Lay,
 Teach more by Half than *Dennis'* Rules ;
 And point Instruction every Way.

With *Ægypt's* Art thy Pen may strive ;
 One potent Drop let this but shed,
 And every Rogue that stunk alive,
 Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

Having mentioned *Boileau*, the greatest Poet and most judicious Critick of his Age and Country ; admirable for his Talents, and yet, perhaps, more admirable for his Judgment in the proper Application of them ; I cannot help remarking the Resemblance betwixt him and our Author in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune ; in the Distinctions shewn to them by their Superiors, in the general Esteem of their Equals, and in their extended Reputation amongst Foreigners ; in the

the latter of which ours has met with the better Fortune, as he has had for his Translators Persons of the most eminent Rank and Abilities in their respective Nations. But the Resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abus'd by the ignorant Pretenders to Poetry of their Times; of which not the least Memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What *Boileau* has done in almost all his Poems, our Author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on his Principle of attacking few but who had slander'd him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confin'd from censuring obscure and worthless Persons; for scarce any others were his Enemies. However, as the Parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he shall give us an Edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently (on their Repentance or better Merit) as *Perault* and *Quinault* were at last by *Boileau*.

In one Point I must be allow'd to think the Character of our *English* Poet the more amiable: He has not been a Follower of Fortune or Success: He has liv'd with the Great without Flattery, been a Friend to Men in Power without Pensions, from whom as he ask'd, so he receiv'd no Favour, but what was done him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delay'd, so were his Panegyricks; bestow'd only on such Persons as he had familiarly known, only for such Virtues as he had long observ'd in them, and only at such Times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean, when out of Power, or out of Fashion. A Satire therefore on Writers so notorious for the contrary, became no Man so well as himself; as none (it is plain) was so little in their Friendships, or so much

much in that of those whom they had most abus'd, namely, the greatest and best of all Parties. Let me add a further Reason, that tho' engag'd in their Friendships, he never espoused their Animosities; and can almost singly challenge this Honour, not to have written a Line of any Man, which thro' Guilt, thro' Shame, or thro' Fear, thro' Variety of Fortune, or Change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

This Character may also be (with great Propriety) applied to Dr. Garth. This Gentleman (afterwards Sir Samuel Garth) was descended of a very good Family in *Yorkshire*. After he had finish'd his School Education, he removed to St. Peter's College in the University of *Cambridge*, where he compleated his Studies in the Art of Physick. He has justly merited the Reputation of one of the best Poets of his Time, by his admirable Poem, *The Dispensary*. A judicious Writer † observes, that this Work hath lost and gained in every Edition. Almost every Thing (says he) that Sir Samuel left out was a Robbery from the Publick: Every Thing he added hath been an Embellishment to his Poem. He was an excellent Physician, affable and courteous in his Behaviour, and never better pleased than in doing good Offices, either to Friends or Strangers, who required his Assistance.

Besides his *Dispensary*, he has publish'd the following Pieces, viz.

I. *Claremont*. A Poem inscribed to the Duke of *Newcastle*.

II. To the Lady *Berkeley*, with *Ovid's* Epistles.

III. To the Earl of *Burlington*, with *Ovid's Art of Love*.

VI.

† See Major Pack's *Miscellanies*, 2d Edit. octavo. p. 102:

IV. The Fourteenth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses* translated.

V. Three Prologues. 1. Designed for Mr. *Rowe's Tamerlane*. 2. At the Opening of the Theatre in the *Hay-market*. 3. At a Musick-Meeting. Also an Epilogue to Mr. *Addison's Cato*.

VI. Verses to the Earl of *Godolphin*.

VII. Two Orations spoken at the College of Physicians. 1. On the Faculty. 2. On the Death of Mr. *Dryden*.

He died *Jan.* 18th, 1718-19; and was buried on the 22d of the same Month in the Church of *Harrow on the Hill*, in the Vault there built by him for the Interrment of his Family.

These Lines in the *Dispensary*, on *Death*, are inimitable.

'Tis to the Vulgar, Death too harsh appears;
The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.

To die, is landing on some silent Shore,
Where Billows never break, nor Tempests roar;
E'er well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis 'oer.
The Wisethro' Thought th'Insults of Death defy;
The Fools, thro' blest'd Insensibility.
'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave;
Sought by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the Brave.
It eases Lovers, sets the Captive free;
And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty. *

His *Dispensary* gain'd such a Reputation, that the spiteful Triflers of the Times insisted upon it, that it was not his own; and those who thought themselves aim'd at in it, insisted upon it as a mean Performance,

* This is taken from the *Lives and Characters of the English Poets*, by Mr. *Jacob*.

formance, and that it was his: But Dr. *Garth* had no Need to make any Reply to either of these Falsities; the Excellence of the Poem appear'd in it, and no Author, that we can think of, had at that Time so great a Talent that Way; so that indeed had he deny'd it, No-body could have told where else to have fix'd it. His philosophical Carriage when dying was very heroical, and yet entirely unaffected. Mr. *Pope* said, if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. *Garth*.

There went about the Town a great many idle Tales on this Subject; some People, Enemies to him and his Wit, endeavoured to insinuate that he died without Faith, and consequently (as those Zealots pretended) without Hope; others branded him with Irreligion and Expressions against all Revelation, as they did in his Life-Time; but the Truth of the Manner of his Death was thus: Several Gentlemen being in his Chamber, all sorrowing, some weeping to perceive the Agonies of Death coming fast upon him, some of them came to the Bed-side, desirous to take a last Farewell of him, and others whispering about the Bed so softly, that he only could hear the Whispering and not what they said; but perceiving much Officiousness in Every-body to serve him, and so many behind those near the Bed, ready to come forward to take Leave of him, he smiled, as in his healthy Hours, and said, "Gentlemen, I wish the Ceremony of Death was over." And so sinking lower into the Bed, died with very little Struggle; as much lamented by the learned and thinking Part of Mankind as ever any private Man was (if he may so be called) whose Practice as a great Physician, as well as Works as a fine Writer, rather gives him another Title.

Mr. *Pope* address'd his Second Pastoral to him called

led *Summer*: The Scene of it by the River's Side,
fuitable to the Season: The Time, Noon. It begins
thus:

A faithful Swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
Bewail'd his Fate beside a silver Spring;
Where gentle *Thames* his winding Waters leads
Thro' verdant Forests, and thro' flow'ry Meads;
In those fair Fields where sacred *Ifis* glides,
Or else where *Cam* his winding Vales divides.

But afterwards being convinc'd by Mr. *Gay*, that
they might be alter'd to appear more pastoral and na-
tural, he alter'd those Lines to the following much
more lively, and not unlike (I mean the two first) the
Stile of our great *Spencer*:

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better Name)
Led forth his Flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing Sun-beams on the Waters play'd,
And verdant Altars form'd a quiv'ring Shade.

His Address to Dr. *Garth* as a great Poet and Phy-
sician, has something rather too genteel for a *Shep-
herd's Boy*:

Accept, O *Garth*, the Muse's early Lays,
That adds this Wreath of Ivy to thy Bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd Hearts endure,
From Love, the sole Disease thou canst not cure!

The Verses of this Pastoral are mostly of that Sort
which the Author of the *Guardian* says rise above that
Name, and are something better. Yet we cannot
help insisting upon some Part of it to be truly pasto-
ral, or else what Name of Stile shall we give the four
following Lines?

Once I was skill'd in ev'ry Herb that grew,
 And ev'ry Plant that drinks the morning Dew :
 Ah, wretched Shepherd ! what avails thy Art
 To cure thy Lambs, but not to heal thy Heart !

Much more might be said of these Pastorals, which we defer on Purpose, intending to treat of them again when we shall have Occasion to take Notice of Mr. *Gay's*.

Mr. *Pope*, you will observe, was no Niggard of his Praise where Praise was due ; nay, he knew how (and that without any Thing that might give the least Offence) to shew the Faults of those, whose Characters he was about to give ; at the same Time never concealing their Beauties or Degrees of Excellence, if Poets. Hereafter we shall have Opportunity to give several Examples : But a juster Character he never gave, nor perhaps can be given, than of Mr. *Crafhaw* ; he was a Poet contemporary with Mr. *Abraham Cowley*, and became a Convert to *Rome* ; which Mr. *Cowley*, a little leaning that Way himself, almost compliments him for :

Pardon, my Mother Church, if I consent
 That Angels led him, when from thee he went ;
 For even in Error there no Danger is,
 When mix'd with so much Piety as his.

Nor will we be so malicious, to think that Mr. *Pope* speaks the better of him because he was at last a Papist ; you will see (if you read the Writings of that Poet) what Justice he has done him, and with what Likeness and Propriety he has drawn a Poet of that Class. Mr. *Cromwell*, whose Intimacy with Mr. *Pope* was a great Honour to the latter, had a great Desire of knowing the Sentiments of our Author of all the *English* Poets ; and happening one Day among
 some

some Waste-paper to see a few Leaves of Mr. *Crashaw's* Poetry, questioned Mr. *Pope* about him, for that Gentleman confess'd himself pleas'd with a few Lines among those which happened to fall into his Hand. This being in *London*, Mr. *Pope* had not *Crashaw's* Works to produce; so he only recited a few of his best Verses, and pointed out a few of his Faults, which serv'd only to excite a Curiosity in him, and was the Occasion of a Letter, desiring Mr. *Pope* to be a little more particular about him; which was by the Messenger sent, immediately complied with, and of which the following is a Copy :

IT seems that my late Mention of *Crashaw*, and my Quotation from him, has mov'd your Curiosity: I therefore send you the whole Author, who has held a Place among my other Books of this Nature for some Years; in which Time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of those whose Works may just deserve Reading. I take this Poet to have writ like a Gentleman, that is, at leisure Hours, and to keep more out of Idleness, than to establish a Reputation: So that nothing regular or just can be expected from him. All that regards Design, Form, Fable, (which is the Soul of Poetry) all that concerns Exactness, or Consent of Parts, (which is the Body) will probably be wanting; only petty Conceptions, fine Metaphors, glittering Expressions, and something of a neat Cast of Verse, (which are properly the Dress, Gems, or loose Ornaments of Poetry) may be found in those Verses. This is indeed the Case of most other poetical Writers of *Miscellanies*; nor can it well be otherwise, since no Man can be a true Poet, who writes for Diversion only. These Authors should be considered as *Versifiers*, and *witty Men*, rather than as *Poets*; and under this

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Head will only fall the Thoughts, the Expressions, and the Numbers. These are only the pleasing Parts of Poetry, which may be judg'd of at a View, and comprehend all at once. And (to express myself like a Painter) their *Colouring* entertains the Sight, but the *Lines* and *Life* of the Picture are not to be inspected too narrowly.

This Author form'd himself upon *Petrarch*, or rather upon *Marino*. His Thoughts one may observe, in the main are pretty; but oftentimes far fetch'd, and too often strain'd and stiffen'd to make them appear the greater. For Men are never so apt to think a Thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconsiderate Authors would rather be admired than understood. This Ambition of surprising a Reader, is the true natural Cause of all Fustian, or Bombast in Poetry. To confirm what I have said, you need but look into his first Poem of the *Weeper*, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21st Stanza's are as sublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th and 23d Stanza's of the same Copy, are soft and pleasing: And if these last want any Thing, it is an easier and more unaffected Expression.

The remaining Thoughts in that Poem might have been spared, being either but Repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this Example in the first we may guess at all the rest, to be like this; a Mixture of tender gentle Thoughts and suitable Expressions, of forc'd and inextricable Conceits, and of needless fillers-up to the rest. From all which it is plain, this Author writ fast, and set down what came uppermost. A Reader may skim off the Froth, and use the clear underneath; but if he goes deep, he may meet with a Mouthful of Dregs; either the Top or Bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his *own, natural, middle-way*, is best.

To

To speak of his Numbers is a little difficult, they are so various and irregular, and mostly Pindaric: 'Tis evident his heroick Verse (the best Example of which is his *Musick's Duel*) is carelessly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that had he taken more Care, it had been musical and pleasing enough, not extremely majestick, but sweet: And the Time considered of his Writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he is) none of the worst Versificators.

I will just observe, that the best Pieces of this Author are, a Paraphrase on Psal. 23. On *Lessius*, Epitaph on Mr. *Ashton*, Wishes to his supposed Mistress, and the *Dies Iræ*.

But we must not lose Sight of the *Dunciad*, and that we may not appear to deal altogether with common People,

—Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his Train;
Six Huntsmen with a Shout precede his Chair;
He grins, and looks broad Nonsense with a Stare.
His Honour's Meaning, *Dulness* thus exprest;
“He wins this Patron who can tickle best.”

He chinks his Purse, and takes his Seat of State:
With ready Quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his Head the dext'rous Task commence,
And instant, Fancy feels th' imputed Sense;
Now gentle Touches wanton o'er his Face,
He struts *Adonis*, and affects Grimace:
Rolli the Feather to his Ear conveys,
Then his nice Taste directs our Operas:
Bentley his Mouth with Classick Flattery ope's,
And the Puff'd-Orator bursts out in Tropes.
But *Welfsted* most the Poets healing Balm,
Strives to extract from his soft giving Palm;

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Unlucky *Welsted*, thy unfeeling Master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his Fift the faster.

Not to meddle further with my Lord, let us make a little Observation of this *Leonard Welsted* here, who was at *Westminster-School*, intended there to be educated, and has for some Time took it into his Head to be poetical: He has disoblighd the World with but few Performances; three Pieces of Flattery to the Great, and one lifeless Piece (of I dont know what to call it) which he calls the *Triumvirate*; or, a Letter in Verse from *Palæmon* to *Celia*, at *Bath*: Which was meant as a Satire on Mr. *Pope* and some of his Friends, about the Year 1718. He writ other Things, which we cannot remember, having never read any of them but once; *Smedly*, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblers*, mentions one of a Gentleman to his Creator; and another either in Praise of a Cellar or a Garret: *L. W.* characteriz'd in the Treatise of *πεί Bάθου*, or, the *Art of Sinking*, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is said to be this Person, by *Dennis*. *Daily Journal of May 11, 1728*. He was also characteriz'd under another Animal, a Mole, by the Author of the ensuing Simile, which was handed about at the same Time:

Dear *Welsted* mark, in dirty Hole,
That painful Animal a Mole;
Above Ground never born to grow,
What mighty Stir it keeps below:
To make a Mole-Hill all this Strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for Life.
How proud a little Dirt to spread;
Conscious of nothing o'er its Head,
'Till lab'ring on, for want of Eyes,
It blunders into Light and dies.

This

This Gentleman, as many Gentlemen of his Class are, being very apt to be bemus'd in Beer, Mr. Pope has chosen that beloved Liquor of his for a Simile, and applied it to him.

Flow, *Welsted*, flow ! like thine Inspirer, Beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe, tho' thin, yet never clear ;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ;
Heady, not strong, o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Which just Character of the whole Man, within the short Compass of four Lines, is inimitable, and what, we are apt to think, if he has any Modesty left, he himself would own too ; though it is scarcely worth while to enquire for his Modesty, after what he has said of himself, in a Book called the *Characters of the Times*, 8vo, 1718. Page 23, 24. Mr. *Welsted* had, (says *Leonard Welsted*, speaking of his dear Self) in his Youth, rais'd so great Expectations of his future Genius, that there was a kind of a Struggle between the most eminent in the two Universities, which should have the Honour of his Education : To compound this, he, civilly, became a Member of both, and after having pass'd some Time at the one, he removed to the other ; from thence he returned to Town, where he became the darling Expectation of all the polite Writers, whose Encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional Poems, in a Manner that will make no small Part of the Fame of his Protectors : It appears from his own Works, that he was happy in the Patronage of the most illustrious Characters of the present Age——encouraged by such a Combination in his Favour, he—published a Book of Poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian Manner, in both which, the most exquisite Judges pronounce, he even rivalled his Masters——His Love Verses have rescued that Way of Writing from Contempt. In his Translations, he has given us the very Soul and
Spirit

Spirit of his Author—His Ode—His Epistle—His Verses—His Love Tale, are the most perfect Things in all Poetry.

Reader, when thou hast done laughing at this, as laugh thou dost, I dare be perswaded; let it be remembered to his Honour, that he received at one Time, the Sum of Five Hundred Pounds, for secret Service, among the other excellent Authors hired to write anonymously for the Ministry.—See Report of the Secret Committee in 1742. Were it worth the Time, a few Quotations of this Man's Writings, would, without any other Argument, give Proof that the *Dunciad* is the only Book in which he ever did, or can shine; where he not only shines himself, but (as *Falstaff* says of his own Wit) is the Cause of another's shining also, and as his Name is taken Care of, he may sleep himself, or make others sleep also, as usual. In the main, this must be look'd upon as a most capital Dunce.

It was the particular Happiness of Mr. *Pope*, to hit a great Likeness in every Character he drew, the Picture is drawn so well, that at the same Time it paints Deformity, it raises the Reputation of the Painter; it requires as masterly a Hand to finish a *Lazarus* as a *Venus*, and to characterize a *Welsted*, as a *Garth*, or *Sheffield*.

The Goddess *Dulness*, to proceed with the *Dunciad*, among the Exercises of the Poets, proposes chattering like a Monkey, and braying like an Ass; whoever excelled the rest in each of these, was to receive as a Reward for one, three Cat-calls, and for the other a Drum, for Encouragement for the future, at which they all begin to set up at once.

Now thousand Tongues are heard in one loud Din:
The Monkey-mimicks rush discordant in.

'Twas

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'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
 And Noise, and *Norton*, *Brangling*, and *Brevol*,
Dennis and *Dissonance*; and captious *Art*,
 And snip-snap short, and Interruption smart.
 Hold (cry'd the Queen) a Cat-call each shall win,
 Equal your Merits! equal is your Din!
 But that this well disputed Game may end,
 Sound forth, my Brayers, and the Welkin rend.
 As when the long-ear'd Milky-Mothers wait
 At some sick Miser's triple-bolted Gate,
 For their defrauded absent Foals, they make
 A Moan so loud, that all the Guild awake;
 Sore sighs Sir *Gilbert*, starting at the Bray,
 From Dreams of Millions, and three Groats to pay.
 So swells each Wind-pipe; As intones to As,
 Harmoniac Twang! of Leather, Horn, and Brass;
 Such as from lab'ring Lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
 High Notes attempted to the vocal Nose:
 Or such as bellow from the deep Divine;
 There *Webster* peal'd thy Voice, there *Whitfield* thine!
 But far o'er all, sonorous *Blackmore's* Strain;
 Walls, Steeples, Skies, bray back to him again.

The *Whitfield* mentioned before *Blackmore*, was, and is a Field Preacher, who thought and thinks, or pretends to think, the only Way of advancing Christianity, is by the new Birth of religious Madness: His Education he might have have had at the University, but he was always enthusiastically given, and had almost a continual Gloom upon him; was look'd upon as a queer Youth, and detected in some Errors in moral Practice, which, though they might be excusable in some, were not so in him, because they prov'd upon him a Pretence to what in Reality he was not: He has preach'd in *Moorfields*, near *Bedlam*, to Thousands at a Time, (the fittest Place
 for

for him, and whither he has sent many of his Converts) at *Kennington* he had another Stage. Some of his Discourses have been printed, which shew him to be ignorant, enthusiastick, impudent, and wicked; but the Legislature not interfering (for the Name of being persecuted had established him quite) he seems in Danger of being neglected, and perhaps forgotten, were it not for his Name being register'd in the *Dunciad*; so that as he is likely to be remembered, let it be born in Mind, that by Insinuations, and tempting Children to rob from their Parents, and Wives from their Husbands, he has made a considerable Purse, and runs about the World living luxuriously, and indecently, the Reproach of which he can bear in a very meek and Saint-like Manner.

The Braying of this Animal, loud as it has been often heard, our Author says, was not so loud as that of *Blackmore*: This was Sir *Richard Blackmore*, who was the Son of Mr. *Robert Blackmore*, an Attorney at Law, who educated him first at a Country School; from whence in the thirteenth Year of his Age, he was removed to *Westminster*, and in a short Time after sent to the University of *Oxford*, and entered a Commoner of St. *Edmond's* Hall; where he continued thirteen Years. He then travelled into *Italy*, and at *Padua* took his Doctor's Degree in Physick; and having seen a great Part of *France*, *Germany*, and the *Low Countries*, after he had been abroad two Years and a Half, he returned to *England*. Coming to *London*, he entered upon the Practice of Physick, and not long after he was chosen Fellow of the Royal College of *Physicians* by the Charter of King *James* the Second. He was sworn *Physician* in Ordinary to King *William*, in 1697; was honoured by that Prince with a Gold Medal and Chain, and was likewise knighted by him. Upon Queen *Anne's* Acces-

sion

sion to the Throne, he was appointed one of her Physicians, and continued so for some Time. He wrote many Poems, and intended them for Heroick, which, when they first appeared, were read, and some of them applauded, by very good Criticks, either thro' Friendship or Obligation to the Author, or else to decry some other Poets of the Times, for now he is totally neglected; his Stile, is what our Poet, in his Epistle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, calls rumbling, rough, and fierce; besides, that there is a Cant runs through all his Writings, with no small Mixture of Nonsense:

*A painted Vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Piet his Grandfire won.*

This we think no inconsiderable Bray. Now says the *Dunciad*:

In *Tot'nam* Fields the Brethren with Amaze,
Prick all their Ears up, and forget to graze.
Long *Chancery-Lane* retentive rolls the Sound,
And Courts to Courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to *Rufus's* roaring Hall,
And *Hungerford* re-echoes Bawl for Bawl.
All hail him Victor in both Gifts of Song,
Who sings so loudly and who sings so long.

This, according to the Custom of our inimitable Poet, is giving a just Character of Sir *Richard Blackmore*, Knt. who (as Mr. *Dryden* expressed it) *Writ to the rumbling of his own Coach Wheels*, and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epick Poems: *Prince and King Arthur*, 20 Books, *Eliza*, 10, *Alfred*, 12; *The Redeemer*, 6; Besides *Job* in Folio, The whole *Book of Psalms*, *The Creation*, 7 Books; *Nature of Man*, three Books; and many more. 'Tis in this Sense he is stiled afterwards the *Everlasting*

ing *Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. *Gildon* seems assured, that “ this admirable Author “ did not think himself upon the *same Foot with Homer.*” *Comp. Art of Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 108.

But how different is the Judgment of the Author of the *Characters of the Times*? p. 25. who says, “ Sir “ *Richard* is unfortunate in happening to mistake his “ proper Talents, and that he has not for many “ Years been *so much as named*, or even *thought of* “ among Writers.” Even Mr. *Dennis* differs greatly from his Friend Mr. *Gildon*: “ *Blackmore’s* Acti- “ on (says he) has neither Unity, nor Integrity, nor “ Morality, nor Universality; and consequently he “ can have no *Fable*, and no *Heroick Poem*: His “ Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor won- “ derful: His Characters have none of the necessa- “ ry Qualifications.—The Things contained in his “ Narration are neither in their own Nature delight- “ ful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, “ nor surprising, nor pathetick.”—Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir *Richard* has no *Genius*; first laying down “ that *Genius* is caused by a *furious Joy* and “ *Pride of Soul*, on the Conception of an *extraordi- “ nary Hint*. Many Men (says he) have their *Hints* “ without these Motions of *Fury and Pride of Soul*, “ because they want Fire enough to agitate their “ Spirits; and these we call cold Writers: Others “ who have a great deal of Fire, but have not ex- “ cellent Organs, feel the forementioned *Motions*, “ without the *extraordinary Hints*; and these we “ call Fustian Writers. But he declares, that Sir “ *Richard* had neither the *Hints* nor the *Motions.*” *Remarks on Prince Arthur*. 8vo. 1696. *Preface*.

This Gentleman in his first Works abused the Character of Mr. *Dryden*, and in his last of Mr. *Pope*, accusing him in very high and sober Terms of Prophaness

phanes and Immorality (*Essay on polite Writing*, Vol. 2. p. 270.) on a meer Report from *Edmund Curl*, that he was Author of a Travestie on the first Psalm. Mr. *Dennis* took up the said Report, with but the Addition of what Sir *Richard* had neglected, *An Argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. (*Remarks on Homer*. 8vo. p. 27.)

“ It was he who burlesqu’d the Psalm of *David*. It
 “ is apparent to me that Psalm was burlesqu’d by a
 “ *Popish* Rhymester. Let rhyming Persons who
 “ have been brought up *Protestants* be otherwise
 “ what they will, let them be Rakes, let ’em be
 “ Scoundrels, let ’em be *Atheists*, yet Education
 “ has made an invincible Impression on them in
 “ Behalf of the sacred Writings. But a *Popish* Rhy-
 “ mester has been brought up with a Contempt for
 “ those sacred Writings. Now show me another
 “ *Popish* Rhymester but he.”—This Manner of Ar-
 gumentation is usual with Mr. *Dennis*; he has em-
 ployed the same against Sir *Richard* himself in a like
 Charge of *Impiety* and *Irreligion*. “ All Mr. *Black-*
 “ *more*’s celestial Machines, as they cannot be de-
 “ fended so much as by common receiv’d Opinion,
 “ so are they directly contrary to the Doctrine of the
 “ Church of *England*: For the visible Descent of
 “ an Angel must be a Miracle. Now it is the
 “ Doctrine of the Church of *England* that Miracles
 “ had ceas’d a long Time before Prince *Arthur* came
 “ into the World. Now if the Doctrine of the
 “ Church of *England* be true, as we are obliged to
 “ believe, then are all the celestial Machines in
 “ in Prince *Arthur* unsufferable, as wanting not
 “ only Human but Divine Probability. But if the
 “ Machines are sufferable, that is if they have so
 “ much as divine Probability, then it follows of Ne-
 “ cessity that the Doctrine of the Church is false:
 “ So

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“ So I leave it to every impartial Clergyman to consider, &c.” *Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.*

It has been suggested in the Character of Mr. *Pope*, that he had Obligations to Sir *Richard Blackmore*. He never had any, and never saw him but twice in his Life.

If as some say, this Gentleman was a good Physician (tho’ we dont see what Time he could find for Study, and write such prodigious bulky Books) it is greatly to be lamented he did not keep to what he understood something of, and not make the Employment of his Life what at last, from so great a Judge of Nature as Mr. *Pope*, brought him to stand a Comparison with an Ass, and into such Company as *Oldmixon*.

When the Poets came to the Exercise of Diving, *Oldmixon* comes in most naturally :

In naked Majesty *Oldmixon* stands.

This Line in the first Edition of the *Dunciad*, was applied to Mr. *Dennis* ; but in future Time, Mr. *Pope* being willing to take a little of the Load off poor old *Dennis*, claps it on the Shoulder of *Oldmixon*, who, next to Mr. *Dennis*, was the most antient Critick of our Nation then living : He wrote a Pastoral called *Amyntas*, which was acted and damn’d (as the Criticks call it) at the Theatre Royal ; he dedicated it to the Dutchess of *Marlborough*, and confes’d to take it from the *Aminta* of *Tasso*, though he understood, as he himself says, no *Italian*, he pick’d it out from the *French*, and complains that no Pastoral will please in *England* ; but the Original pleas’d in *Italy*, Mr. *Jacob* says, where the Performance of the Composer of the Musick is regarded more than that of the Poet : Thus slightly speaks he of that
divine

divine Pastoral, only to excuse that intolerable Piece of *Oldmixon's*, who was an unjust Censurer of Mr. *Addison*, in his Prose Essay on *Criticism*, whom also in his Imitation of *Bouhours* (called the *Arts of Logick and Rhetorick*) he misrepresents in plain Matter of Fact; for in Page 45, he cites the *Spectator* as abusing Dr. *Swift* by Name, where there is not the least Hint of it, and in Page 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. *Addison* himself writ that *Tatler*, No. 43, which says of his own Simile, "'Tis as great as ever entered into the Mind of Mán." In his Essay on *Criticism*, and the Arts of *Logick and Rhetorick*, he frequently reflects on our Author; but the Top of his Character, was a Perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the *Stuarts* in Folio, and his critical History of *England*, in two Volumes Octavo; being employed by Bishop *Kennet* in publishing the Historians in his Collection, he falsified *Daniel's Chronicle*, in a great Number of Places: Yet this Man, in his Preface to the first of these Books, advanced a particular Fact to charge three eminent Persons of falsifying the Lord *Clarendon's* History, which Fact has been disprov'd by Dr. *Atterbury*, late Bishop of *Rocheſter*, then the only Survivor of them, and the particular Part he pretended to be falsified, has been produced since, after ninety Years, in that noble Author's own Hand. He was all his Life a virulent Party-writer for Hire, and received his Reward in a small Place, which he enjoy'd to his Death.

We understand that the Talent of translating, without understanding the Language translated from, descended to his Heir after him.

After making mention of *Dunce Smedley*, *Dunce Concanen*, (a hired Scribler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much *Billingsgate* against the

Lord *Bolingbroke*, and others) these and many more, he takes Notice of a small Body of Men :

Next plung'd a feeble but a desp'rate Pack,
With each a sickly Brother at his Back :
Sons of a Day ! just buoyant on the Flood,
Then number'd with the Puppies in the Mud.
Ask ye their Names ? I sooner cou'd disclose
The Names of these blind Puppies than of those ;
Fast by, like *Niobe* (her Children gone)
Sits Mother *Osbourne* stupified to Stone !
And monumental Brass, this Record bears,
These are——ah no ! these were, the *Gazetteers* !

The *Daily Gazetteer* was a Title given very properly to certain Papers, each of which lasted but a Day ; into this, as to a common Sink, was received all the Trash which had been before dispersed in several Pamphlets, and circulated at the publick Expence of the Nation ; The Authors were the same obscure Men, though sometimes relieved by occasional Essays from Statesmen, Courtiers, Bishops, Deans, and Doctors ; the meaner Sort were rewarded with Money, others with Places, or Benefices for there were many unlearned cunning Parsons among them, who preferred Interest to Conscience, such as *Luke Milbourne*, translating from *Thomas a Kempis*, describes :

Nay, in my holy House the Plague prevails,
No little Priest for small Preferment fails
To go, to run, to fly, but scarce can crawl
When I to holy Pains, and sharp Repentance call.

The Salaries given these Hirelings, were from an Hundred to a Thousand Pounds a Year ; it appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for enquiring into

into the Character of R. Earl of O. "That no less
 " than Fifty Thousand, Seventy Seven Pounds,
 " Eighteen Shillings, were paid to Authors and
 " Printers of News Papers, such as *Free Briton*,
 " *Daily Courant*, *Corn-Cutters Journal*, *Gazetteer*,
 " and other unpolitical Papers, between February
 " the 10th, 1731, and February the 10th, 1741." Which shows the Benevolence of one great Minister, to have expended, for the current Dulness of ten Years, double the Sum which gained Lewis the Fourteenth so much Honour, during a Reign of seventy, in annual Pensions to learned Men, all over Europe: One of the chief, if not the Chief of this Tribe, was William Arnall, who was bred an Attorney; he was a curious Genius in this Sort of Work; he began to write furious Party Papers under twenty Years of Age, and succeeded Concanen in the *British Journal*. At the first Publication of the *Dunciad*, he prevail'd on the Author not to give him his due Place in it, by a Letter professing his Detestation of such Practices as his Predecessors: But since, by the most un-exampled Insolence, and personal Abuse of several great Men, the Poet's particular Friends, he most amply deserves a Niche in the Temple of Infamy, witness a Paper call'd the *Free Briton*, a Dedication entitled *To the general Blunderer*, 1732, and many others. He valued himself in that he wrote for Hire, not indeed without Cause, it appearing by the aforesaid Report, that he receiv'd in the Space of four Years no less than Ten Thousand nine Hundred and ninety-seven Pounds, six Shillings and eight Pence; by which it may be seen, that sometimes even Dunces are a great Expence to the Nation, as Mr. Pope further proves in another Sett of Men, many of whom never arrive at the little Learning and Knowledge which Arnall had:

Around him wide a sable Army stand,
 A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile Band,
 Prompt or to guard or stab, to faint or damn;
 Heav'n's *Swifts*, who fight for any God or Man.

It is to be hop'd this will not be suppos'd to be the whole Body of Men, but only such (and of them, to speak a sorrowful Truth, there are too many) as by their scandalous Lives have made themselves odious both to God and Man; whose monstrous and unsatiable Thirst of Money and Power, spur them on to all Manner of foul Practices, and is the Cause they are look'd on with the Contempt which they at present are, which they cannot avoid perceiving, and this gauls them so, to be despis'd, who expect to be ador'd, that they would buy Revenge at any Rate, a Thing next Power, and Money, and Luxury, most dear to them; Imprisonment, nay, Fire, I have heard them wish to use against those their Vices and Falseshoods have made their Adversaries; but as they have at present but short Horns, there is the less Danger in their being curs'd.

A slight Stroke at *Budgell*, *Toland*, *Tindal*, *Morgan*, *Mandevil*, and *Norton de Foe*, and our Author concludes the second Book:

Thus the soft Gifts of Sleep conclude the Day,
 And stretch'd on Bunks, as usual, Poets lay.
 Why shou'd I sing what Bards the nightly Muse
 Did slumbring visit, and convey to Stews?
 Who prouder march'd, with Magistrates in State,
 To some fam'd Round-house, ever open Gate!
 How *Henley* lay inspir'd beside a Sink,
 And to mere Mortals seem'd a Priest in Drink?

While

While others timely, to the neighbouring *Fleet*
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe Retreat.

We shall close our Observations on this Book,
with still insisting on the Parallel between this Satire,
and Mr. *Dryden's Mac Flecknoe*, who speaks thus of
his Hero *Shadwell*:

—Thy tragick Muse gives Smiles, thy comick Sleep.
With whate'er Gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive Satires never bite.
In thy fellonious Heart, though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Irish* Pen, and dies.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase Fame,
In keen Iambicks, but in Anagram:
Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy Command
Some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land.
There thou may'st Wings display, and Altars raise,
And torture one poor Word Ten Thousand Ways.

And to show further, that our Author had Mr.
Dryden much in his Mind, there needs only to ob-
serve the Similitude between,

And all was hush'd as Folly's self lay dead.
and that Line of Mr. *Dryden's*, in his Play of the
Indian Emperor:

All Things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead.

Proceeding to the third Book, our Author shews,
that, after the other Persons are dispos'd in their pro-
per Places of Rest, the Goddess transports the King
to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his
Head on her Lap; a Position of marvellous Virtue,
which causes all the Visions of wild Enthusiasts, Pro-
jectors, Politicians, Inamorato's, Castle-Builders,

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Chymists and Poets. He is immediately carried on the Wings of Fancy to the *Elizian* Shade, where on the Banks of *Lethe* the Souls of the Dull are dipp'd by *Bavius*, before their Entrance into this World. There he is met by the Ghost of *Settle*, and by him made acquainted with the Wonders of the Place, and with those which he is himself destin'd to perform. He takes him to a *Mount of Vision*, from whence he shews him the past Triumphs of the Emperor of *Dulness*, then the present, and lastly the future. How small a Part of the World was ever conquered by *Science*, how soon those Conquests were stopp'd, and those very Nations again reduced to her Dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of *Great Britain*, shews by what Aids, by what Persons, and by what Degrees, it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the Persons he causes to pass in Review before his Eyes, describing each by his proper Figure, Character, and Qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast Number of Miracles and Prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, 'till they are explained to be the Wonders of his own Reign, now commencing: On this Subject, *Settle* breaks out into a Congratulation, yet not unmixed with Concern, that his own Times were but Types of these; he prophesies how first the Nation shall be over-run with FARCES, OPERAS, and SHOWS, and the Throne of *Dulness* advanced over the Theatres; then how her Sons shall preside in the Seats of ARTS and SCIENCES, giving a Glimpse of the future Fullness of her Glory

Now Mr. *Pope* once more brings the King, *Bays*, upon the Stage:

A Slipshod Sibyl led his Steps along,
In lofty Madness meditating Song;

Her

Her Tresses staring, from poetick Dreams,
And never wash'd but in *Castalian* Streams.

This Allegory is extremely just; no Conformation of the Mind so much subjecting it to real *Madness*, as that which produces real *Dulness*: Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthusiasts of all Ages, were ever in their natural State, most heavy and lumpish; but the common People have been taught (I do not know on what Foundation) to regard Lunacy as a Mark of Wit, just as the *Turks* and our modern *Methodists*, do of Holiness.

The King thus led where *Bavius* dips the poetick Souls in *Lethe*, stood in Admiration at the prodigious Numbers of Souls wandring on the Banks and waiting to be ushered into the World, by being plung'd:

—————When lo! A Sage appears
By his broad Shoulders known, and Length of Ears;
Known by the Band and Suit which *Settle* wore
(His only Suit) for twice three Years before.

This Mr. *Elkanah Settle* was City Poet, and some Time at *Trinity College, Oxon*; upon his coming to *London*, and being possess'd with a Spirit of Poetry, he spent a very good Fortune. When his Necessities obliged him to write, his Uncertainty in his political Principles did him a Prejudice, and at last he made a Resolution of quitting all Pretensions to State Craft, and to skulk into a Corner of the Stage, and there die contented, which is his own Expression in the Preface of one of his Pieces. He has writ fifteen Plays, with various Success: His Talent is Tragedy, and Mr. *Langbain* tells us, that he was tragically dealt withal by Mr. *Dryden*, in his Dispute with him.

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Observe, *Settle* was once a Writer in Vogue as well as *Mr. Cibber*, both for dramatick Poetry and Politicks. *Mr. Dennis* tells us, *he was a formidable Rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE, there were those who gave him the PREFERENCE*: *Mr. Welsted* goes yet farther in his Behalf; *poor Settle was formerly the mighty Rival of Dryden*; nay, for MANY YEARS, bore his Reputation ABOVE him.

And *Mr. Cibber* might observe in his own Calling, as a Player, some bad Actors, (witness one lately set up) who have had uncommon Indulgence shown them, and the Bulk of the Audience liking better what is glaring, than what is just, those tearing Actors mouth Applause from them, when better, that is, more natural Actors, are often overlook'd and neglected, nay, sometimes his'd: I remember a Fable which speaks very well to this Purpose.

The Citizens of a certain City, met at a great Square to see some Pantomines act their Buffooneries; among these Actors, there was one whom the People applauded every Moment; this Buffoon, when the Show was almost over, would needs close it with something that was new; he came alone upon the Stage, bent down, covered his Head with his Cloak; and squeak'd like a sucking Pig; they cried out to him to throw open his Cloak and Robe: He did so, and the People finding there was nothing under them, repeated their Applauses with more Fury than ever. A Peasant who was among the Spectators, was shock'd with so many Tokens of their Admiration: Gentlemen, cries he, he is not such a rare Actor as you take him to be: I can act a sucking Pig better than he; and if you question it, come here Tomorrow, and you shall be Witnesses if it yourselves. The Citizens, prejudic'd in Favour of the Pantomime, met again the next Day, rather

rather to hiss the Peasant, than to see what he could do. The two Rivals appeared on the Theatre: The Buffoon began, and received the same Applauses as the Day before; then the Peasant bended down in his Turn, and covering his Head with his Cloak, took a true sucking Pig, which he had in his Arm, by the Ear, and the Pig squeek'd heartily; however, the Audience gave the Preference to the Pantomime, and hiss'd the Peasant, who, pulling out the sucking Pig, and showing them, said, Gentlemen, 'tis not me that you hiss, 'tis the Pig itself: See what Judges ye are.

So little are the Plaudits of a Theatre to be regarded; so little the Opinion of an University; that could give the Preference to *Settle*, and set below him in Reputation the great Mr. *Dryden*.

The Speech of *Settle* to the King of the Dunces, and his ascending the *Mount of Vision*, with all the Scenes that follow, are Passages very remarkable.

First, those Places of the Globe are shewn where Science never rose; then those where she was destroyed by Tyranny; by Inundation of Barbarians; by Superstition: Then *Rome*, the Mistress of Arts, describ'd in her Degeneracy; and lastly *Britain*, the Scene of the Action of the Poem.

'Tis in this Book Mr. *Pope* introduces Mr. *Ralph*, in two Lines, alluding to a Poem of his, called *Night*:

Silence, ye Wolves! while *Ralph* to *Cynthia* howls,
And makes Night hideous—answer him ye Owls!

The Reason of this Gentleman's Name being here inserted, we have given before—he ended at last in a political News Paper, to which he was recommended by his Friend Mr. *Arnall*, and received a small Pittance for Pay; if this Gentleman had followed
his

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his first Bent for Poetry, and never debauched his Mind with bad Politicks, he might have improv'd his Talent, so far as to have gain'd the Reputation of a very good Poet; in some Things he promis'd well, but once fallen to be an Hireling, he was totally lost, to Literature, to the Esteem of the World, and every Thing but Party, and that wrongly chosen, supposing it necessary to be of any.

Some other Names in this Book we omit, till other Matter shall occur about them.

How like is Part of this Speech of *Settle's* to that of *Ogilby's*, in Mr. *Dryden's Mac Flecknoe*, which, we hope, the Reader, as he goes on with this Satire, will always bear in Mind :

Then thus, continued he, my Son advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without Birth, and fruitless Industry.
Let *Virtuoso's* in five Years be Writ;
Yet not one Thought accuse thy Toil of Wit.
Let gentle *George* in Triumph tread the Stage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
And in their Folly shew their Writers Wit.
Yet still thy Fools shall stand in thy Defence,
And justify their Author's Want of Sense.

The third Book (and all that was published till the new *Dunciad* in 1742) concludes thus :

Proceed great Days ! 'till Learning fly the Shore,
'Till *Birch* shall blush with noble Blood no more ;
'Till *Thames* see *Eaton's* Sons for ever Play ;
'Till *Westminster's* whole Year be Holiday ;

'Till

"Till *Isis* Elders reel, their Pupils Sport,
And *Alma Mater* lie dissolv'd in Port!
Enough, enough, the raptur'd Monarch cries,
And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies.

Thus it was imagined this Satire had had the finishing Stroke put to it, and those who were hurt began to cry out; the *stricken Deer began to weep*, and *Dennis* looking a few Years back, begins a heavy Complaint, and says,

" About that Time I received a Letter from him,
" which I have still by me, in which he acknowledged his Offences past, and express'd an hypocritical Sorrow for them.

" But no sooner did he believe that Time had caused these Things to be forgot, than he relaps'd into ten Times the Folly and the Madness that ever he had shewn before. He not only attack'd several Persons of far greater Merit than himself, but like a mad *Indian* that runs a muck, struck at every Thing that came in his Way, without Distinction of Friend or Foe, Acquaintance or Stranger, Merit or Unworthiness, Wisdom or Folly, Vice or Virtue; like a blind Beetle, that in its blundering Flight bruises itself against every Object it meets, and does not fail to knock itself down by the impotent Blows which it gives to others.

" He has not only struck at very different Persons, without any manner of Distinction, but has thrown his rhetorical Flowers, of Fool, Blockhead, Scoundrel, promiscuously at them all; as if he wisely thought, that he was the only foul mouth'd Fellow in *England*, or had so much of the Fool, Blockhead, Dunce, Scoundrel within him, that they have the same Effect on his Mind that Jaundice

“ dice would upon his Eyes, and make every Thing
 “ without him to be in Appearance, what in Reality is within him.

“ Nothing is more easy than to give foul Language, which a Fool is more capable of giving to
 “ a wise Man, than a wise Man to a Fool ; because
 “ nothing incapacitates a Man so much for it as good
 “ Sense, good Nature, good Breeding, and common
 “ Discretion ; and nothing qualifies a Man more for
 “ it, than his being a Clown, a Fool, a Barbarian,
 “ and a Brute. The calling a Man a Fool, Dunce,
 “ Blockhead, Scoundrel, if it does not find him so,
 “ it does by no means make him so. But if it does
 “ not find him so, it gives him who calls him so, an
 “ unquestionable Title to those Terms himself. As
 “ this is the Language of the Rabble of Mankind,
 “ the more any one brings himself to use it, the
 “ more he sets himself upon an infamous Level with
 “ the Scum and Off-scouring of Things.”

A great deal of this is true, and if what he says farther be so, we do not pretend to justify our Author, any farther than to say, their Bickerings and Contentions were come to such an Height, they did not care what they did to vex one another : What Mr. *Dennis* alledges against our Author is :

“ In the Height of his Professions of Friendship
 “ for Mr. *Addison*, he could not bear the Success of
 “ *Cato*, but prevails upon *Barnard Lintot* to engage
 “ me to write and publish Remarks upon that Tragedy ; which after I had done, *Pope*, the better to
 “ conceal himself from Mr. *Addison* and his Friends,
 “ writes and publishes a scandalous Pamphlet, equally
 “ foolish and villainous, in which he pretends that I
 “ was in the Hands of a Quack who cures Mad-men.
 “ So weak is the Capacity of this little Gentleman,
 “ that he did not know that he had done an odious
 Thing ;

“ Thing ; an Action detested even by those whom
 “ he fondly design’d to oblige by it : For Mr. *Addi-*
 “ *son* was so far from approving of it, that he enga-
 “ ged Sir *Richard Steele* to write to me, and to as-
 “ sure me that he knew nothing of that Pamphlet
 “ ’till he saw it in Print, that he was very sorry to
 “ see it, and that whenever he should think fit to
 “ answer my Remarks on his Tragedy, he would do
 “ it in a Manner to which I should have no just Ex-
 “ ception. Thus Mr. *Addison* acted like a Man of
 “ Honour.”

Here we hope the Reader will take Notice, he does not say that Mr. *Pope* practis’d with him himself to publish Remarks against Mr. *Addison*’s *Cato*, but that he prevail’d with *Lintot* to do it ; which might be only a Surmise of his, or a Falsehood of the Book-seller’s.

A certain Nobleman, known by the Letters *H—y* in the *Dunciad*, and in another Poem of our Author’s by that of my Lord *Fanny*, took it into his Head to write an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, in which he endeavours to prove all Manner of Weaknesses and Absurdities on Mr. *Pope* : It concludes with the following Lines :

Since such you’ll find most Men of our Degree,
 Excuse the Ignorance appears in me.
 Nor marvel whilst that Ign’rance I rehearse,
 That still I know enough to do’t in Verse ;
 Guiltless of Thought, each Blockhead may compose
 This nothing-meaning Verse, as fast as Prose.
 And *Pope* with Justice of such Lines may say,
His Lordship spins a Thousand in a Day.
 Such *Pope* himself might write, whome’er could think ;
 He who at Crambo plays with Pen and Ink ;

And

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And is call'd Poet, 'cause in Rhyme he wrote,
 What *Dacier* construed, and what *Homer* thought;
 But in Reality this Jingler's Claim,
 Or to an Author's, or a Poet's Name,
 A Judge of Writing would no more admit,
 Than each dull Dictionary's Claim to Wit;
 That nothing gives you at its own Expence,
 But a few modern Words for antient Sense.
 'Tis thus, whene'er *Pope* writes he's forc'd to go
 And beg a little Sense, as School-Boys do:

“ For all cannot invent, who can translate;
 “ No more than those who cloath us can create.”
 When we see *Celia* shining in Brocade,
 Who thinks 'tis *Hinchclif* all that Beauty made?
 And *Pope* in his best Works we only find
 The gaudy *Hinchclif* of some beauteous Mind.
 To bid his Genius work without that Aid,
 Would be as much mistaking of his Trade,
 As 'twould to bid your Hatter make a Head:
 Since this Mechanick's, like the other's Pains,
 Are all for dressing other People's Brains.

But had he not, to his eternal Shame,
 By trying to deserve a *Sat'rist*'s Name,
 Prov'd he can ne'er invent, but to defame;
 Had not his Taste and Riches lately shown,
 When he would talk of Genius to the Town,
 How ill he chuses, if he trusts his own;
 Had he in modern Language only wrote
 Those Rules which *Horace* and which *Vida* taught;
 On *Garth* or *Boileau*'s Model built his Fame,
 Or sold *Broome*'s Labours printed with *Pope*'s Name;
 Had he ne'er aim'd at any Work beside,
 In Glory then he might have liv'd and dy'd;
 And ever been, tho' not with Genius fir'd,
 By School-Boys quoted, and by Girls admir'd.

So much for *Pope*.—And were I not afraid,
 Tho' I write more, that you no more would read,
 I now would try to jumble into Rhyme
 Th' Account you ask, of how we pass our Time;
 But by the Manner of your spending yours,
 Guess,—and you'll not be very wide of ours.
 For Courts are only larger Families,
 The Growth of each, few Truths, and many Lies;
 Like you we lounge, and feast, and play, and chatter;
 In private satirize, in publick flatter.
 Few to each other, all to one Point true,
 Which one I shan't nor need explain, *Adieu.*

This Letter was answered in a Poem called *Tit for Tat*, where the Satire ran strong upon the Effeminacy of his Person, and his dangling after the Court:

Ne'er made for Use, just fit for Show;
 Half Wit, half Fool, half Man, half Beau.

We don't find the Gentlemen who vented their Anger were any Thing cooler afterwards than before, some seem'd more enraged than ever; and it was reported that Persons were hired to meet Mr. *Pope* in the Dusk of the Evening, to insult, seize and lash him naked with Rods, which (in the Opinion of the Town) was done in *Ham-Walks*, and in a few Days starts from the Press:

A true and faithful Account of a late horrid and barbarous Whipping committed on the Body of SAUNEY POPE, a Poet; as he was innocently walking in *Ham-Walks*, near the River of *Thames*, meditating Verses for the Good of the Publick. Supposed to be done by two evil disposed Persons, out of Spite and Revenge, for a harmless Lampoon which the said Poet had writ upon them.

T H E R E

THERE is nothing so lamentable as to behold the Excesses to which an unchristian Revenge is but too apt to hurry Mankind, when they have not the mild Disposition of the Gospel before their Eyes. There we are taught to think that all Christians are our Neighbours, and that we ought to love them as ourselves: Therefore, how much soever Papiſhes may be mistaken in their Opinions, we ought not to give them bodily Persecution or ill Usage, but leave them to the Laws of the Land; for although mistaken, they are still some Sort of Christians.

O! that this pious Consideration could have withheld the Hands of two Protestant Gentlemen from offering opprobrious Violence to the Body of Mr. *Pope*; which however, we hope, will be no Reflection on the Protestant Religion abroad.

The barbarous Fact was as follows,

Last *Thursday*, being a pleasant Evening, Mr. *Sauny Pope*, a great Poet (as we are informed) was walking in *Ham-Walks*, meditating Verses for the Publick Good, when two Gentlemen came up to him, (whose Names we cannot certainly learn) and knowing him perfectly well, partly by his Back, and partly by his Face, walked a Turn or two with him; when entering into a Conversation (as we hear on the *Dunciad*, a pretty Poem of the said Poet's Writing) on a sudden, one of the Gentlemen hoisted poor Master *Pope*, the Poet, on his Back, whilst the other drew out, from under his Coat, a long Birchen Rod, (as we are informed made out of a Stable Broom) and with the same long Rod, did, with great Violence and an unmerciful Hand, strike Master *Pope* so hard on his naked Posteriors, that he voided vast Quantities of Ichor, or Blood, which being Yellow, one Dr. *Arbuthnot* his Physician, has
since

since affirmed, had a great Proportion of Gall mix'd with it, which occasioned the said Colour.

As soon as this inhuman Whipping was over, the two Gentlemen made off, and left poor Master *Pope* weltering in his own *yellow Blood*—When Mrs. *Blount*, a good charitable Woman, and near Neighbour of Master *Pope's* at *Twickenham*, chancing to come by, took him up in her Apron, and buttoning up his Breeches, carried him to the Water-side, where she got a Boat to convey him home.

We hear that Master *Pope* has been ever since greatly disordered; occasioned, as it is supposed, by the said Whipping, which has driven the Humour upwards, and affected his Head in such a Manner, that the poor Man continually raves for Pen, Ink, and Paper; and although they have been allowed him by his own Physician Dr. *Arbuthnot*, who mistook his Case; yet he is now strictly forbid the Use of them, by the learned Dr. *Hale* of *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, under whose Care he is at present, and who doubts not (God willing) to restore the poor Man to his Senses.

It is impossible for any charitable Christian not to compassionate the Case of this unfortunate Poet, although he differs from us in Religion; but we cannot too much admire the Wisdom of Providence, which brings this Man to the Lash, whose want of Wit has been lashing of others. And that this Madness eads him to rave for Pen, Ink, and Paper; whereof he has made so ill a Use, and which has been the Cause of the present Misfortune he labours under. We hope when he returns to his Senses, he will make a better Use of them, and then he may say with holy *David*, *It is good for me that I have been afflicted.*

Thus far the publick Account; which caus'd the
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following Advertisement in the *Daily Post* of Friday,
June 14, 1728.

WHERAS there has been a scandalous Paper
cried about the Streets under the Title of *A*
POPP upon POPE, insinuating, that I was whipped
in *Ham-Walks*, on *Thursday* last. This is to give
Notice, that I did not stir out of my House at *Twicken-*
ham all that Day, and the same is a malicious and
ill-grounded Report.

A. P.

If this were true it was a very unlawful Resent-
ment, and in many Countries would be return'd by
an Assassination of the Persons concern'd; who, if
they concealed themselves, must have lost great Part
of their Revenge, by his not knowing who were the
Causes of his Suffering.

Thus was he persecuted by many, some covertly,
some openly; nay, *Concanen* accused him of Treason,
only because two Vacancies of Asterisms might possi-
bly be filled up with the Names of *GEORGE* and
CAROLINE.

Though he wanted very little Assistance, several
Friends appeared for him, particularly his old one
Scriblerus:

But if a Genius rise, whose pointed Wit
Corrects your Morals, and all Tastes shall fit,
Claim then the Privilege to be his Foes,
Ye cannot shine, but when ye Worth oppose.
When ye deny him *Fame*, ye fix your own,
And to be satiris'd, is to be known.
Some hold, they're better in a curst State,
Than to be totally annihilate;

Thrice

Thrice happy then, ye deathless, duncely Train !
The Subjects of the higher DUNCIAD's Strain.
How many, who have Reams of Paper spoil'd,
Have often sleepless Nights obscurely toil'd,
And buried in their Eggs, like Silk-worms, lay,
'Till his warm Satire shew'd them Life and Day ?
Here then, my Sons, is all your living Hope,
To be immortal Scribblers, rail at POPE.

He introduces *Narcissus* (the same with Lord *Fanny*) waking the Laureat sleeping on the Lap of *Dullness*, and conjuring him by all Things dear, at last rouses him :

“ Dear *Laureat*, rouse, the Enemy's at Hand,
“ Another DUNCIAD travels round the Land,
“ Whence all the sole Proprietors of Traff,
“ Thy Friends and mine, most justly fear the Lash.”
Vain are his Efforts——yet again he tries,
“ Thy *Odes* !—oh save thy *Odes* !—dear *Laureat*, rise;
“ If not for *Odes*—yet for *Love's Riddle* wake—
“ Nor that ?—thy *Careless Husband's* then at Stake.”
All would not do——his soft Distress preferr'd,
Nor the great Mother, nor the *Laureat* heard ;
For on her Lap so daintily he lay,
His Senses, breath'd into her, stole away ;
All Aims at a Recovery were vain,
'Till she vouchsaf'd to breathe them back again.
One gentle Imprecation more, and then,
He cries, “ Farewell the *Laureat* and his *Pen* :
“ Thy Country calls, if thou resign'st thy Sense,
“ Yet rouse to be a Man of Consequence.
“ Who calls thee *Dunce* abuses too thy King,
“ Whose Praises, by thy Place, thou'rt bound to sing ;
“ O ! grant me Aid, assume the pleasing Task,
“ In thy *Nonjuror's* fav'rite Name I ask.”

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Thrice groan'd the *Omph*a, and in Thunder spoke,
 The Blast his Sense return'd, and Slumber broke;
Nonjure! That Word alone unbinds the Charms,
 For *Party* Dullness alwaysounds to *Arms*,
 Upstarts the Sire, " Mistake me not he cries,
 " Whoever says I was asleep—he lies;
 " You know, my Lord, how I my Wits exert,
 " How always pleasing, and how always pert;
 " I know your Grief before the Cause is told;
 " Then here my Pen in Readiness I hold.
 " Since by Desire I enter thus the Lists,
 " I vow Revenge,—know, COLLEY ne'er desists:
 " Then I'll pursue him with my latest Breath,
 " Nor drop *this Pen* 'till quite *benumb'd* with *Death*."

How far the Laureat has kept his Word, concerning his not dropping his Pen, we shall observe in its Place, and imagining that Mr. *Pope* has lull'd his Dunces for a Time asleep, give a little Rest to the Reader, and finish here our first Volume.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.



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